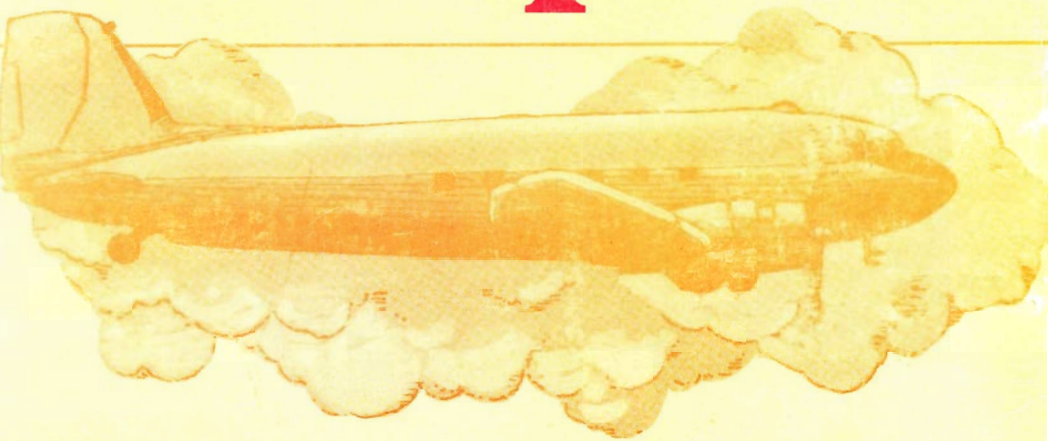


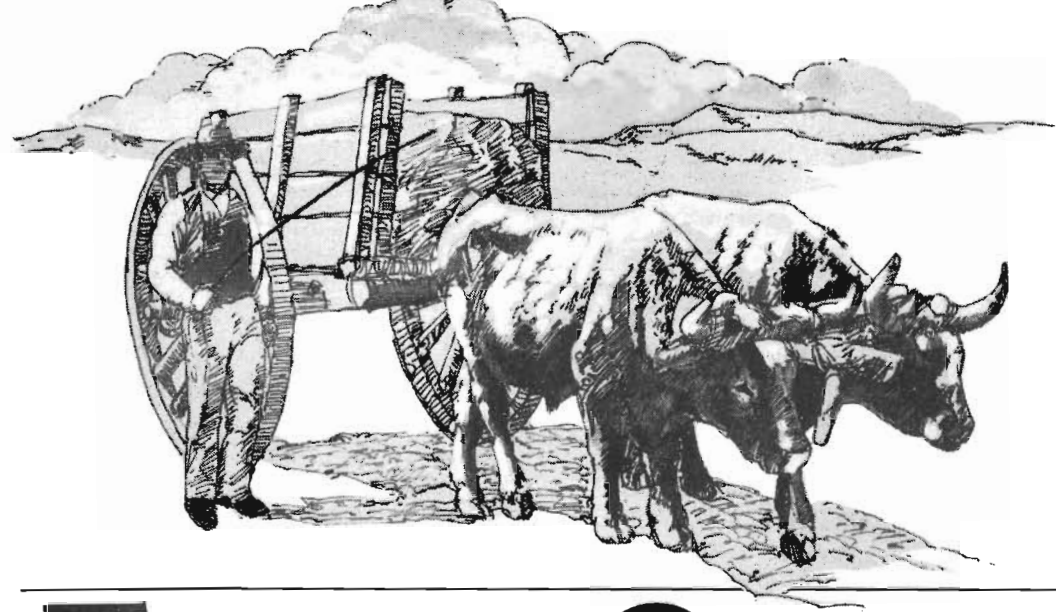


From Oxen to Airplane

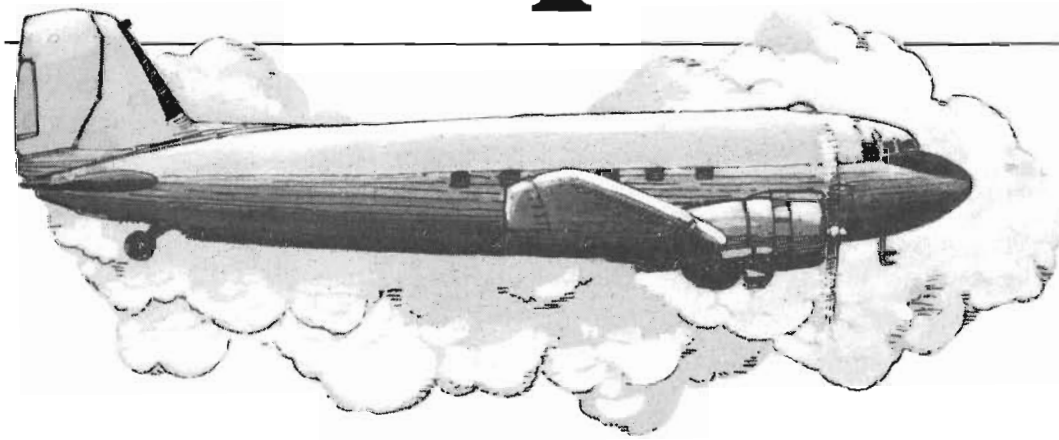


100 years — 1845-1945

Henry E. Jenkins



From Oxen to Airplane



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**Edited and prepared
for publication by
Loa T. Jenkins**

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Preface

This book is dedicated to my father and mother, Henry Evan Jenkins, Sr., and Emma B. Williams Jenkins. The events presented were obtained through research and from information acquired while Henry and Emma were still living. Before Henry became ill during his latter 70's and early 80's, he told of events that had taken place during his life. Henry also remembered incidents that his own parents had told him. Notes of these experiences were recorded by Henry's youngest daughter, Elda G. Jenkins Rudd, at my request.

While I worked on the farms with my father, he often reminisced of many things that happened and of the country in the west during his life. In reviewing these notes, I could remember the stories that Henry told. These stories and tales of Henry's life are true as far as can be determined. The only additions to this story are my thoughts of how some of the persons may have felt during the different events. Henry was a storyteller. He retold the stories many times, and each time they were told the same. His one philosophy was to tell the truth, and then you never had to remember what you had said. All you had to remember was to tell the truth again.

In reviewing with the older half brothers, I found that they had been told the same stories.

Related historical events that took place during this period of time were obtained from several sources and have been included chronologically throughout the book.

Henry E. Jenkins, Jr.

Son of Henry Evan Jenkins, Sr.

Chapter One

Cowbridge, Wales, to North American
1843-1849

Evan Jenkins was approximately six feet tall and weighed nearly 170 pounds. He had sandy red hair, blue eyes, and fair skin. He was a religious man, strong willed, and very ambitious. When not working on his small farm, he worked at the shipyards in a near-by town.

Ann Davies Jenkins, a slim small woman, stood about 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighed 110 pounds. Her hair was dark, and her brown eyes were touched with green. She was a pretty woman, and as ambitious as her husband. When Ann and Evan were married, their marriage license records showed that they could both sign their names. This was unusual, for most people of their standing in life at that time were unable to write. Although most of their children had dark hair and greenish-blue eyes, one or two of them had dark eyes.

Evan Jenkins and Ann Davies were married on 25 November 1843 at Cowbridge, Wales. Shortly after their marriage, missionaries came to that area

preaching the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly called "Mormonism." When they came to Cowbridge in the fall of 1846 and began preaching, Evan decided to hear what they had to say.

One evening after spending the day in the field of their farm, he determined to go listen to the new preachers. He invited Ann, who declined because she was satisfied with the church they were attending. Evan bathed, put on his best suit, and went to town to listen to the preachers and their new gospel. Although he was very tired from working in the field that day, the message he heard was food for his soul. He knew what he heard was from God and was what he wanted for himself and his family. He asked to be baptized as soon as possible, but the missionaries desired to teach him more in order for him to be certain that he wanted to be baptized.

After being taught two or three weeks by the missionaries, Evan was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church on 6 October 1846. Evan encouraged Ann to listen to the missionaries, but she remained uninterested. Their only child, John, had been born 8 May 1845, and was too young to be considered for membership in the Church.

In winter of that year, Evan moved his family to the town of Swansea, where he worked as a ship's chandler on the ships in the harbor. It was here that their second child, a daughter named Ann, was born on 26 January 1847. Ann's parents and sister, Rachel, lived in Gorysnon and Morristown, only a

few miles from Swansea. Ann was with her family during Rachel's illness and death. Rachel died on 21 March 1847 at the age of eighteen, and she was buried in the little Parish Church Yard. That spring, the Jenkins' family returned to their farm to plant the crops.

Evan's wife, Ann, was converted and baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on 29 July 1847. Her conversion lacked the strength and conviction of her husband's. Their involvement in Mormonism severed ties with friends, neighbors, and some family members. No one seemed to understand their acceptance of this strange doctrine. Evan was an ardent believer and studied fervently the books and other materials the missionaries had given him. They explained to him that the Book of Mormon was a companion testimony with the Bible that Jesus is the Christ, the God of this world. They further taught that a Prophet named Joseph Smith had translated the Book of Mormon from ancient records kept by the early Nephite people who had come to the Americas about six hundred years prior to the birth of Christ in Bethlehem.

Evan wanted to share his newly-found religion with other people of the area. However, he knew that if the people did not agree with his beliefs, they might throw stones or other objects at him in order to prevent his preaching. He decided that by taking his young son, John, along and by holding John in his arms, the people would not stone them. Because the Welsh people had a great

love for young children, they would not do anything to harm a little child. Evan spent many nights on the streets of Cowbridge, Cardiff, and Swansea preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to people that would stop long enough to listen.

Their third child was born 11 April 1849 at Cowbridge. He was named Moroni, after one of the Nephite prophets in the Book of Mormon. Soon after the birth of the baby boy, Evan talked of emigrating to America and joining the Saints in the Territory of Utah located in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, in the western part of North America. Ann, not wanting to leave her aging parents or her life-time home, refused to go. Evan, being determined, told Ann that if she did not go with him, he would take the children and leave without her. That settled the controversy, and plans were made to leave as soon as they had enough money to book passage to America. They sold the farm that fall and moved to Gorysnon. Here Ann and the children visited her parents and Evan again worked as a ship's chandler to earn enough money so they could leave.

Mother and Father Davies were heart-broken when they learned that Evan and Ann were leaving for America, and they tried to discourage them from going. They pointed out that the Mormons in America were having many trials, and that they would possibly never see them again. Reports were that Brigham Young, the leader of the Latter-day Saint Church, was only trying to get people to join the Church so that he could use them to build up his wealth in the west. In spite of all the unfounded

rumors, Evan was still determined to go. It was quite an undertaking for a family that had never traveled more than one hundred miles from the place where they were born. They sold most of their furniture, and as each piece was taken from the home, it brought tears to Ann's eyes. Many of the items had been given to them by Evan's folks, and these had been in the family for years.

The day of parting was sad for everyone and, although many tears were shed, they all tried not to let the others know how they felt. The children were excited about the trip to Liverpool, as they had never before ridden on a train. With money from their savings and from the sale of the farm and furniture, they figured they would have enough to make the trip and have a little left to get a start in America. As they were about to leave, Evan and Ann looked at each other with a sad smile of sorrow while they tried to hold back the tears.

As they were preparing to board the train for the ship in Liverpool, England, a small boy came running and said they should wait for someone who wanted to talk to them. Soon Ann's Aunt arrived. She said she had not been sure of their departure time and wanted to say "Goodbye" to them and to wish them well. She felt, however, they were making a big mistake. As she embraced each one, she slipped a five pound note into John's pocket, and told him to be quiet about the money.

This farewell was one of the few times that Evan had seen tears in his young wife's eyes since they had decided to leave for America. He put his

arm around her, comforting her in his awkward but tender way. The train ride was rather uneventful, but the sounds of the train rolling over the rails prevented their getting much sleep. After eating a lunch prepared by Ann's mother, the children quieted down and went to sleep. Ann and Evan talked for some time about what might be ahead for them, and began making plans of what they would do when they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley.

The next day they reached Liverpool, and were hoping to find the Elders there to meet them. They were amazed at the size of Liverpool. It was the largest city they had ever visited. Although it seemed they would never get to the station, it was only about thirty minutes from the time they entered the suburbs of the city until they arrived. They had previously sent money for their boat tickets through the missionaries in their area back home. Now they began to wonder if they would ever see their money or tickets for the boat trip. They unloaded their baggage and searched around to see if anyone there might recognize them or inquire if they were the Jenkins family that was going to America. Several other families at the station also seemed to be looking for someone. Evan talked to one man and learned that they were recently baptized Mormons and were going to America also.

It had been nearly an hour since the train's arrival, and still no one came to greet them or to give them any instructions. Just about the time they thought they had all been bilked out of their money,

two men arrived and inquired if they were the ones that were going to America. After they replied that they were, the two missionaries explained that they were late because they had been detained by a group of people. The missionaries arranged for a drayman to haul all of their belongings over to the ship, but the people would have to walk. There were about ten families in the group. It would be possible for a few of the smaller children to ride the dray wagon, but two of the men should go with the wagon to watch the belongings and the children. While they had been waiting at the railroad station, a thousand thoughts went through Evan's mind. He had been warned by non-Mormons that the Mormons were only after their money, and that if they did get on a ship they would not be taken to the other Mormons but would be shipped to some other country and sold as slaves. He also thought about the things that the missionaries had taught him, and of their belief that no man should be an indentured servant to another, that all men were equal. He and Ann had prayed to the Lord about this trip, asking for guidance and protection. Evan was sure that if he was faithful, he would be guided and protected.

The group was advised that, although they would set sail on the boat named "Josiah Bradley" that following morning, they would go aboard that afternoon and spend the night on the boat. When they arrived at the boat dock they could see the large boat with "Josiah Bradley" painted on the side. Ann said, "Well, this will be our home, yard, and

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town for the next eight to ten weeks." Little did she know how cooped up they would be and feel during that time. They were advised that there would be no food served that night, but meals would be available the next day. After getting their families settled, most of the men left the boat and went to a near-by market to buy food for that evening.

That night the missionary called all the people on the ship that were going to America together and gave them instructions and some information about their journey. He told them that the ship would set sail at eight o'clock the next morning and they would be on the ocean for about eight weeks. To keep out of the North Atlantic storm track, they would sail the southern route. He also told them that they would land at New Orleans, a part of the United States, on the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico. At New Orleans they would transfer to a river boat called a "paddle wheel" that would take them up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri, a trading post, and then travel up the Missouri River to Kaneshville or Florence, Nebraska, on the west side of the river. From there they would have to outfit themselves with wagons, oxen, and provisions to cross the plains to the main Mormon settlement in the Salt Lake Valley. The missionary explained that there would be other Saints at Council Bluffs to meet them and help get the things they needed. This sounded like a great undertaking to a group of people with very little material means and no traveling experience. They were assured that many Saints had previously traveled this route and had

not encountered any serious difficulty. With these instructions, information, and encouragements they told the people they would see them that next year in the Salt Lake Valley.

"Josiah Bradley" set sail 18 February 1850 with a cargo of manufactured goods and 263 Saints. Most of the passengers were Mormons that were heading to the Salt Lake Valley, in the western part of the New World, known as America. As the ship left the dock, the two missionaries waved "Goodbye" and shouted, "We will see you soon. Have a safe trip!"

Thomas Day, a missionary who was returning to America, was in charge of the group. The morning was foggy, and soon the passengers could no longer see the land that most of them would never see again. There was little talking among the people who were deep in their own thoughts. They were also busy unpacking the luggage they would need during the next six weeks at sea. The sea was fairly calm, with only a slightly-blowing breeze. The heavy fog and the chilly air were not conducive to making the people happy and full of laughter, except for the children who were big enough to run and play about the deck of the ship. By noon the fog had cleared and the sun was shining, but the air remained chilly on that February day of 1850. It was a relief to no longer hear the ship's fog horn continually sound every two minutes as a warning of its presence to other ships in the area.

At noon there were three sharp blasts of the fog horn which startled all of the passengers and

sent the children scurrying to the cabins of their parents. When the passengers realized the time of day, they knew it was a call for the noon meal.

While the passengers were gathered in the dining room, the ship's captain asked for everyone to pay careful attention to his instructions. (1) All persons would be served two good meals each day, at 9:00 a.m. and at 5:00 p.m.; however, there would be sandwiches served at noon with tea and coffee. Milk would be available only that day but not on the rest of the trip because of no refrigeration. (2) All parents with children that could walk must instruct them to neither run nor play near the railing of the ship, and to stay out of the way when the ship's crew were working. (3) There was a medical attendant on board who would care for any sick or injured; however, he advised there was little that could be done for sea sickness. If anyone became sea sick they were to lean over the rail, or catch the upchuck in a bucket and then dump it over the side. (4) In case of a storm, all should stay in their cabins. (5) In case of an emergency which involved life boats, each man would be responsible for his family.

Following these announcements, he asked if there were any questions. Someone asked how long they would be at sea. He advised that they were sailing the southern route, passing west of the Azores, rounding the tip of Florida, and landing at New Orleans in about sixty days. This route would be warmer, and they would take advantage of the southern trade winds and miss the violent storms of the North Atlantic. He also explained that a map on

the wall to their left would show the route they would be sailing.

Elder Day requested that all the men of their group remain after eating so they could organize an emergency plan. The women and children were glad to leave and go their separate ways. It was decided that in an emergency, each man would first look after his immediate family and then help other family or persons in need of assistance. It was agreed that the two young men and four young women that were not married should help anyone that might need help. It was also agreed that Elder Day would be the liason between the captain and the passengers.

The rest of the day was clear and sunny, with a breeze out of the west. The sea was still rather calm, and the course was west by southwest. If all went well, they should pass west of both the Azores and the Bermuda Islands before rounding the tip of Florida into the Gulf of Mexico and on to New Orleans. The first day was uneventful; everyone seemed in good spirits, and the children played on deck most of the afternoon.

For the next five days all went well, the sun shown each day and the wind was shifting out of the north-west, enabling them to travel faster. Because the ocean was rather calm with only small swells in the water, there had been no sea sickness so far. John and Ann seemed to enjoy themselves and had made friends with other children, but Moroni was still too young to mingle. Evan and the other men held many discussions on religion, and planned what

they would do when they arrived at their destination. Ann and the other women knitted, crocheted, or sewed, talking about what they might expect when they landed in America. Most of them wanted to travel to the Salt Lake Valley as soon as possible; however, according to reports, the Saints there were experiencing difficulties and hardships.

Toward evening of the fifth day, the western skies began to cloud over, but the captain assured them that encountering a storm at this time of year was not likely. The hurricane season was not until later in the year, and they were traveling far enough south to miss the storms of the North Atlantic.

The next morning, with stronger winds and cloudy skies, the ocean's large swells caused rolling motion in the ship. By mid-afternoon some passengers were experiencing sea sickness, although the wind's velocity had not increased since morning. During the night the winds increased and it started to rain, so by morning the waves had increased and the ship was rolling much more. The captain assured everyone there was nothing to worry about, but children should be kept off the deck because of the danger of falling overboard. By then, nearly half of the people were sea sick. By daybreak, the winds calmed down, the waves diminished, and the ship again resumed smooth sailing.

By the time the ship rounded the tip of Florida, the weather was warm and the passengers got their first glimpse of the North American mainland, the land that would be their home for the

rest of their lives. The next day, 16 April 1850, the ship moved into the harbor of New Orleans. The water was muddy from the flow of the mighty Mississippi River, and only a slight breeze was blowing.

It was late in the afternoon and the captain announced that the ship would be in harbor for several days, so they were welcome to spend the night on board. In addition, a hot meal would be served that evening. There were several ships in the harbor, and a few small fishing boats were tied up at the dock. It was then the passengers saw the first river boats that traveled up and down the Mississippi River. At meal time that evening, the captain announced that the paddle boat to transport them up the river would not be leaving for another two days, so the passengers were invited to spend another night on the ship at no extra charge. This would, however, be the last meal he would be serving. He advised that groceries or meals in New Orleans could be obtained at a reasonable price.

The captain also cautioned the passengers against going around the settlement alone, they should travel in groups of two or more. He warned that there were some rough characters around and a lone person could easily be robbed. That evening Evan and several of the other men decided to observe the night life activities of New Orleans, and then get better acquainted with the town the next day.

The following morning the passengers left the ship in groups, as the captain had advised them, to

tour the city. While having breakfast at a restaurant, they asked for milk but were advised that there was none because it could not be kept sweet. As they were leaving the dock, they noticed that most of the dock workers were black, and the one or two white workers seemed to be the bosses. Upon inquiring, they learned that the black people were Negroes from Africa that had been captured and brought to the United States to be sold as slaves. They had heard that there was slave labor in America, but this was their first encounter with slavery. They later found that some Europeans would agree to be indentured servants for five years to anyone that would pay their passage to America. Little did they know that slavery in the New World would have an affect upon their lives and change their plans in the future.

Exploring the town of New Orleans was an experience that neither Evan nor Ann would ever forget. Down the street at the town square there was a group of people gathered around a large platform. As Evan and Ann drew closer, they could hear an auctioneer chanting, "Who will give me five hundred? Who will give me five hundred?" "Sold to the man in the white hat." This was an actual slave auction where black people were being sold as though they were cattle. The buyers were mainly plantation owners, but there were also other buyers who contracted for unloading ships in the harbor. Some of the black people were attractive young women, but most of them were large, well-built young men. There were a few children about fifteen

or sixteen years of age. Evan commented to his wife and the others, "This is not the way the good Lord intended for people to live and act. No man should have control over another, regardless of race or color." After watching the auction for a few minutes, they moved on to another part of town.

In one section there seemed to be every type of individual they had ever seen, and some they had never seen. Some of the men looked like they might be trappers, with their fur caps, leather clothing, and soft-soled shoes. Other people had straight black hair and reddish-brown skin. Most of them wore blankets over their shoulders, and their clothes were also made of soft leather. As they mingled with the other people, no one seemed to pay any attention to them. They later learned that these people were native American Indians, the ones the missionaries had told them about. The missionaries had explained that there were many Indians in America and, according to the Book of Mormon, they were descendants of the people who migrated to the western world from the old world about six hundred years before the birth of Christ. These descendants of the Book of Mormon people were called Lamanites. The Indians in New Orleans were peaceful and mingled with the other people. Little did Evan and Ann know that, in the future, they would come to fear the Indians of the plains and the west.



Evan and Ann Jenkins

Chapter Two

Before the Trip West
1850-1860

When they returned to the "Josiah Bradley," they were informed by Elder Day that they would be starting up the Mississippi River the next morning. All of their belongings would be transferred to the river boat, called a paddle wheeler, and they would leave at 10:00 o'clock for the settlement of St. Louis, approximately 1500 miles up river. From St. Louis they would then travel by flat boat about 350 miles up the Missouri River to the settlements of Florence and Kaneshville, which later were named Omaha and Council Bluffs, respectively. At these two locations northwest of St. Louis, there were many Mormon Saints. This was the starting point for the Saints leaving for the west and the Salt Lake Valley, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

With all the excitement, there was little sleep that night. Most of the passengers were up early the next morning and ready for their belongings to be transferred to the river boat before they had been

into town for breakfast. By the time they were back from town, most of their belongings had been transferred except for their personal suitcases and a few items carried in their arms. The children were excited because they would be able to see land all the time they were traveling on the river boat. All the passengers from Wales and England stayed together and decided to make the full trip. The two single young men considered staying in New Orleans, but proceeded with the rest of the group.

By 10:00 o'clock in the morning, everyone was ready to go. The engine began to move the big paddles at the rear of the boat and it moved away from the dock -- they were on their way! During the first few hours of travel, there were houses on both sides of the river, but gradually there were fewer buildings to be seen. Cattle were grazing along the river, but the trees on the banks allowed only occasional glimpses of the country. Following the evening meal, the Welsh and English emigrants gathered together to visit and discuss their future plans. The remainder of the passengers that had boarded the boat at New Orleans moved into an area called the recreation room to drink and play cards.

Although this river boat generally freighted supplies up the river to the settlers, it also had room for about 160 passengers. Because the river was slow running, they could travel almost as fast as if they were on a lake. The boat traveled all that first night along the wide and deep river. A full moon made the chance of running into a sand bar or a snag of brush very remote. Thousands of water

fowl moved about during the warm and humid night. Several times they could hear noises that crew members explained were cougars. The next morning the sky was clear, the mid-April flowers were blooming, and young ducks and geese were sighted on the river. The river became narrower at times and occasionally they would pass an island. No longer did the boat travel in the center of the river, it moved back and forth from one side to the other to take advantage of the deeper channel. The river channel was not straight, and resembled the trail of a snake moving in loose sand. The pilot of the boat skillfully steered around trees, brush, and sand bars, seeming to know where these obstacles were. The evening of the second day, the boat stopped at a settlement to replenish the wood supply for the steam engine. Because the river was becoming more crooked, and the dangers of sand bars were greater, they decided to spend the night there.

Evan and two other men went ashore and bought some fresh milk from a farmer in the settlement. The farmer told them of this great country, that anything planted would grow. The frequent summer rains provided adequate water for crops, and the relatively short winters were mild. If they had a good market for the crops, they could soon be wealthy. The farmer told them the land would produce like that for nearly 2,000 miles up and down the river. When Evan and the other two men returned and told the rest of the group of their visit with the farmer, some of the men began talking

about settling in the Mississippi Valley and not going on to Salt Lake Valley. Later they remembered how the earlier Saints had left the persecutions by the local people and moved to the Rocky Mountains where they could worship the way they had been taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Most of the women favored going on up the Missouri River to the settlement of the Saints.

Moroni, the youngest of the Jenkins' children, did not sleep too well and by the next morning was running a fever. Moroni's fever continued during the next day and Ann, who was expecting another child, became ill. About 10:00 o'clock the next morning, they stopped at another settlement and the boat captain told Evan of someone who might help his wife medically. Evan was given a refund on his boat trip, and after he unloaded his family and belongings on the boat dock, the rest of the company continued on up the river. Evan left Ann, their three children, and their belongings on the dock while he went into the settlement to find a place for them to stay while Ann was sick. While he was gone, two passing renegades saw Ann alone and stole all of the belongings that they could carry away. When Evan returned, about all that remained were two feathered ticks for sleeping on and the things on which Ann and the children had been sitting. Evan was unable to find out who the two men were.

They found a place to stay, and while there, Ann had a miscarriage. Within about a week they were able to travel again on up the river to St. Louis.

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They found St. Louis to be a bustling frontier town. Everyone appeared busy and it reminded them of New Orleans except there was no evidence of any black people. Many men were dressed in buckskin, and most of them had fur caps made from beaver pelts. St. Louis was the hub of the western movement, and considered to be the jumping off place for those going west.

The flat boat that traveled up the Missouri River could not carry as large a cargo because the river was more shallow and narrow than the Mississippi River. Although the boat was mainly a freighter, it had accommodations for approximately 50 passengers. Most of the boat's cargo consisted of farm machinery, harnesses for horses, yokes and chains for oxen, seed grain, and corn. Most of the seed grain and corn had come down the river from Illinois and the Ohio Valley. The machinery had come from the eastern seaboard, across land to the

into town for breakfast. By the time they were back from town, most of their belongings had been transferred except for their personal suitcases and a few items carried in their arms. The children were excited because they would be able to see land all the time they were traveling on the river boat. All the passengers from Wales and England stayed together and decided to make the full trip. The two single young men considered staying in New Orleans, but proceeded with the rest of the group.

By 10:00 o'clock in the morning, everyone was ready to go. The engine began to move the big paddles at the rear of the boat and it moved away from the dock -- they were on their way! During the first few hours of travel, there were houses on both sides of the river, but gradually there were fewer buildings to be seen. Cattle were grazing along the river, but the trees on the banks allowed only occasional glimpses of the country. Following the evening meal, the Welsh and English emigrants gathered together to visit and discuss their future plans. The remainder of the passengers that had boarded the boat at New Orleans moved into an area called the recreation room to drink and play cards.

Although this river boat generally freighted supplies up the river to the settlers, it also had room for about 160 passengers. Because the river was slow running, they could travel almost as fast as if they were on a lake. The boat traveled all that first night along the wide and deep river. A full moon made the chance of running into a sand bar or a snag of brush very remote. Thousands of water

fowl moved about during the warm and humid night. Several times they could hear noises that crew members explained were cougars. The next morning the sky was clear, the mid-April flowers were blooming, and young ducks and geese were sighted on the river. The river became narrower at times and occasionally they would pass an island. No longer did the boat travel in the center of the river, it moved back and forth from one side to the other to take advantage of the deeper channel. The river channel was not straight, and resembled the trail of a snake moving in loose sand. The pilot of the boat skillfully steered around trees, brush, and sand bars, seeming to know where these obstacles were. The evening of the second day, the boat stopped at a settlement to replenish the wood supply for the steam engine. Because the river was becoming more crooked, and the dangers of sand bars were greater, they decided to spend the night there.

Evan and two other men went ashore and bought some fresh milk from a farmer in the settlement. The farmer told them of this great country, that anything planted would grow. The frequent summer rains provided adequate water for crops, and the relatively short winters were mild. If they had a good market for the crops, they could soon be wealthy. The farmer told them the land would produce like that for nearly 2,000 miles up and down the river. When Evan and the other two men returned and told the rest of the group of their visit with the farmer, some of the men began talking

about settling in the Mississippi Valley and not going on to Salt Lake Valley. Later they remembered how the earlier Saints had left the persecutions by the local people and moved to the Rocky Mountains where they could worship the way they had been taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Most of the women favored going on up the Missouri River to the settlement of the Saints.

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Ohio River, down the Ohio River to the Mississippi River, and to St. Louis.

The conveniences were not as good on the flat boat as they had been on the paddle boat up the Mississippi from New Orleans. The captain of the boat advised them that food would be furnished, but there was no cook to prepare it. It was decided that two of the married women without children would cook, two of the men would serve the food, and another two men would do the dishes after each meal. This would not only help pass the time away, but leave the women with children free to look after their youngsters. The captain agreed to furnish the food for each meal at twenty cents per adult and ten cents per child, since there were no children over ten years of age on the boat.

Approximately one mile up the river from St. Louis, the boat turned up the mighty muddy Missouri River. This river was much dirtier than the Mississippi River had been, even though the river was still running high from the snow runoff of the Rocky Mountains to the west. The high waters of the Missouri River had peaked and were beginning to recede. The direction of travel was nearly due west, angling a little to the south and then to the northwest. After traveling about 200 miles west-northwest, the river channel changed more to the north-northwest for the next 120 miles. These last 320 miles had been the slowest traveling of any part of the river journeys. The current was stronger, and the flat boat lacked the power of the paddle wheel boat. A few farms lined both sides of

the river, but most of the buildings were built from prairie soil sod.

Since the men were all interested in farming, this was the main topic of conversation. When not discussing farming, they were talking about getting ready to go to the Salt Lake Valley. They were told by some of the boat crew that the new steel moldboard plow made plowing the ground much easier. They also learned that a new reaper had been invented that could cut as much grain as sixteen men could tie in one day. At that time, all the grain was cut with a hand scythe. With these two inventions, farmers would be able to farm more acres. Because the reapers were not very plentiful, it would be some time before the average farmer would be able to obtain one.

NOTE. In 1834, Cyrus McCormick patented his first reaper. He moved west and established his plant in Chicago in 1847. By 1851, one thousand reapers a year were being manufactured. Between 1830 and 1850 the cast iron moldboard plow advanced to the steel moldboard, developed by two blacksmiths working independently of each other - John Deere and John Lane. This new invention opened up the midwest, because a farmer could plow the heavy prairie sod as the steel moldboard plow would scour in the sticky clay soils. (From the U.S. Department of Agricultural Year Book, 1940).

As Evan listened carefully to the boat crew's explanations about the new machinery, he began to dream of the future. He had previous experience farming and working in the ship yards, so he was

familiar with carpentry. Each evening he and Ann would talk about farming opportunities, and how much better it might be for them to stay and farm in the area around Council Bluffs, at least until they knew more about the Salt Lake Valley. Because it was getting late in the summer, and if they headed for Salt Lake at once, they would have no income until next year's crops.

NOTE. According to Iowa history, Lewis and Clark called this area Council Bluffs after stopping there in 1804 during their exploration of the Missouri River. The Lewis and Clark Monument, located on the bluffs overlooking the Missouri River, commemorates a meeting at that time with the Otoe Indians. When the Mormons came in 1846, the name of the community alternated between Council Point and Miller's Hollow. Brigham Young petitioned and obtained a post office called Kane, later known as Kanesville, in honor of Colonel Thomas Kane, who aided the Mormons in their migration west. A log tabernacle was built which seated one thousand people, and it was there that Brigham Young became President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (commonly called Mormons). After the main body of Mormons left, the name was changed to Council Bluffs in 1853 by special charter of the Iowa legislature. In 1859, Abraham Lincoln visited Council Bluffs and selected the city to be the eastern terminus of the first transcontinental railroad to be built in the United States - The Union Pacific Railroad - which is commemorated by the Lincoln

Monument. So from Lewis and Clark, the Mormon Church, and Abraham Lincoln, Council Bluffs proudly traces its heritage.

The saints received word that on 9 September 1850, Congress provided the organization of the territory of Utah and appointed Brigham Young as governor. This 225,000-square-mile territory was bordered on the north by the Oregon Territory, on the east by the summit of the Rocky Mountains, on the west by California, and on the south by the 37th Parallel of the North Latitude.

The morning the Jenkins family arrived at Kanesville, later named Council Bluffs, the sun was shining and the whole country seemed to glow in the glory of summer. Several people were waiting at the boat dock to greet them, many of whom had traveled with them from Liverpool, England. One gentleman introduced himself to Evan as Roger Grover (actual name not known), inquiring if they were not the family from Wales who had stopped at a settlement on the Mississippi because his wife had become ill. Evan explained that they were, that Ann had been very ill with cholera, and they had stopped in St. Louis to work because they ran out of money.

Evan and his family were taken to the Grover's home where they were invited to stay until they could find a place to live. Evan talked to Apostle Ezra T. Benson, and was advised to stay in the Kanesville area in order to get enough money to outfit themselves for crossing the plains to the Salt Lake Valley. When they had arrived at Kanesville,

they had only two feather ticks (mattresses) and a few dishes, as their other belongings had been previously stolen. They later traded one of the feather ticks for a young cow.

The Grover's home was typical of that area, modest and very sparsely furnished. Mrs. Grover, a medium-sized woman with a smile that would melt butter, made you feel at home and as if you had known her for some time. Mr. Grover, six feet tall and 180 pounds, appeared to be a man that could take care of himself under any circumstances. Their two children, a six-year-old boy and a four-year-old girl, got along well with John and young Ann. A few pieces of furniture were made from good hardwood, but most of the makeshift furniture had been made by Mr. Grover. The Grovers were all excited about leaving for Salt Lake Valley the next spring, and spent a great deal of time talking about their necessary preparations. They were converted to the Church just over a year prior to this time and had moved from New York state. They stated that the Saints were generally well accepted by the local people in that area, even though in Missouri and Illinois they were persecuted and looked upon with scorn. Upon their arrival in Kaneshville one year ago last August, it had been too late to start for the Salt Lake Valley and they did not have enough money to outfit themselves for the trip. Mr. Grover had been working for a farmer in the area and figured they had saved enough to buy all the necessities for the trip.

They talked late into the night about the items needed for the trip west and the prospects of making a living in that area. Roger had been working for a farmer living nearby on Mosquito Creek, who had more land that he could operate. Roger suggested that Evan might be able to rent some of the land to farm. Although it was too late to plant crops for the current season, the ground could be worked for the next year's crops.

The next morning Evan and Roger went to see Mr. Gunderson (actual name not known), the farmer Roger had been working for. Mr. Gunderson was a large man, and his calloused handshake attested to his being a hard worker. Mr. Gunderson owned about 300 acres on Mosquito Creek just east of Kaneshville and had been able to farm only about 100 acres of it, which required at least two hired men. He agreed to rent 40 acres to Evan for the next three years in exchange for Evan's help during the fall harvest and any other time he was free from his own farming. This sounded too good to be true, but Roger assured Evan that Mr. Gunderson was a good honest man to deal with. Mr. Gunderson took Evan and Roger to look at the ground that Evan was to rent, consisting of 20 acres of previously-plowed ground and 20 acres of untouched sod. On the land there was a house that needed some fixing up, which had belonged to the previous owner. The house was fairly close to Mosquito Creek, so it was not far for water to be carried to the home. Evan and Roger returned to the Grover residence, and Ann listened excitedly to the good fortune. As soon

as the house could be fixed, they would be able to move into a place of their own.

Ann and Evan did not sleep much that night as they anticipated the prospects of getting settled. It had been nearly eight months since leaving Wales, and they had been living like Gypsies since that time, never being in one place for very long. The next morning Evan and Ann went to the house to see how it could be made liveable, and Mrs. Grover agreed to care for the children while they were gone. As there was no method of transportation, they walked the two miles from the Grover residence to the farm.

The roof leaked and one window was gone, but it would take only a little additional work and a few nails to make the home comfortable. On their way back to the Grover's, they stopped at the Gunderson's to talk about what was needed for the house and to discuss further the lease terms of the farm. Mrs. Gunderson met them at the door and sent word to Mr. Gunderson that the Jenkins' were there to talk to him. By the time Mr. Gunderson arrived, his wife had some coffee boiling and cookies baking. Evan and Ann refused the coffee, explaining that they did not drink coffee because it was against the teachings of their church. They accepted the cookies, and Mrs. Gunderson brought a large pitcher of milk that had been down in the cool cellar. It was agreed that the Jenkins' could rent the farm for three years, the rent would be one-fourth of the crops they raised, the pasture and garden spot would be free, any grass cut for hay would be paid

for at \$3.00 per ton, and Evan would be paid \$1.00 per day plus his dinner when he worked for Mr. Gunderson. Mr. Gunderson was to draw up the lease and Evan could sign it within a week. Mr. Gunderson also offered lumber to repair the house and other materials they might need. After shaking hands to bind the bargain, Evan and Ann left.

The house was built in the side of a hill facing south, with the roof slanting to the north. The north side of the house was built into the bank of the hill so it was only about two feet from the ground to the roof. This made the house much warmer, especially during the winter months when the north wind blew. It was about 200 feet to Mosquito Creek, and the elevation was about two feet above the creek banks. Mr. Gunderson reassured them that since he had lived in the area, the creek had never risen high enough to flood the house. It was constructed out of rough lumber, evidently partly green, because the shrinking boards had left cracks in the floor. Evan found a bucket, built a fire outside to heat some water, and with some soap they spent most of the day cleaning. The out buildings consisted of a corral, shed, chicken coop, and pig pen. After cleaning, they decided to move in the next day; they would be comfortable, and Evan could work on the roof later.

The following day they purchased a team of horses and a set of harnesses. Roger Grover helped to make the purchases, as he knew where each item could be located. They bought the team on time, but had enough to pay for the harness. Mr. Gunderson gave them an old cook stove, and the Grovers

donated a few items of furniture. Neighbors rallied around and gave them some garden produce and, with what little money they had, they bought some flour and a few staple groceries to prepare meals. Roger loaned them a wagon for hauling their belongings to their new home.

The next few weeks were spent working around the place -- fixing the house and repairing the out buildings. One of the feather beds was traded for a young milch cow so there would be milk for the family. The cow had recently freshened so there was adequate milk and, by skimming off the cream, Ann was able to make butter. A few root crops were planted in a garden in hopes they would mature before the fall frosts arrived.

Near the middle of August, they were settled and their garden was planted. Mr. Gunderson was cutting some hay and needed help, so Evan worked the next two weeks for him. In the evenings after a long day's work, Evan would go out and cut grass (hay) with a scythe so their cow and horses could be cared for during the winter. By borrowing a plow from Mr. Gunderson, he was able to plow about five acres of the new sod ground and also complete some of his fall plowing on the other acreage. Working for Mr. Gunderson as much as possible during that fall and next spring provided money for buying groceries.

That winter was something new for them, the blowing north wind and the drifting snow made travel difficult. They kept warm and, with Evan working for Mr. Gunderson part time, they survived

the winter without any great hardship. When spring arrived they planted a garden, wheat, barley, and corn.

That spring the Grovers were leaving for the Salt Lake Valley and they offered some of their furniture to the Jenkins' family. Evan would not accept it for free, and he did not have any money at the present time; but if the Grovers would take money for it later, they had a deal. This was agreed upon, and with the new furniture they were able to provide their home with the necessities. While they were at the Grovers getting the furniture, they decided to go see what people were taking with them to the Salt Lake Valley. Grovers were part of a group that were leaving the next morning. After looking over the different outfits, Evan decided it would be at least three years before he could put together the right outfit to cross the plains. While looking over the wagon train, they met and visited with Apostle Benson. They asked him what it would take to get an outfit together to cross the plains. He replied that they would need good equipment if they expected to make the trip without much difficulty. Also, if they had a way to make a living and accumulate something, he would advise them to remain where they were for at least the time being.

Roger Grover's family visited the Jenkins family and told Evan they would not yet be leaving for a few days and would be glad to help out. They planted the garden and plowed part of the ground for the grain crop. Roger suggested that Evan plant some corn in the new sod ground he was breaking

out. The corn would not be as good as if it were planted in ground that had been previously farmed, but would yield better than grain planted in new sod ground. It was nearly dark when the two men arrived back at the house. After supper that Friday evening, Roger told Evan that they would be leaving Monday morning for Salt Lake Valley. Roger invited the Jenkins family to stay overnight at their place the next day and attend Church with them on Sunday. The Jenkins were also welcomed to a few items that the Grovers would be unable to take with them.

The following afternoon they hitched up their team to their wagon and drove into Kaneshville to stay with the Grovers. The day was bright and the sun was warm with very few clouds in the sky. It would be a fun trip, and provide the children with an opportunity to all play together. With the children all settled down in the wagon, Ann remarked how the peace and quiet reminded her of their homeland. They had bedding with them because they knew that most of the Grover's belongings would be packed in the wagon ready to start west. After arriving, they spent most of the afternoon helping the Grovers pack and observing the other people load their wagons. Some of the emigrants had loaded two-wheeled carts, which they planned to pull across the plains with oxen.

Sunday morning everyone went to church in the log tabernacle in Kaneshville. Apostle Benson spoke at the meeting, providing encouragement and instructions to those in attendance. People going

west were to take only the necessities because the trip would not be an easy one. They would be organized into groups. The captain of the 10's would report to the captain of the 50's, this captain would report to the captain of the 100's, and this captain would report to the leader of the wagon train. This was the first week in April, and they would be arriving in the Salt Lake Valley about the middle of July. Even though some might perish enroute, if they would keep the commandments that had been given them by the Lord, Jesus Christ, through His prophets, the trip would be without serious incident. They would travel five or six days each week, but would rest on Sundays and hold a meeting of worship. Apostle Benson then turned his attention to preaching the gospel.

After eating dinner with the Grovers, they loaded up a few items they had been given and returned home. On the way, they stopped to see if the Gundersons had any pigs for sale. Mr. Gunderson had five sows that would soon be having pigs, so he sold one to Evan for \$5.00, along with some corn to feed the sow and her pigs until Evan's grain was harvested in the fall. Arrangements were also made with Mr. Gunderson to purchase some seed corn and wheat to plant his spring crops.

Eager to plant his crops, Evan went to work early the next morning. His team of horses was gentle and willing to work. After following behind the hand plow most of the day, he unhitched the plow and hooked onto the sections of the harrows to harrow the plowed ground. By evening he was

exhausted, and would go to bed early in order to get a good start the next morning. As the week progressed, Evan became more accustomed to walking behing the plow and harrows. By Friday night, twenty acres were ready for planting grain. Saturday morning he drove over to the Gunderson farm to get the seed he had bargained for and some advice about planting the cops. In preparation for church the next day, everyone bathed that night in a small No. 3 round galvanized wash tub, the type used by most of the people in the United States for many years.

Because the majority of people there were Latter-day Saints (Mormons), the tabernacle was filled every Sunday. There were many people from Wales in the area, and they would speak the Welsh language whenever they got together. Evan and Ann generally spoke English, seldom speaking Welsh around home as a result, none of the children developed the ability to speak much Welsh. They determined that since they were now in the United States where English was the native tongue, their children should always speak English.

Although there were few grain drills in the area, most farmers could not afford to own one. The grain was scattered over the ground by hand and harrowed in with a harrow. The corn was planted in rows by hand. Evan made a drag marker that would make furrows about two-and-one-half feet apart. This marker was pulled by the team, and Evan would ride the marker to make the furrows about three inches deep. He would then drop the seeds in

the furrows by hand, then hitch the team on the harrows and cover the seed. By the time the crops were all planted, their sow had had seven pigs, and the garden was full of weeds, so Evan and John spent the next couple of days hoeing weeds.

Ann was expecting another child in May, and was sure that she must be going to have twins because of her size. On 15 May 1852 twins were born, a healthy boy and a fragile girl. That night it rained so much that the creek overflowed its bank and started coming into their home. Ann and the two babies were moved to another house away from the creek. This house leaked, and umbrellas were placed over the bed to keep the mother and infants dry. As a result of the two-day rain, Ann and the little girl, Sarah, became very ill. When the rain stopped, they returned to their flooded home. On 30 May 1852, baby Sarah died, and Ann remained ill for several weeks. William, Sarah's twin brother, withstood the ordeal without any problems.

By the first of September, the grain was ready to harvest and the corn was beginning to ripen. Grain was cut with a scythe, a sharp metal blade attached to a wooden handle. Later Evan added a cradle to the scythe, four bars made out of willows, to catch the grain as it was cut. Each swath with the scythe would cut enough grain to make a bundle, which was tied together with other grain stems. No twine string was available because it did not become popular until Cyrus McCormick invented the grain binder several years later. Ten or twelve bundles of grain would be stood together forming a shock,

which would be left standing to dry in preparation for threshing.

There were no grain reapers yet in this area, so all the grain was cut with a scythe. A man working ten hours a day could cut about three-fourths of an acre of grain; but if the grain was heavy, he could cut only about one-half acre. Using a cradle, he could cut from two to two-and-one-half acres a day. With the invention of the reaper, a mere mowing machine, a man and a team of horses could cut as much grain in a day as sixteen men could tie into bundles.

When it was time to thresh the grain with a horse-powered thresher, Evan traded work with others in the area so he could get his grain threshed. The farmers hauled the grain from the field to a central place on the farm and then pitched the bundles into the thresher. A full crew required about four to six wagons, one man to bag the grain at the thresher, one man to drive the horses to furnish power for the thresher, and two men to pitch the straw away from the thresher.

The horse power that ran the threshing separator was an individual piece of machinery. A platform and a large circular gear were mounted on four wheels. The driver of the horses sat on the platform and controlled a lever that disengaged the gears to drive the separator. Eight head of horses, paired in twos, were hitched to four shafts attached to the platform. As the horses walked around in a large circle, the platform and the pinion gear rolled around on a large circular gear, which turned a

tumbling rod that went down, with a universal joint attached to a long pipe running to the separator. When the pipe reached the separator, another universal joint connected with another pipe to operate the separator. Since the thresher did not have a straw blower, two to three men pitched the straw away from the separator after the grain was threshed out. Well-trained horses worked on the power unit, so when a driver would holler "Woah!", the horses would stop. This method of threshing continued until about 1915, when steam engines replaced the power force by utilizing a large belt running from the steam engine to the separator. Then came the tractor-driven engines in the 1930's and the combines in the 1950's. Although the first combines were used in California in about 1886, they never became popular until after the 1930's depression. These early combines were horse-drawn, and the power was generated by a large wheel called a "Bull Wheel." Present-day combines are powered by combustion engines.

There was a ready market for all the grain, corn, and garden produce that could be raised, as the emigrants coming from Europe and the Eastern part of the United States needed food for themselves and their livestock. When the corn was ready for harvest, Ann drove the team and wagon while Evan and John walked along beside the wagon picking the ears of corn and throwing them into the wagon. Mr. Gunderson showed Evan how to build a corn crib from chicken wire and poles. After the corn was

harvested, the corn stalks were stood in shocks in the field as winter feed for the livestock.

Wild quail, rabbits, and deer provided meat for them during the year. Deer meat was dried and then smoked in a small smoke house Evan had constructed to smoke their pork. Occasionally some of the settlers would go west and kill buffalo for meat, which they would trade to the settlers for corn and garden produce. This meat was also dried and smoked for preservation, as there was no summer refrigeration of any kind. Milk, butter, and cream were kept cool in the root cellar.

Winter weather arrived the latter part of November to find the Jenkins' family with adequate food for both themselves and their livestock. During the winter months Evan worked part-time for Mr. Gunderson, and also built furniture to sell to the general store in Kaneshville. Because there were very few tools to work with, it took considerable time to build each piece.

By March, the snow had all melted and the days were beginning to get warm. Many of the Saints from Europe were prepared for their trip to the Salt Lake Valley. After careful consideration and thoughtful prayer, the family decided to remain where they were for at least another year or two. (This decision extended their stay until the spring of 1861.) Mr. Gunderson had agreed to rent them the farm for as long as they wanted to stay. They purchased another cow and were able to sell butter to neighboring people.

The next three years were productive for the Jenkins' family. The children were growing -- John, the eldest, was able to assist in the fields, and Ann was considerable help to her mother, who had not been too well during 1852. They acquired another cow from Mr. Gunderson and rented some additional ground so more crops could be produced for market. The favorable weather during 1851 and 1852 had resulted in better yields than had been expected.

During 1853, Ann gave birth to twin girls that died soon after birth. When they wrote and told their folks in Wales about the deaths of the twins, one of Ann's sisters returned a letter saying that it was probably best they died, rather than be raised in that wild country.

During 1852 through 1854, several events took place in the greater Salt Lake Valley and the Utah Territory that influenced Evan and Ann's decision to remain in Iowa rather than moving west at that time. Chief Walker, a Ute Indian chief, waged war against the citizens of Utah and several of the citizens were killed. To protect themselves from the Indians, the Saints in Salt Lake Valley decided to build a wall around Salt Lake City. Called the Spanish Wall, it was twelve feet high, six feet thick at the base, and six miles long -- but it was never completed.

On February 1854, John C. Fremont, a government explorer, arrived at the settlement of Parowan, Utah, with nine white men and twelve Delaware Indians -- all were nearly dead from starvation. After being given clothing and food, on

February 20th they left for California. In late May of 1854, Brigham Young, Chief Walker, and other Indian chiefs of the territory formed a treaty at Chicken Creek, Juab County, ending the Ute War.

On Friday, 16 June 1854, workman began construction on the Salt Lake Temple, which would take the Saints forty years to complete. On 15 August 1854, the wall surrounding the temple block was completed.

On the last day of August that year Colonel E.J. Stepto, who had been appointed Governor of the Utah Territory, arrived in Salt Lake City with about 175 soldiers.

1854 was a difficult year for many Saints in the Salt Lake Valley. Grasshoppers destroyed some of the crops, and hundreds of emigrating European Saints died from cholera while sailing up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers and crossing the plains.

Many of the Saints from Europe were destitute when they arrived at Kaneshville and Florence, Nebraska, across the river. They were cared for, fed, and given shelter by people who had lived there until they could provide for themselves. Evan and Ann gave freely of their produce and food.

Ann was expecting another child early in 1855. On the evening of February 21st, Ann told Evan she was sure the baby would be born within the next twenty-four hours. If the baby was born on the next day, George Washington's birthday, and was a boy, it might be named George. Evan suggested that he get Mrs. Thomas Smith, an

experienced midwife in the Kaneshville area. By mid-afternoon Ann began having labor pains, making Evan wonder whether to go for Mrs. Smith immediately or wait a while. Evan hitched the team to the wagon and checked once more with Ann to make sure all was well before he left. Ann assured him she would be all right, and that he would have adequate time to go get Mrs. Smith. Their son, John, and daughter, Ann, would be there to help their mother if needed. Evan drove the team as fast as he could to pick up Mrs. Smith, returning home to find everything still all right. Within six hours Ann gave birth to a strong and healthy baby boy who had his mother's dark hair and his father's gray eyes.

On Sunday, 4 March 1855, the infant son was blessed and given the name of Henry Evan Jenkins. When Ann would look at the small baby, she could have no way of knowing the role he would take in the development of Idaho, Montana, and parts of Canada. During his young years, he was adventuresome, mischievous, and often teased the other children.

When Henry was four years old, he played with a little neighbor girl named Jennie Duncan, who was a year older than he and quite bossy. One day as they were playing down by Mosquito Creek, Henry pushed Jennie into the creek. She floated down the creek, crying for help, and grabbed onto a willow bush as she passed. Henry became frightened, ran down the creek and helped her get out of the water. When his parents learned of the incident, they asked Henry why he pushed Jennie in

the creek. He answered, "Because she always bosses me around." He was punished by not being allowed to play near the creek.

The older children were showing the younger children that when a cat is dropped it will always land on its feet, so Henry decided to try that with the family cat. He and the cat climbed onto the roof of the house, the back of the roof being only about two feet from the ground. The roof at the front of the house was eight feet high where Henry tried to throw the cat off. The frightened cat snagged onto Henry's clothes and pulled him off the house with it. They landed hard on the ground, the wind knocked out of both of them, with Henry on top of the cat. Other than that, neither seemed any worse off from the experience.

One day while Evan and Ann went to town, they hired a neighbor lady to care for the children while they were gone. Henry and his older brother, William, were playing with a small hatchet at the wood pile. Henry had the hatchet and William wanted it. Finally Henry set the hatchet down while he went for a drink of water. When Henry returned, William had the hatchet and would not give it up. After quarreling and jangling about the hatchet for some time, Henry placed his hand on the block where William was chopping and announced, "I'll put my hand here and then you won't be able to chop." William tried to get Henry to move his hand, but Henry refused. Finally William chopped down with the hatchet, cutting the end of Henry's middle finger off right at the first joint. Henry screamed

and ran to the house with his bleeding finger hanging by a small piece of skin. The lady who was tending them hurriedly wrapped it up, got a needle and some silk thread, and sewed the finger back on with Henry all the while screaming at the top of his lungs. She again bandaged the finger as best she could to stop the bleeding. Henry carried his hand with his fist doubled up, so when it healed the middle finger on his left had grown bent and remained that way the rest of his life.

Another time the children were rolling a barrel down the hill by the house. When they tried to put the dog in the barrel, it kept jumping out. Henry had been watching, and finally Moroni said, "Henry, why don't you get in the barrel and ride it down the hill? It will be a lot of fun!" Henry considered a few minutes and decided this was a good time to take a free ride. He climbed into the barrel, the children gave it a shove, and it rolled down the hill with Henry bouncing around inside like a rubber ball. When the barrel stopped rolling, Henry was so skinned up and dizzy that he could not walk. They never could get Henry into another barrel.

Nineteen months after Henry was born, on 12 October 1856, Ann gave birth to a girl whom they called Juliette Amelia. On 16 May 1858, they were blessed with identical twin girls they named Margaret Quocella (an Indian name) and Mary Estella, making a family of eight living children. Even the parents had difficulty telling the twins apart, so a strand of beads was put around Mary's

neck. Evan immediately wrote to Ann's family in Wales telling them of the twin girls and that everyone was doing fine. He wanted to let them know that children did live, even if they were born in the "wild" United States.

The children seemed to grow as fast as the crops, and the twin girls were often taken to the field and watched by some of the other children. Ann worked in the field as much as possible, especially when it came to hoeing weeds out of the corn. One day young Ann was tending the twin babies near the creek in the shade of some willows. Suddenly the parents heard Ann screaming, and ran over to see what had happened. Ann arrived first, and Evan could see her beating something with her hoe. By the time he reached her, Ann had killed a water snake that had slithered out of the creek and over near the babies. The babies were never again left near the creek, and Evan built a small portable shade that could be moved around in the field.

The crop productions were extra good in 1860 for the Jenkins' family. In two acres of his ground, Evan had planted broom corn, a variety of sorghum that Benjamin Franklin had introduced into the United States several years before. The grain was used as feed, and the stalks or straws were used for making brooms. During the winter of 1860-61, Evan and his children made brooms to sell to the local merchants. This brought in extra money for the family, and helped them save money for the trip to the Salt Lake Valley. When Evan was not making brooms, he was preparing his two wagons for the

trip west. On the outsides and insides of the wagons, places were made to store food, seed and tools. There was also a place for barrels to carry extra water. By spring, the wagons were ready to load as soon as they could leave.

One of the reasons Evan and Ann had decided to leave then for Salt Lake Valley was the political slavery controversy between the Northern and Southern States. Slavery, strong in the South, was opposed by the Northern states. When slaves would run away from their southern owners, people in the North would help them get to Canada where they would be free men and women. This soon developed into an "Underground Railroad" by the people from the North. There was strong talk of the Southern states seceding from the Union if citizens in the Northern states were allowed to continue helping the slaves escape. People of the Mid-Western states were more-or-less neutral in their position, with most of the states north of Missouri being in favor of freeing the slaves. During the year 1860, Evan and Ann determined that the next spring they would leave for the Rocky Mountains. If war broke out, it was possible that both Evan and fifteen-year-old John could be called into the army. It began to be a war of nerves, and going west would leave little likelihood that either of them would have to join the army.

Another reason Evan wanted to go west was because of Ann's association with another group of people. Evan's belief in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was always strong, but Ann's lack

of faith was a concern for him, and lately she had been wavering. While living on Mosquito Creek, Ann had become acquainted with Mrs. Fisher, who was associated with a group of the Reorganized Church. This group had broken away from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints because they believed that the presidency of the Church should pass from father to son. When Prophet Joseph Smith was murdered, they believed his twelve-year-old son should have become the next president, instead of Brigham Young. The Mormons believed that the presidency of the Church should pass to the senior member of the Twelve Apostles -- the senior apostle in order of ordination, not the senior member by age. Both Mrs. Fisher and Ann had been attending meetings of the Reorganized Church and were encouraged by its members to remain in that area and help build up the membership, rather than going to Salt Lake Valley.

These two women also became interested in another group that believed in spiritualism. This group claimed that they could make contact with the spirits of people who had died and also with people living in other areas. Ann, lonesome for her family back in Wales, hoped to make contact with her mother who had passed away since they left Wales in the spring of 1850. Evan knew that if he did not get Ann away from these groups, she could possibly lose her testimony and leave the Church. He was wealthy enough to outfit himself and his family for the long journey to the Salt Lake Valley, but Ann was reluctant to go even though she knew that Evan

and John might have to enter the army if war broke out between the North and South.

Mrs. Fisher had also resisted going west, even though her husband had tried for the past two years to get her to go. One day Mr. Fisher took some grain to the grist mill to be ground into flour and meal. While there he made arrangements to leave with the next wagon train going west that would leave within ten days. The following week he took his team and wagon to pick up the flour, joined the wagon train, and headed west. The next word Mrs. Fisher received was that he was on his way to the Salt Lake Valley, and he would send for her if she wanted to come. When Ann learned of this, she decided to shape up and agree to go because she knew strong-willed Evan might do the same as Mr. Fisher had done.

After much discussion about leaving for the west, they decided the fall of 1860 to go the next spring. Ann was expecting another child in the spring so they determined not to leave until after the baby was born, which would be sometime in May 1861. Therefore, the winter of 1860-61 was spent getting ready for the trip. They advised Mr. Gunderson of their plans so he could get another renter for his ground. They had accumulated approximately \$500.00 in cash to take with them.

In talking to other people, they learned that it was better to cross the plains with oxen rather than horses. They traded their team of horses for a yoke of oxen, and in the spring they traded most of their machinery for another yoke of oxen. Although they

were ready to go as soon as the new baby arrived on 2 May, 1861, the next group of emigrants would not be leaving until the latter part of June.

While the talk and news from the east concerned slavery, other events were happening in the western part of the United States. In February 1855, Lot Smith, one of Brigham Young's right-hand men, was sustained as one of the Seven Presidents of the 40th Quorum of Seventies at Farmington, Utah. The news regarding the Indians out west was more encouraging than it had been the past few years. The worst tragedy occurred 12 August 1856, when a Government train of supplies under Colonel Babbitt was plundered near Woods River, Nebraska. Three persons were killed, and a Mrs. Wilson was captured by the Indians and never seen again. During September, Colonel Babbitt, Thomas Margetts and his child, James Cowdy and his wife, and others were killed east of Fort Laramie by the Cheyenne Indians. Mrs. Margetts was carried away and never heard from again. Normally the Sioux Indians had not bothered the large number of Latter-day Saints going west, and the Sioux called the trail the "Holy Road."

From 1856 to 1861 several events took place that had an effect on the Latter-day Saints' Church. On Friday, 26 September 1856, the first two handcart companies arrived in Salt Lake City. Captain Daniel McArthur left Iowa with his company June 11, and Captain Ellsworth left Iowa June 9. They joined together after traveling about two weeks, and the combined companies consisted of

497 persons, 100 handcarts, 5 wagons, 24 oxen, 4 mules and 25 tents. These were the first of many handcart companies that crossed the plains, and they received a great welcome. They traveled with handcarts because most of the Saints coming from Europe did not have enough money to purchase oxen and wagons to cross the plains. These handcarts were pushed and pulled by the people, and generally contained all the belongings of the individuals. Usually a few oxen-drawn wagons traveled with the group to carry extra food and supplies. Many of the people were barefooted by the time they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley after walking the thousand miles across the plains.

The winter of 1856-57 saw excessive snow in the west—eight feet deep in some places. This helped the 1857 year to produce an abundant harvest in the Salt Lake Valley. Because of reports by Judge W. W. Drummond and others, the Federal Government sent an army toward Utah and the Saints to stop what they had been told was a rebellion against the United States Government. The Church called all the elders from foreign missions, along with the Saints who had settled on the Lemhi River in Idaho, the Green River in Wyoming, and areas in Southern California, back to Utah to be closer to the church headquarters.

On Wednesday, 13 May 1857, Apostle Parley P. Pratt was murdered by Hector H. McLean near Van Buren, Arkansas. This was the first outright murder of a missionary preaching the gospel, and the tragedy had great repercussions throughout the

Church. On 11 September 1857, the Mountain Meadows Massacre took place in southern Utah, which caused problems for church members for many years afterward. John D. Lee was the supposed leader of the group that dressed like Indians and killed some emigrants headed for southern California.

The Saints in Utah were having bad times during 1857 and 1858. On 29 September 1857, General Daniel H. Wells left Salt Lake City for Echo Canyon with about 1250 men to set up a defense against a United States Army of about 2000 men under Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston. When the army of the Saints arrived at Echo Canyon, they decided they were no match for 2000 trained soldiers and determined not to let Colonel Johnston know how large a force they had. Their scouts, with Lot Smith as the leader spotted some scouts of the Army not too far away. General Wells devised a scheme to make the Army scouts think the Saints had more men than they really had.

There was a ledge of rocks near the top of a butte in Echo Canyon. If the Saints would march around the butte, only showing themselves in the view of the U.S. Army scouts, they could probably dupe the Army scouts into thinking they had a larger force. As the Saints marched around the butte, they were in clear sight of the Army scouts. Then as they passed behind the cliff of rocks, they ducked down and sneaked around so each man was seen several times. This ruse evidently worked, because after Lot Smith and a few others surprised

and burned two trains of Government stores near Big Sandy and Green River, the Army decided not to attack.

On October 10, the officers of the U.S. Army began to march by way of Soda Springs, Idaho, into the Salt lake Valley. After several days of slow exhaustive travel, they returned to Ham's Fork to spend the winter. That winter of 1857-58, over 500 of the Army's animals perished from cold and starvation. The Army went into winter quarters at Camp Scott, about two miles from Fort Bridger. The majority of men in the Saints' army returned to their homes in Salt Lake, and Captain John R. Winder kept a small party at Echo Canyon to watch the movements of the U.S. Army.

In the spring, under the orders of Brigham Young and the Council of the Twelve Apostles, it was decided that if the U.S. Army invaded Salt Lake City, they would enter a burned city. Straw was placed around the buildings, and all but a few men moved south. The same policy was also followed with other towns north.

Colonel Thomas Kane and Governor Alfred Cummings arrived in Salt Lake from California. They were shown the records and the Seal of the U.S. District Court, which were alleged to have been destroyed by the Mormons. A few days later, after the Government in Washington D.C. received a correct report from the Governor, they sent word back that Johnston's Army would not bother the Saints. On June 26, Johnston's Army passed through Salt Lake City, and camped on the west bank of the

Jordan River. The Saints began returning to their homes on 1 July 1858.

On 11 June 1859, the discovery of the Comstock Silver Mine in Nevada began attracting many strangers to Salt Lake City who were on their way to Nevada. That summer Thomas Ferguson was murdered in Salt Lake City. The murderer was captured, resulting in the first execution of a criminal in Utah, 28 October 1859. Mail was carried by freighter between the east and west coasts, but there was talk of a faster method. In the spring of 1860, the Pony Express was established. The first rider left the western city of San Francisco on April 3, and arrived in Salt Lake City on April 7. On Monday April 9, the first Pony Express arrived from the east, having left St. Joseph, Missouri, the evening of April 3. This historical event meant that letters could be sent from Sacramento, California, to St. Joseph, Missouri, in ten days. Pony Express riders were both good riders and good shots, as they were sometimes attacked along the route by Indians and outlaws. They had stops where they changed horses, so they were riding a fresh horse most of the time.

Chapter Three

Across the Plains to Utah 1861-1868

1861 was a year that would always be remembered by the Jenkins' family as the year they traveled west to the Salt Lake Valley in the Rocky Mountains. They knew little of what would take place during the following few months. The first train of Mormon emigrants left Florence, Nebraska, on May 29th for the West. The Jenkins' family could not leave with the first group because the new baby, David Hyrum, was born 2 May 1861. Not only was he too young to make the trip, but Ann's health was not too good.

During the past few years things seemed to be moving along at an accelerated rate as far as opening the West was concerned. With the implementing of the Pony Express news traveled much faster than it had previously, and a telegraph line was being installed across the United States. On 31 April 1861, about two hundred wagons with four yoke of oxen each, carrying 150,000 pounds of flour, left Salt Lake to return to Florence, Nebraska, and

Council Bluffs, Iowa, to help the poor Saints that had arrived from Europe. Because the railroad was completed from New York to Council Bluffs, the Saints had been arriving from Europe by that route since 1856. On June 2nd, Milo Andrus, Homer Duncan, and Charles William Penrose arrived at Florence, Nebraska, from missions to Europe. They immediately decided to form a company to cross the plains, and planned on leaving within the next thirty days if possible.

The young baby, David, was growing and seemed to be healthy, and Ann was regaining her strength, so they decided to leave for the West with the group that would be led by Homer Duncan. Evan sold some of his cattle and horses to purchase a hand plow and other items needed for their journey. Some of the Saints that arrived from Europe were destitute and had to be taken in by the people of the area. Most of them had spent all their money for passage to the United States. By the time they arrived at Council Bluffs and Florence, they were discouraged and often wondered if they had made a mistake in leaving Europe. Evan and Ann took in one family of Welsh people, feeding and helping them until they could obtain some work and a place to live. Ann was interested in talking with the new arrivals to find out as much as possible about her family back in Wales.

The Gundersons were sorry to see the Jenkins family leave, but knew that they were realizing the goal they had begun eleven years previously. They had been good renters, so Mr. Gunderson allowed

them to stay in the home until they left. It was a real task, deciding which items to take with them and which to leave behind. They had one wagon to haul supplies, and one wagon to haul the family and some food. Ann recalled the time when they left Wales and had to make similar decisions. Some of their furniture was sold, some was given away, and the rest was taken to Salt Lake.

On Saturday, 22 June 1861, Evan, Ann, and their nine children, with their wagons and livestock, crossed the Missouri River on a ferry boat. Their outfits consisted of two wagons, each wagon pulled by two oxen and two cows. They also had one milk cow, three heifers, and two horses. That night they camped at the outskirts of Florence, Nebraska (later named Omaha). After attending Church on Sunday, they were informed that all those leaving for Salt Lake should stay to receive instructions.

Homer Duncan was appointed Captain of the company; Henry Talbot, Chaplain; Thomas George Odell, Secretary; Henry Talbot, Jr., Captain of the first ten; Daniel Miller, Captain of the second ten; Benjamin P. Evans, Captain of the third ten; Edwin Stratford, Captain of the fourth ten; Thomas Grover, Captain of the fifth ten; and Joseph Foster, Sergeant-of-the-Guard.

On 25 June 1861, the company of forty-seven wagons and one cart rolled out at 11:00 o'clock in the morning. They spread themselves out, allowing about one hundred feet between each wagon, and forming a column of outfits approximately one mile long. The first day they camped at 4:00 P.M. at Little

Tapillon. Elder Gates and Elder Andrus visited the camp and called all the people together for a short meeting. In the meeting it was resolved that they would sustain each other throughout the trip to the Salt Lake Valley.

Evan's outfits were near the front of the train, immediately behind Apostle Penrose's wagon. John drove one wagon that hauled the supplies, furniture, and machinery; Evan drove the wagon carrying the family and most of the food. Ann, the eldest daughter, rode one of the horses most of the time. Henry and William traded turns riding the other horse so they would not get too tired. Moroni rode with John in the supply wagon to help with the oxen. The oxen were not too well trained, and did not always respond to the commands of the drivers. A well-trained oxen would turn right if the driver called out "GEE" and left if the drive called out "HA" When the oxen and the hitched cows did not move as directed they would have to be herded in the right direction by the driver or his helper. Most of the drivers walked on the left side of the oxen, swinging a bull whip to urged the oxen along. The loose horses and cattle were driven behind the caravan by those having saddle horses.

Occasionally the people walked along beside the wagons to ease the load pulled by the animals, especially if the trail was sandy. Most of the outfits had four head of horses pulling each wagon, or usually one yoke of oxen and cows. Sometimes there would be two horses or mules and two oxen or cows hitched to the same wagon. The carts were

pulled by two oxen and would sometimes be pushed from behind by one of the Saints. Some of the outfits were in good condition, and others looked as if they would not last through the trip. Generally, most of the Saints walked a big share of the way across the plains. With the thick dust and numerous wagons, the dust could be seen for many miles.

The traveling wagons tried to maintain a distance apart of between 100-200 feet. This provided more safety and protection, especially when they were in areas of possible Indian attacks. The Indians had not been bothersome the past year; and this season those Indians north of the Platte River had moved north, and those south of the river had moved south where the feed and buffalo were more plentiful.

The first day's travel was rather uneventful, but by evening's camp they found many things needing attention. Some loads were shifted around, and necessary repairs were made. Both people and livestock were tired, not being accustomed to traveling most of the day. Some animals were stronger than others, even though they were hitched together. Teams with both mules and horses could change the draft of the animals by shifting the draft hole in the double tree. That night everyone slept soundly, as there was no threat of Indians; however, two persons were needed to night herd so the stock would not stray or try to return to Florence.

They arrived on June 28th at a point where the Platte River made a bend to the west and the

road was very heavy. That night it started to rain, making it uncomfortable for most of the travelers. They had walked much of the day and were very tired. Evan, Ann, Annie, Juliette, the twins, and David slept in the main wagon; John, Moroni, William, and Henry slept in the supply wagon. They were a little uncomfortable, but remained dry. It was necessary for some of the travelers to sleep under their wagons or in tents. Nearly everyone awakened stiff and sore from riding in the wagons and walking. Ann was very tired, as she had to care for infant David and the twins. Annie and Juliette would help with the smaller children, but the biggest burden was on Ann. The older children had walked most of the day and considered it more or less an outing. Little did they know that before the journey was over, walking would sometimes be tiresome.

They traveled short distances each day the first week, getting farther west. The grass was better for the livestock, the stock were getting stronger, and the people were becoming accustomed to the traveling. On July 2nd they had their first experience of crossing a main stream of water, arriving at the Lupe River about 10:00 A.M. where some of the wagons had trouble making the crossing. In many cases the excited teams would not pull the load, and wanted to turn around or head down the river. Several of them were led across by a man on a horse, and others had to double up their outfits to get across. During the crossing, a young heifer of Henry Talbot's drowned. Her body was

retrieved, butchered out, and the meat was distributed among the group. They were not yet in Indian country, and the storm had cleared, so the night was all peaceful.

Wednesday, July 3rd, they rounded the bend of the Platte River and began traveling in a southwesterly direction. Since leaving Florence, they had been traveling in a north and westerly direction. The Platte River was roiley and running high from the Colorado and Wyoming Mountains spring runoff. Moroni and William had been taking turns riding the extra horse and helping drive the stock behind the wagon train. This day Henry was given the chance to ride and help drive the stock. Although he was only six years of age, he was a good rider and could handle the horse without any trouble. Because they had started traveling early at 7:30 A.M., the group camped at 1:30 P.M. The dust from the livestock and moving wagons was almost stifling, seeming to stick to the faces of the Saints and animals, which had been perspiring in the uncomfortable heat most of the day.

By the time they camped, the livestock was all a dusty light gray color, and everyone was ready for a bath. While the women and older girls were being the first to clean themselves in the river, the young boys gathered buffalo chips for the next few days' camp fires. Buffalo chips were dried buffalo droppings from many years past, and an excellent source of fuel. After the women returned, the men and boys carried water from the river to the camp to be heated for cleaning up the younger children

and for doing some clothes washing. After the men and boys had cared for the livestock and set up camp, they bathed themselves in the river. Some of them took a swim in the river, but were warned against going too far into the stream and being overcome with the river current.

The night was clear, and the shining stars glistened like thousands of lanterns. Some of the children did not go to sleep at once, but played a game as they lay in their beds watching for stars falling across the sky. If they saw a star begin to fall, they would say, "money before the week ends." If they could finish the saying before the star light went out, the saying was supposed to come true. They enjoyed the game, even though they knew there was little chance of receiving any money within a week or throughout the trip.

Thursday, July 4th, was Independence Day so the wagon train did not travel far. They rolled out at 7:00 A.M. and camped at 3:30 P.M. Brothers Smith and Campton were sick with fever, and Sister Britton fell while getting out of her wagon and the front wagon wheel passed over her body. There was little celebration that day -- not because the people were unpatriotic, but they were saddened about Sister Britton's accident and those with the fever.

Each morning before the wagon train started to roll, they gathered around while one of the Elders offered a prayer to the Lord asking for safe travel and thanking Him for their many blessings. This 4th of July was extra special to them, because they were living in a land of opportunity and freedom, even

though the Saints had been persecuted and driven from place to place and the Prophet Joseph Smith had been murdered by a mob.

For those who had recently come from Europe and crossed the eastern part of the United States, the new area seemed like a vast country without any end. They could not know what was ahead of them, of the hardships and joys they would have after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley. They had heard of the cricket infestation, grasshoppers, droughts, and the hard winters; but they had also been told of the many blessings and joys the Saints had enjoyed since first crossing the plains in 1847. Most of the company's members were young or middle aged; and with youth comes hope, especially for the future. Young people have ambition, and most of them were sure they were going to a better life than they had left in Europe. During the evenings when they had their wagons circled and extra work completed, they would gather to visit and sing songs. Most of the company were from Scotland, England, and Wales; however, there were thirty-four adults and children from Africa, sixty-nine adults and children from the United States. Most of the people from Africa were of either Dutch or English descent. The Welsh are known for their musical ability, so the singing was exceptionally good.

Ann had become acquainted with several Welsh families and tried to learn about her relations she had left eleven years ago. Ann had written to her sisters, but their reply letters contained little

news. Many of the Saints in the company had done just as Evan and Ann -- given up their families and friends and come to a new land, not for a better life financially but to worship and practice their newly-found religion. Evan made the statement many times that he knew by a burning in his bosom that the L.D.S. (Mormon) religion was the true religion on earth, and that he would give up all he had as long as he could keep his testimony of that truth.

By Saturday, Sister Britton was well enough to sit up in the wagon. The wagon train had moved far enough west that there were possibilities of encountering Indians. They knew that when they were in Indian country there could be trouble, even though the Indians had not bothered the westward wagon trains. There was always the chance that young Indian braves might raid a wagon train to gain some spoils and notoriety for themselves. They did not travel far this day because some of the oxen needed shoes, the women needed to wash, and everyone needed a bath so they circled the wagons at 3:00 P.M.

That night they had two men guard and night herd the stock. There were two shifts four hours long: the first shift was from 9:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M., and the other was from 1:00 A.M. until 5:00 A.M. By then, it was time to hitch up the oxen and mules for the day's travel. On Sunday, July 7th, they made a short drive, rolling out at 6:00 A.M. and camping at 2:00 P.M. A meeting was held that evening and Brother Penrose (see NOTE on next page) addressed the congregation. Also attending the meeting were

several emigrants on their return to the east from California who were camped close by.

NOTE. The following information relates to the life of Charles William Penrose:

Born: February 4, 1832

Died: May 26, 1925

Apostle: July 7, 1904

2nd Counselor to Joseph F. Smith:

December 7, 1911

2nd Counselor to Heber J. Grant:

November 23, 1918

1st Counselor to Heber J. Grant:

March 10, 1921

On July 8th and 9th, the travel was slow and the train did not travel long either day. The hot sun, flies, and mosquitoes became almost unbearable. Swarms of mosquitoes were so heavy they cast shadows on the ground. The swirling dust seemed to follow the wagon train. At night they put green willows and green grass on the fires, smoking the mosquitoes away so the Saints could sleep. Several wagons were in need of repairs, including broken reaches, or the pole that connected the rear running gears to the front running gears. Two wagons had broken wheel spokes, and one wagon hit a deep hole in the road and broke an axle. While camped, a letter was written to President Brigham Young advising him of the names and number of Saints and wagons in the company.

On July 10th, the Saints were passed by two mule wagons and eight ox wagons headed for the eastern United States. They were apostates who had become disillusioned with the Church and the Salt Lake Valley. There was little conversation between the two trains. The next morning a severe thunder storm came up; and the heavy rains made it impossible to travel, so they camped at 3:00 P.M. The next day a coupling (or reach) broke in two, frightening Brother Ketting's mules. As the mules ran away, the wagon axle broke so the company stopped early for repairs. That night several Indians were sighted in the distance, but they did not come close to the train.

The next day the Indians rode closer to the train, but did not cause any trouble. That evening after the train had circled, one of the braves rode into the circle with two fine ponies, wanting to talk to the man with "hair like fire." Evan was summoned, and the brave paraded the two ponies before him. Then the brave dismounted and pointed to Annie, Evan's daughter, saying: "Me take." Then pointing to the ponies, he said, "You take." Evan said, "No, I have enough horses." The brave rode away in a huff. That night and the next two nights extra guards were stationed around the train, as the band of Indians kept following the train.

The second day after the Sioux brave had tried to bargain for Annie, he suddenly rode away at high speed from the rest of the band, right up in front of Annie's horse. Her frightened horse reared up, then began to run. The brave immediately

herded the runaway horse away from the wagon train. Evan, seeing what was going on, hurriedly mounted the horse that Henry was riding and took out after Annie and the brave. By the time he caught up with them, one of the other Indians was holding the reins of Annie's horse and leading it back toward the wagon train. The angry brave that had caused the fracas rode up to Annie's horse, then made his horse turn, and it kicked at Annie's horse. No one was hurt, but the horse's hoof cut the saddle girth in two and Annie had to ride bareback the rest of the day. Evan took the saddle back to the wagon and repaired it that night so it could be used again.

The next day several more people were added to the sick list, and Sister Britton was still very ill. On July 14th it rained again; and that evening a William Wanless, age 40, was baptized by James Edghill in the Platte River. Brother Wanless had formerly been a member of the Church in Missouri, but because of unknown reasons, had left the Church several years before. He was confirmed a member of the Church by Homer Duncan. That night Evan got out his fiddle while all celebrated in dancing and singing.

On the 15th they rolled out at seven in the morning and camped at four in the afternoon. That night John Jenkins went hunting and shot an antelope, which was distributed among the camp. The next day they killed a young buffalo for camp meat; they would only kill enough wild game for their needs. On the 16th, some Sioux Indians visited the camp and traded some buffalo robes for flour

and bacon. They wanted coffee, but found that this wagon train were Mormons and had no coffee.

On the 17th, Sister Wanless, who was expecting a child, fell from a wagon and injured herself. This delayed the rolling out until 3:00 P.M., and they traveled for two hours because of her condition. The wagons had no springs, and anyone that was sick and lying down in the wagon would feel every bump and chuck in the road. It rained heavily again on the 20th, forcing the group to camp early that day.

The next few days were uneventful except for the familiar broken axles and reaches. Occasionally the steel tire rims of the wagon wheels came loose off the wheel. These troubles always delayed the train for at least a few hours, and sometimes it caused them to corral early in the day. Every few days, herds of buffalo came through the camp. You could hear them before you could see the dust! As they came to the Platte River for water, they would be either at a gallop or a trot. After drinking their fill, they would graze on their way back, and it would take them two or three days before they would again return for water. There would be 500 to 1,000 buffalo in each herd, so when the wagon train would see them coming they would stop and allow adequate space between each outfit for the buffalo to go between the wagons. Sometimes they would slow down, but sometimes they would not. Whenever Henry or William was riding the extra saddle horse, he would become frightened and, if possible, gallop to the wagon and tie the horse until

the buffalo had passed by. Whenever meat was needed for the train, one or two of the buffaloes would be shot.

They had plenty of buffalo until they left the Platte River and headed up the Sweet Water River. Buffalo meat was delicious, and a welcomed change from smoked and salt pork. Evan and Ann had tasted buffalo meat before, but this was the first buffalo that many in the train had ever eaten. During the next 100 miles, thousands of buffalo were seen nearly every day, and the train had to stop once or twice to let the buffalo pass through. Some days the east- or west-bound stage would pass by the train, but most of the time it traveled on the south side of the Platte River. The south side of the Platte River was the original western trail; but as the numbers of travelers increased, the Saints took the north side where there was more feed for their livestock. About July 22nd, they arrived at a sandy area that stretched for fifty or sixty miles. On the 24th, they traveled from 5:45 A.M. to 10:00 A.M. and camped at Ash Hollow. Several times that day, they had to double-up to pull the outfits through the heavy sand. That afternoon they celebrated the 1847 arrival of the Saints in the Salt Lake Valley by rejoicing, singing, dancing, and holding various sporting events. The weather was clear and warm, and the shade trees along the river made it an enjoyable day.

The sandy area made traveling difficult the next two days. It was a struggle for the animals to even walk in the loose sand, let alone pull the

wagons. On the 27th the company rolled out at 6:30 A.M., planning to make several miles that day. Evan and Ann were sitting in the front seat of the wagon with the twins, Mary and Margaret, between them; Ann had the baby, David, on her lap. The little girls were loudly singing "OH MY DARLING NELLIE GRAY" when the rear wheel of the wagon dropped into a gopher hole, throwing the two little girls back off the seat. At that moment the singing stopped, and a cry of terror rang out. Evan looked back just in time to see Mary's little body disappear between the wagon sheet and the outside of the wagon. He was gripped with fear as he realized she would be in line with the rear wheel of the wagon. The schooner was brought to a sudden halt, but not before the rear wheel had passed over her face and head. Had the ground been firm, Mary's head would have been crushed, but the loose sand allowed her head to slide to the side. A deep gash was cut from her cheekbone to her scalp, laying the skin open for about two inches. When Evan picked her up, she was screaming and the blood was streaming down her face.

The wagon train came to an immediate halt, and everyone crowded around to help. Brother Penrose was one of the first to arrive, as his wagon was just ahead of Evan's outfit. The sand was washed from the wound, and Brother Penrose sewed up the cut with some silk thread. Some Saints from Africa, who seemed to be proficient in the art of medicine, instructed Brother Penrose on using the inside membrane from an egg shell as a wound

dressing. The membrane adhered to the flesh like glue, and the child hovered near death all that night. Even though it was near noon when the accident happened, they camped for the day. Evan and Brother Penrose administered to Mary, and Brother Penrose promised her in the prayer that she would become well and live a long life. All that night Evan and Ann took turns holding Mary, feeding her spoonfuls of warm milk and chicken broth when she became restless.

When the company rolled out at 7:00 A.M. the next morning, Mary was a little better but Ann held her on her lap all day to prevent the wagon jolts from shaking little Mary. On July 30th they camped opposite Chimney Rock, one of the landmarks of the trail. By then Mary was much better, and Brother Penrose removed the stitches from her head and covered the wound with more egg membrane to keep out the dust and air.

Shortly after eating supper that night, Henry wanted an extra biscuit and some jam. Annie refused to give him some, and cuffed his ears after he became angry and started sassing her. When it became dark Henry left the circle of wagons, went out to where the old milch cow was bedded down, snuggled down beside the cow, and was soon fast asleep. When Evan and Ann returned from visiting some friends and asked where Henry was, no one knew his whereabouts. A thorough search of the camp showed no trace of Henry, and the night herders had not seen him. It was feared that either he had gone down to the river, or had wandered

away and possibly been stolen by the Indians. A search party had just been organized when Henry came wandering back to camp. He became cold when the old milch cow had moved and wandered away to graze. Although he was not spanked, he was cautioned to never leave the camp again as he might be taken by Indians and never see his folks again.

Because of occasional rock bluffs that confronted them, the company had crossed and recrossed the North Platte River several times in order to continue their journey. During one crossing the horses of Brother Talbot fell, had to be unhitched, and the men of the company pulled the wagon on across the river. They crossed the river at Fort Laramie and after traveling a day, camped early to repack the wagons and throw away useless articles. A cow belonging to Brother Combs gave out and was left behind. While descending a hill the next day, Brother Russel's horse wagon turned over but received little damage. A bow for the cover was broken, and one chair was damaged beyond repair, but the family escaped without any harm. The following day, one wagon's axle broke, and another wagon's reach broke, so they laid over to make repairs.

Although it seemed that nearly everyday something happened to delay the company, they continued on midst the heat, mosquitoes, and buffalo gnats. These buffalo gnats would get in their hair and result in small sores. The women all wore bonnets with wide ruffles at the back to shield their necks from the bugs and sunshine. The men wore

hats, and sometimes would wrap a handkerchief around their necks to keep out the bugs and dirt.

For the past week or ten days they had traveled toward the snow-capped mountains in the west, which seemed to never become closer -- they were still several miles away. The nights were becoming cooler and the animals seemed to get more rest at night so were more vigorous in the mornings. One day they made an unsuccessful attempt to cross the high-water Platte River, but had to continue on the same side for another day or two. Milo Andrus' mule train caught up and passed the Saints' company on their way to Salt Lake. The mules traveled somewhat faster, but had to be fed each noon, whereas the oxen did not. The Jenkins' train would travel for a few hours, then stop for a noon rest. The oxen would lay down without being unhitched, chewing their cuds while the Saints ate a noon meal. Because of their extra stomachs, cattle could eat enough grass at night and swallow it to be later belched up and chewed. This is referred to as "chewing their cud." Water was the main problem for the cattle -- even though they did not have to be fed at noon, they did need water. Sometimes oxen were unhitched and driven to the river, and other times water was carried in buckets from the river to them.

Little Mary's wound healed, leaving a scar that extended from her hair line half-way down to her eyebrow. Ann commented that with the scar, Mary would no longer have to wear the beads around her neck to distinguish her from Margaret.

One afternoon when they camped early, several of the younger members decided to go swimming in the river, promising to be careful and stay out of the river's swift current. While Annie was wading near the edge, she became entrapped in a quicksand hole and began to sink down. She was unable to get out because the water there was only about a foot deep, which prevented her from swimming free. One of the young men discovered her plight, reached and clasped her hand to help her out. When she told her parents about the experience, that ended the swimming adventures for some time.

The next few days the company traveled without any serious accidents. About August 10th, they rounded the bend of the North Platte River where the city of Casper, Wyoming, is now located, and headed in a south-westerly direction toward the Sweet Water River. Since this was the last of the buffalo area, several of the men went a short distance from the camp and shot two buffalo for meat. The meat was hung out during the night and in the morning wrapped up in a clean cloth and quilts to protect it from the day's heat. This would preserve the meat from spoiling for three or four days. They had climbed from an elevation of about 1200 feet to 5000 feet since leaving Florence, Nebraska, and the higher elevation made the nights cooler.

They camped at Deer Creek where the water was much clearer than the North Platte River had been. They would be traveling west of a large

mountain to their south, and still south of the Wind River Mountain Range. They had approximately 100 miles to go before crossing the Continental Divide, which was probably the highest elevation they would reach before arriving in the Salt Lake Valley. Several times during the remainder of their journey, the stock was driven away from the trail in order to obtain sufficient feed. This necessitated several night herders, because they were in the Cheyenne Indian territory and the Cheyennes were not always friendly to travelers.

The long-awaited Sweet Water River was finally reached, and the company camped at Independence Rock. They replaced the water in their barrels with the clear fresh water, which was a welcomed change from the murky waters of the North Platte River. The frequent rains and storms kept the heat down as they traveled. Several oxen had died along the way, making it necessary for cows and horses to work on the same outfit. The team of horses would be driven with leather lines and were usually put in lead of the oxen, which responded to commands of "GEE" and "HA." The snow-capped mountains they had been watching for some distance were now on both sides of them. With the Laramie Mountains on the east and the Wind River Mountains on the northwest, they would cross the southern end of the Wind River Range and then be over the Continental Divide.

On the morning of August 20th, 8-month-old Jane John, daughter of David and Mary John, died. The train did not travel that day but repaired

wagons, shod oxen, and made preparations for the next day's burial service for the John's child. The John family had also come from south Wales and were good friends of the Jenkins family. Evan and some friends built a small wooden box coffin for the baby. On August 21st, the body of Jane John was buried at the foot of a bluff between two projection points about twenty miles east of the second crossing of the Sweet Water River. A pile of stones marked the grave, along with a board inscribed: "Anne Jane John, Daughter of David and Mary John, died August 20, 1861."

The day Jane John died, a body of U.S. Troops returning from Utah passed through the camp with horses, baggage, cows, guns, and foot soldiers. They did not stop to talk to any of the company, but Homer Duncan visited with the captain and learned that they were being called back to the States because of a probable war between the North and South.

The company followed the Sweet Water River, now a small stream, and crossed the Continental Divide in the south pass of the mountains at an elevation of 7550 feet. The air was crisp and clear, and looking west from the pass they saw the waters of the Big Sandy River which would flow into the Green River, thence into the Colorado River, and finally into the Gulf of California. For as far as they could see, the country looked desolate and the soil had a red cast to it. Far in the distance they could see ranges of mountains to both the southwest and the west.

On August 27, a 2-oxen and 4-mule team passed through the camp and reported that the Milo Andrus company was about a day's travel behind. That night Sister Gillespie delivered a baby girl, and both were doing fine. The company moved out the next morning as usual, with the mother and baby as comfortable as could be in the wagon. On August 29th, one of the oxen that John was driving died in the yoke, probably from a heart attack, as it was walking along and suddenly fell over dead. This necessitated hitching up the family cow in order to continue the journey. Although the family cow was not broke to work, after a short while she tried her utmost to pull her share of the load.

On August 31st, after camping on the Green River, Brother Gwynn's horses strayed and were left behind. That afternoon Milo Andrus loaned him a span of mules, and he caught up with the train that night. The next evening Evan and Mr. Russel went out searching for the Gwynn's horses, and found them headed back to the former camp ground. The group decided to take up a collection for Homer Duncan, who had just returned from a mission in Europe and had very little money. They felt he had been extra attentive to everyone in the train, doing his best to make the trip as easy as possible. At a meeting called during camp on September 2nd, Homer Duncan was presented with \$31.00 in cash that had been gathered from the company members.

The group passed through Fort Bridger on September 4th, and arrived at Echo Canyon four

days later. That day Homer Duncan's son met the train after traveling on horseback from Salt Lake. That night two of Evan's oxen and a cow belonging to David John strayed, delaying their departure for about two hours while the animals were hunted. On September 10th, Sister Penrose delivered a baby girl. On September 12th they crossed the big mountain; and the next day, September 13th, they crossed the little mountain and arrived on the public square (the 8th ward) about 4:00 P.M., rejoicing for their safe journey.

Following are the statistics of the journey:

Casualties

Lost to death: Annie Jane John, age 8 months
5 days

Births

Sister Gillespie, a girl; Sister Penrose, a girl

Animals Lost by Death

4 oxen, 5 cows, 1 heifer, and 2 calves

They had been on the trail 112 days and traveled approximately 1000 miles, averaging just over eleven miles per day. They had seen thousands of buffalo, antelope, and rabbits during the journey. Many Indians, most in small groups and carrying bows and arrows, had visited the camp wanting to trade for food.

The day they arrived at Salt Lake, the Jenkins family was met by Joseph Mathews and his wife. Joseph was a cousin of Ann's, and had come to Salt Lake about five years previously after joining the

Church in Wales. They invited the Jenkins family to stay with them until they could get settled in a place of their own. They stayed with the Mathews for about three weeks, during which time Evan traveled north to Cottonwood (later named Farmington) and purchased forty acres of land from Henry Steed. The family moved to Cottonwood and stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Barkdall while Evan and the boys built a two-room home out of adobe brick. By late fall they moved into their new home and, even though it was small, it was HOME and a welcomed relief from living in a covered wagon and among other people for the past six months.

During the winter of 1861-1862, the snow was very deep, and the bone-chilling east winds from the Wasatch Mountains drifted the snow so high that travel was almost impossible. The Jenkins family survived the winter well because of their ample storage of fruits and vegetables. Evan had managed to cut enough grass hay from down near the Salt Lake to feed their livestock. Money was scarce, but Evan's work for other farmers during the fall had made it possible to buy needed clothing. Although Ann made most of the clothing, they still had to purchase shoes for the winter.

The next spring Evan planted his crops, including some broom corn that he hoped to use in making brooms to sell the next winter. As the summer progressed, Evan discovered that the ground he had purchased was too close to the lake, resulting in a high salt content. However, they were still able to produce a fairly good crop. The older

children worked whenever they could find work in the area, including John's three trips with the Perpetual Emigrant Fund Company.

Annie and Moroni worked for neighbors whenever they could, while William helped on the farm most of the time. The younger children helped out as much as they could, generally gleaning fields in the fall after crops in the area were harvested. Carrying buckets, they would walk through the fields and pick up loose grain heads that had fallen to the ground during harvest. Although this seemed like a meager job, three or four children under the supervision of an older one could gather a considerable amount of grain. The heads were brought home, where Evan piled them up to later thresh by hand.

During the winter months, the children attended school and were taught by Mrs. Glover, who was paid \$100.00 per year. Henry attended school through the third reader, and this ended his formal education. During that time, he made a lot of friends, some of them later settling in Idaho's Snake River Valley during the 1880's: Stoddard, Rice, Crapo, Miller, Grover, Smith, Parker, Rudd, Carbine, and several other families from the Farmington area. During the school years Henry became good friends with several boys, especially Levi Wise, who seemed to think everything Henry did was O.K. As time moved on, several events took place that were impressive and humorous in Henry's life. One of his friends, Spike Stoddard, was the school clown and always came up with something amusing. One day

at school the teacher asked Spike to spell rattlesnake, and he responded with "R-A-T (Rattle) T-A-T (Tattle) SNEE-A-K-E (Snake)." Another time Spike was fighting with a boy in school, and when the other boy began to win, Spike ran for home. When later asked why he quit and ran he replied, "He that fights and runs away lives to fight another day."

Henry was always figuring out ways of working for himself, and hired out one summer as a goose herder for Mr. Glover. Each day he would drive the geese from Mr. Glover's farm down to the Great Salt Lake. While the geese were swimming in the water, he had little to do but sit and daydream; but when the geese came out of the water, he would keep them herded away from eating crops on surrounding farms. Henry herded geese near the road traveled by the emigrants from Salt Lake to Idaho and Oregon. One day when Henry tried to stop some travelers from shooting several of the geese, they paid little attention to him. He ran as fast as he could to tell Mr. Glover, who immediately returned and confronted the travelers. The group was too large to confront with anything other than words. They refused to pay Mr. Glover, and drove away with several dead geese. Incidents like this were common occurrences during those times, because travelers often assumed they had a right to kill what they wanted, even though it belonged to the settlers. Similar incidents had sparked the Mountain Meadows Massacre in southern Utah ten or fifteen years prior to this time.

The next summer Henry decided to work up a coop cow herd, charging fifty cents per month to herd the cows on the pastures near the Great Salt Lake. Each morning he would go by the people's places, and if their cows were not ready, he would blow a horn he had made from a large steer horn. One day George Steed came by on his mule and wanted to blow Henry's horn. Henry answered, "All right! You can blow it if you will first let me first blow it in Old Jack's ear." George agreed. When Henry blew the horn in the mule's ear, the mule jumped straight in the air and threw George to the ground. That ended George's desire to blow the horn.

Lot Smith, one of President Brigham Young's right-hand men, lived near the Jenkins' farm. He was practicing polygamy at the time, the same as many others in the Utah Territory, and had several wives. One of his younger wives became angry with him, so she picked up her small baby and went home to her parents. When Lot returned and found she had left, he immediately went to his in-laws' house and asked if his wife and baby were there. When his wife's mother said they were, Lot looked in the bedroom, picked up the baby, and headed out of the house. When his confrontive mother-in-law inquired what he was going to do, he simply replied: "Take the calf home, the cow will follow." Soon after taking the baby home, his unhappy wife followed.

Lot took a liking to Henry and wanted to adopt him, even though Lot had several boys of his own. One cold winter day as Lot was driving to a

funeral, his team was all decked out with bobbed tails and sleigh bells. Observing Henry alongside the road, he asked Henry if he would like to go for a ride. This pleased Henry, because any boy around town would be proud to ride with Lot Smith behind his fancy team. Henry agreed, and climbed up into the sleigh beside Lot. As they were driving along, Henry cupped his hands over his cold ears. Lot looked down, asked Henry if his ears were cold, and Henry answered that they were. Lot put the lines between his knees, telling Henry to take his hands away from his ears and look at him. Henry minded, and Lot started hitting Henry's ears in an up and down motion, one hand on each side of the head. Henry was sure Lot had knocked his ears off, but soon they began to burn. After about ten whacks, Lot asked if Henry's ears were warm, and immediately Henry answered that they were plenty warm! Lot then let Henry drive the team for a while. Lot later exclaimed around town that the little Jenkins' kid was surely tough, telling how he had hand-whipped Henry's ears and the little guy had not even cried.

Lot Smith was an outstanding figure during the early days of Utah, performing many important tasks for Brigham Young and the Church. When Johnston's Army was headed to Salt Lake to punish the Mormons Lot Smith, with a small group of men, surprised and burned two trains of Government supplies near the Big Sandy and the Green River in southwestern Wyoming. He also helped organize the Echo Canyon defense and the charade that duped

Johnston's Army into thinking they were facing a large contingent of Mormon soldiers. The soldiers from Salt Lake piled rocks near a cliff, marched by in plain sight of Johnston's Army, then ducked back in line to repeat the procedure. This maneuver made Johnston believe that the Mormons had a large army prepared to fight against him. Lot was also sent to protect the stage route when Indians were attacking the stage line.

Lot Smith was a very brave man, and did not seem to be afraid of anyone or anything. While living at Farmington he had a misunderstanding with a Brother Grover, and Brother Grover decided to shoot Lot. When Lot answered the knock on the door, Brother Grover said, "Brother Smith, I have come to kill you." Lot opened his coat and responded, "Here is my heart -- shoot, Brother Grover!" Brother Grover exclaimed, "Oh, you damn fool, you don't deserve to be killed!" and went home. Lot was later killed by the Indians at Tuba near Moenkopi, Arizona, on Tuesday, 21 June 1892.

Since arriving in the Salt Lake Valley, several events occurred which were of historical importance. On 3 October 1861, John W. Dawson was appointed Governor of the Utah Territory. He did not arrive until December 7th, and left Utah under peculiar circumstances on December 31st. Frank Fuller succeeded Dawson as acting governor. On Friday, October 13th, the overland telegraph was completed to the States, and President Brigham Young sent the first telegram to J. H. Wade, the president of the company. The next day he sent a

telegram to San Francisco. These were the first telegrams sent out of greater Salt Lake, and it opened up communication from the east to the west. On December 23rd, the famous Ute Indian Chief, Peteetneet, died near Fort Crittenden, Utah County.

In 1862, the people of Utah petitioned the Federal Government for statehood a third time, but were again denied permission to join the Union. In a separate incident, three outlaws were shot and killed while they were trying to escape. The Salt Lake theater had been erected the previous year, but opened in 1862 and played "Pride of the Market" and "State Secrets."

During April, Congressman Morrill of Vermont introduced a bill in the House of Representatives at Washington, D.C. to punish those practicing bigamy in the territories of the United States. The bill also made it unlawful for any religious organization to own real estate worth more than fifty thousand dollars. That same year, Indians attacked the stage coaches between Fort Bridger and North Platte, burning the coaches and mail bags, killing the drivers, and stealing the horses. Even though Congress was debating the Anti-Bigamy law to punish the Saints for their beliefs and practices, they still asked Brigham Young for assistance. General Thompson of Washington, D.C. asked Brigham Young for a company of cavalry to protect the mail route. On May 1st, a company of about one hundred men, under the command of Captain Lot Smith, left Salt Lake to spend most of the summer protecting the mail and stage route. On June 20th,

President Abraham Lincoln approved the act prohibiting slavery in the United States' territories; and on July 8th, he signed the Anti-Bigamy bill into law.

On 10 March 1863, President Brigham Young was arrested on charge of bigamy and placed under a two thousand dollar bond by a U.S. Marshall. This was just the beginning of arrests over the next fifteen to twenty years of men who were practicing plural marriage in the west. The Indians became unfriendly again as settlers encroached on their lands, and the Indian attacks on the settlers resulted in the loss of many lives to both sides. Governor Doty and General Conner made a peace treaty with the Shoshone Indians at Brigham City; later Governor Doty and Governor James W. Nye of Nevada made a treaty with the Indians at Ruby Valley, Nevada. 1863 was the year Apostle Charles C. Rich and others settled the Bear Lake Valley, founding the city of Paris, Idaho.

During 1864, the Church organized the Perpetual Emigrant Fund Company consisting of 170 wagons, 717 oxen, and 277 men. As explained earlier, John volunteered his services in this endeavor to help bring more Saints from Florence, Nebraska, to the valley. He made three trips over the next three years with four head of oxen and one wagon, hauling food back to the Saints at Florence, and returning back to Salt Lake with some freight and belongings of the Saints. This same year, the first mining companies and smelters were formed in the territory.

On Saturday, 15 April 1865, news of President Abraham Lincoln's assassination reached greater Salt Lake City. All business houses in the city were closed, and President Brigham Young declared a state of mourning. Also in 1865, the first Hebrew marriage was celebrated in the Salt Lake area. Indians were still attacking settlers in western Wyoming and southern Utah, and some of the smaller settlements in the latter area were abandoned.

The first nickel was minted in the United States on 15 May 1866. The Saints sent a wagon train back east to get telegraph wire and, at the request of Brigham Young, the first telegraph line was completed to Ogden, 1 December 1866, and to St. George, Utah, on 15 January 1867. The Union Pacific Railroad was completed to North Platte, Nebraska, by June and to Cheyenne, Wyoming, by the middle of November. The summer of 1867, the numerous grasshoppers caused severe damage to crops in the Salt Lake Valley. That same year, the "Black Hawk War" with the Indians in southern Utah became more serious.

About this time twelve-year-old Henry and a neighbor boy, John Steed, were down in the meadows near Salt Lake looking for duck eggs. It was common for settlers to hunt wild duck eggs and take them home to eat. When a duck flew up immediately in front of Henry, he cried out, "My nest!" at the same time John Steed cried, "My eggs!" Henry was disappointed and argued with John, but John was older and bigger and insisted the eggs

were his but Henry could have the nest. Finally John told Henry that, if he would suck half of the eggs, he could have the rest. There were about a dozen eggs in the nest, so Henry started to suck the raw eggs. After the second egg, John gave Henry the rest of the eggs. Another time Henry and John were given a note from John's father, Henry Steed, and sent down to the brewery for a jug of whiskey. They obtained the jug, started home, and decided to sample the whiskey. After two or three drinks they became drunk, and hardly knew what they were doing. Henry tried to get John's mother, a large woman, into a wheelbarrow so he could give her a ride. Evan and Ann were very embarrassed when they heard about the incident. This was the first time Henry had tasted alcohol, and he never drank again until he was freighting into Montana.

During that same year (1867) Evan decided to take a second wife, as was being done by many of the men in that area. He talked it over with Ann, because a man could marry a second wife only with the approval of the first wife. At first Ann was against it, but after several weeks of Evan's insistence, Ann finally consented. Evan had been eyeing a young woman living in Farmington that he felt he would like to marry, and immediately started courting her. When Ann could see that he was serious, she devised a plan. She told Evan it would be nice if he invited the young lady over for supper some evening and Ann would fix a nice meal with some of her famous baking powder biscuits. The day for the dinner finally arrived, and Evan

went to call on the young woman who lived about a mile away. While he was gone, Ann set up her reception committee. As Evan and the young woman walked hand-in-hand down the lane toward the house, the rows of trees and bushes on both sides of the lane were alive with a terrible racket. It seemed that there were children everywhere, yelling and pounding on pots and pans. Evan recognized that the children were his own, and tried to persuade them to stop. He left the bride-to-be standing alone in the lane while he tried to catch the children. While he was chasing one, the others would come closer to the bride-to-be, yelling and beating on the pans. Finally the young lady let out a cry, put her hands to her ears, and ran for home as fast as she could. When Evan ran and caught up with her, she told him she could see that things would not work out with him and his family. The children were already home when Evan returned, but Ann would not let him touch any of them because they had only done as she had instructed. She soothed his ruffled feelings by serving her famous hot biscuits with chicken gravy. Realizing it was useless, Evan never again entertained the idea of plural marriage. Ann would occasionally look fondly at her dented pots and pans, still useable for cooking, and smile because she knew she would not have to share her husband with another woman.

That 28 December 1867, the two oldest children had a double wedding, with John marrying Mary Oviatt and Ann marrying John Wilford Steed. This left seven children at home; however, Moroni

and William were away working most of the time. Moroni worked in Salt Lake as a stone cutter on the Salt Lake Temple, and William worked for different farmers in the area.

In the spring of 1868 Evan and Ann moved to Malad, Idaho. They heard that Malad was a Welsh community, and thought they would be happier around people from their native land. They took six of their children with them, leaving John, Ann, and Moroni at Farmington. They bought a place in Malad, stayed there about a year, and sold it because they did not like it there. They moved to Samaria, a small Welsh settlement on the west side of the valley, where they lived and farmed until moving back to Farmington the fall of 1870. Evan purchased another farm from Henry Steed, just south and west of the Farmington cemetery, and there built a rock home with the profits gained from selling their home in Samaria. They lived in this home the rest of their lives. It seemed that Evan was financially successful in everything he did, being both a hard worker and a wise manager.

Chapter Four

Young Henry Goes to Work 1861-1868

While living in Malad, they became acquainted with a man named Bob Caldwell who had contracted to haul salt from the Salt Works in western Wyoming to Boise, Idaho. Henry heard that Mr. Caldwell was looking for an outfit driver and applied for the job. Bob was a little skeptical because of Henry's young age (14 years), but Henry convinced Bob that he could drive the four head of horses on the wagon. He had a little trouble at first, but soon could handle the four head of horses as well as most drivers. They loaded up with grain and headed for Blackfoot, Idaho, where only three families were living. The first day's travel was slow as they climbed up-hill to cross the Malad pass. After getting over the hill the next day, they camped near the mouth of Cherry Creek. The weather was warm and it was like a picnic for Henry to sleep out under the stars at night. They traveled along the west side of Marsh Creek until they reached the Portneuf River just south of the present town of Inkom. There were only two

families in the valley and, except for the man running the toll road west of McCammon, the only persons they saw were freighters going and coming from Montana. The man with the toll gate maintained the road so people could travel much easier, and the toll for Henry's outfit was \$3.00 for four head of horses and one wagon.

They crossed the Portneuf River, traveling along the north side until they reached Pocatello Creek. From Pocatello Creek they traveled north to Fort Hall, the Indian Agency headquarters for the Shoshone and Bannock Indians, and it seemed that there were Indians everywhere. The Agency charged Henry's outfit \$2.00 to cross the Reservation. They continued northeast to the present town of Blackfoot, where they unloaded their grain for the stage company. They drove easterly along the north side of the Blackfoot River for several miles, crossed the Blackfoot River, and traveled southeast to Stump Creek and the Salt Works.

Two men, Stump and White, had a crew mining salt. Some of the mined salt was clear and crystal-like, needing only to be crushed. However, much of it had foreign material in it. They washed this salt rock with water, boiled the water until it evaporated, and then skimmed up the clear white salt. They used wood from the forest for fuel.

It was a two-day lay-over until there was enough salt to fill the five outfits Bob Caldwell and three other men had ready to go to Boise, in the western part of the present state of Idaho. Just

before leaving, a cattle outfit traveling through to Montana stopped at the Salt Mines. They had two supply wagons pulled by oxen that followed the herd, and their saddle horses were about give-out. They approached Bob Caldwell about trading six steers (oxen) for the four head of horses Henry was driving. Four of the oxen had been used to pull supply wagons, and two were wild steers from the herd. Bob made the trade and they moved on with their cattle, but the arrangement proved to be very frustrating for Henry during the next few weeks.

None of the oxen was trained to be driven: the four that had been used by the cattle drovers knew nothing more than to follow the herd, and the other two just followed the others because they could not get away. The first night out Henry was exhausted from driving the team of untrained oxen. When he wanted to turn the oxen, he would have to run up to their side and shoo them over; then, if they went too far in that direction, he would have to race back around the wagon and herd them the other way. Because they were behind one of the other outfits that had oxen, they followed along most of the time. That night they left the yoke on the oxen and tied a log to the end of the chain attached to the yoke, making it easy to follow straying oxen.

When they went to round up the stock the next morning, they discovered that the two wild oxen Henry was driving were dead. The oxen had been grazing on a side hill and, as they moved down, they became straddled over a fallen tree that

had lodged in another tree farther down the hill. The yokes kept sliding down the tree until finally the oxens' feet came off the ground and they had hung themselves. The yokes and chains were salvaged, and Henry was left with four yoke to drive from then on.

When they were ready to cross the Blackfoot River, Bob wanted to show Henry something he had probably never seen before. From the river bank, they could see a layer of fish in the water swimming as close together as they could. When Bob took off his hat and waved it down by the water, that layer of fish swam away revealing another layer under them. Henry immediately wanted to fish, but Bob explained that they could catch all the fish they could eat another way without fishing. He got a burlap gunny sack from his wagon, then told Henry to remove his shoes, roll up his pant legs, get down-river from where they were going to cross, and pick up the fish as the outfits crossed the river. At that place, the river was only about eighteen inches deep and twenty feet wide. Henry did as he was told. While the outfits crossed the river the hoofs of the oxen and horses would hit the fish, stunning them for a few minutes. As they floated down, belly-up, Henry put them in his sack; so by the time all the outfits had crossed, there were enough fish to last for two or three days. This was the most fish Henry had ever seen in a stream, and he claimed he never ever saw fish that thick again.

It took about three days to reach Blackfoot, then they traveled to Ross' Fork (later named Fort

Hall) where they took the Oregon Trail to the southwest. Ross' Fork was the point where people traveling from the east to Oregon chose to travel either by way of Soda Springs and then southwest to Oregon, or north to Montana. When they left Ross' Fork, they traveled southwest along the east side of the Snake River, crossed the Portneuf River, and headed west across what is now known as the Machaud Flats. They remained on high ground, away from the river bottoms which were marshy and covered with tall slew grass. They camped just northeast of what is now the town of American Falls, and could hear the waters of the Snake River roaring over the falls. Even though the falls were not high, they made a racket as the water tumbled over the rocks. They saw many Indians both on and off the Reservation, and passed several freighters and the stage coming from Boise. About ten miles below American Falls, they came to the Massacre Rocks where they could still see the remains of the burned wagons at the side of the road. Several years before, a company of emigrants traveling to California were surprised by Indians at this narrow place between two rocky cliffs. The Indians massacred everyone except two small girls, stole the livestock and what provisions they wanted, then set fire to the wagon. The only evidence remaining was the iron tires and parts of the wagons.

They camped for the night at a stage station in Rock Creek. One of the girls who had been taken by the Indians at the time of the Massacre Rocks' incident was now a grown woman living at Rock

Creek. Her legs had been cut off just above the knees, and she lived in a covered wagon box that was sitting on the ground. When Henry tried to talk to her, she hurried inside her wagon box and would not come out. The woman at the stage station told Henry that the young woman was called Six-Shooter Sal, and that when she and her sister were taken by the Indians, they cut her legs off so she could not keep running away. The truthfulness of this story is not known, but Henry had seen her outside of the wagon box one time, and both of her legs were cut off just above the knees. The lady at the stage station said that Six-Shooter Sal was a crack shot with a six shooter, and everyone who knew her agreed. She claimed that she never knew what happened to her sister, but that she and her sister were the only ones left alive during the attack.

The next day was a long drive as they traveled west to Raft River, so they decided to stay over for an extra day. That night it was Henry's turn to be the night herder for the stock. It was necessary to watch the stock at night to prevent them from straying away or being driven off by the Indians. Even though the Indians at that time were not on the warpath, they still would steal livestock from the traveling freighters and emigrants.

After supper when it was getting dusk, Henry went out to spend the night with the stock. He was on foot and, as he was leaving camp, picked up a buffalo robe without the knowledge of any of the others. As it was nearing midnight, the chilly night air made Henry wrap the buffalo robe around

himself before sitting down to wait for morning. Henry became stiff and cramped, so about two hours before daybreak he stood up and stretched, keeping the buffalo robe around him. This startled the livestock and they stampeded up the Raft River. Henry realized he could not stop them, so he raced back to camp to tell the others. He carefully put the robe away before awakening the others and telling them that something had frightened the animals and caused them to stampede up the river. Everyone got up, hurriedly dressed, and started after the stock. Henry was told to stay and watch the camp in case some Indians might have frightened the animals and would try to rob the camp while the men were out gathering up the stock.

Late that afternoon the men returned to camp with the stock. All of the horses and oxen had been rounded up except for the four oxen Henry had been driving. When found, Henry's oxen were give-out and could not be driven back to camp. After staying over the rest of that day, it was decided that Henry would have to remain at the stage station, and his salt would be loaded onto the other wagons going to Boise. Bob Caldwell instructed Henry to go up river the next day and try to drive his oxen back down to camp. Henry was to watch them during the day, but at night tie them to the wagon so they would not stray away.

The next three or four weeks were lonesome for Henry, but he did as Bob had told him, watching the oxen during the day while they grazed and

tying them up at night. He would go over to the station and visit occasionally with the stage manager and passengers. Passing freighters, some headed west and some headed east, always had stories to tell about their experiences while on the road. Most of their outfits were freighting with oxen. The stage came through only about once a week, so Henry spent plenty of time just day dreaming and fishing in Raft River. It did not take him long, however, to catch all the fish he and the people at the station could eat.

When the others returned from Boise, Henry gathered up his cattle and the group started back for Malad. They traveled up Raft River for about fifteen or twenty miles to a large place called the Shirley Ranch. Mr. Shirley was running horses, mules, and cattle, with about ten cowboys and a Mexican cook working for him. Mr. Shirley invited the group to stop and spend a few days while their horses rested. He had just rounded up some horses that his men would be breaking to ride, and watching these bucking horses would be both exciting and enjoyable. Mr. Shirley stood about 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighed 225 pounds, and had a dark moustache that was trimmed square across the bottom. He claimed that his wife had died a few years previous, so he had come to this area to ranch. His tough-looking lot of working cowboys included four Negroes and six Mexicans, besides the Mexican cook. They all seemed friendly, but did little talking. That evening Mr. Shirley invited the group over to the ranch house for supper, and what a supper it

was: beef steaks with potatoes and gravy, green beans fresh from the garden, sourdough biscuits, with plenty of butter and all the milk or coffee one could drink. As far as Henry was concerned, the milk and sourdough biscuits were the best part of the meal. Freighters made biscuits, but nothing like these, and he had not tasted such biscuits since leaving Malad. The men were served a few drinks of liquor before supper; but because of Henry being a mere boy, he was not served any of the liquor.

The next morning the cowboys started breaking horses to ride, and there was never a better rodeo performance put on. Some of the cowboys would be bucked off, but as a horse bucked one rider off, another rider would get on the horse. It seemed that the Negroes were better riders, but the Mexican cowboys were better stock ropers. Henry would forever remember this day as the time he decided to some day own a cattle and horse ranch. He vowed this to be his final aim in life, and anything else he worked at would only be a means to that end. Mr. Shirley had more horses than mules or cattle, and each fall his men would go north across the Snake River and run down wild horses. He told the freighters that late fall was the only time to run down the wild horses, because the wild horses would be fat and could not run as long without tiring. He claimed that in the spring the wild horses would be thin from the hard winter and could run all day just like greyhounds.

When the group got ready to leave, Mr. Shirley told them that if they headed east they

would find more water and feed—a major consideration for travelers. The first day's travel was through rolling hills, sagebrush, and some cedar trees. That night they camped on the head of Rock Creek, near where the community of Rockland is now located, although there were no settlers then in the area. Grass was plentiful, and a few small fish were caught from Rock Creek. It was nearing the first of September, and they ate prime young sage chickens nearly every day. They traveled the next day over a small range of mountains into an area that is now called Crystal, where there again was plenty of good grass and water for themselves and their stock. On the third day after leaving the Shirley Ranch, they encountered such dense timber country that several trees had to be felled in order to get their wagons through.

After two days, they left the timber country and entered an area that was later named Hawkins Basin, where they found a small stream flowing to the east. Nearly every day they saw deer, and once encountered a herd of about thirty elk, so they had all the deer meat they could eat and safely keep from spoiling. At the east end of Hawkins Basin, they came to a small canyon with a creek along the bottom and rocky cliffs on each side. Because there was very little room for their outfits, part of the time they traveled in the creek bottom. As they came out of the canyon, which was only about one-fourth mile long, they could see the road along Marsh Creek used by freighters traveling between Corinne, Utah, and Butte, Montana. From there, they

continued along the freight road back to Malad and home.

When Henry arrived at Malad, he learned that his parents had sold the place in Malad and moved to Samaria on the west side of the valley. Bob Caldwell paid Henry his three-months' wages at thirty dollars per month, so Henry had a nice nest egg for the winter. He found a ride from Malad to Samaria, where his family was so happy to see him. He was especially glad to see David, Mary, Margaret, and Juliette, who all seemed to have grown, and the girls were beginning to act like young ladies. Henry's mother could not believe how he had grown and how much older he acted.

Evan planted broom corn, which did not do very well, and potatoes. Henry helped Evan harvest the potatoes and dig a small cellar for the potatoes and other garden root vegetables. That winter was so severe that most of the farmers ran out of hay, and some of their stock did not live until spring. Those who had adequate hay shared with those who did not.

In the spring of 1870, Henry heard they were hiring men to go to Ross' Fork and put up hay. The stage driver also told of a man in Blackfoot that was looking for some potatoes. Henry told his father about this, so Evan sent a letter to Mr. Stevens at Blackfoot advising that if he would take a wagon box load of potatoes, they would be delivered to him. Mr. Stevens wrote right back, saying that the price was satisfactory and he would take a full load. Although Evan planned on taking the potatoes to

Blackfoot, Henry persuaded his father to let him take the potatoes so he could see about the haying job.

Evan agreed to let Henry take the potatoes to Blackfoot, providing he traveled along with the first freight outfit that headed north. About the middle of April they heard that a company of freighters was coming from Corinne and would be through Malad within two days. Henry had much to do to get ready for the trip. First he convinced his father that he needed a rifle for protection, so Evan let him take his rifle. He had to get the potatoes loaded, the wagon greased, and adequate bedding and food packed for the trip. Because he could catch fish, salted or smoked bacon was about the only meat he would take along and, if necessary, they could shoot a deer along the way.

He joined the freighters on the ninety-mile trip, which would take about a week. He was driving one of the best yoke of oxen his father had, and they were in good physical condition. The load of potatoes was not too heavy, and the two oxen seemed to pull the load with little effort. When they arrived at Marsh Creek to pay the regular toll for the road, he found that the freighters with eight yoke of oxen and three wagons had to pay a six dollar toll, as compared to his two dollar toll. When the freighters camped for the night, they talked about the money they would make and about the gold fields of Montana. Henry learned that the freighters who owned their own outfits made more money than those who hired out as drivers and

earned monthly wages of thirty to forty dollars per month, depending on how long they had been with their employer. When they reached the Portneuf River, they had to double up the outfits in order to cross the high water. Henry also needed help, and was relieved that he was along with the group.

When they arrived at Ross' Fork, they had to pay one dollar to cross the Reservation. This was not so much, and the Indian Agency used the money to help the poor Indians. Upon arrival at Blackfoot, he delivered the potatoes to Judge Guy Stevens, who ran a small store or trading post and needed the potatoes to sell to the travelers and freighters. Henry remained about a week with Judge Stevens and, while there, helped Mr. Stevens plant some of the potatoes. Before leaving Blackfoot, Henry talked to Joe Warren, who had a contract to deliver hay to several stage stations up and down the valley: one at Firth called the Corbet Station, the Pocatello Creek Station, the Black Rock Station, and the Blackfoot Station -- each was to receive thirty tons of hay. Joe needed help, but they would not start haying until about the first of July. Just before leaving for home, Judge Stevens asked Henry if he would like to work during the summer. He agreed, but advised Judge Stevens that Joe Warren had hired him from the first of July until fall. Judge Stevens told Henry he could still use him until the job with Mr. Warren was ready, so it was agreed that Henry would return from Malad as soon as possible.

The return trip to Malad was made alone, as there were no freighters returning from Montana.

The first night he camped at Ross' Fork, and the next night at Pocatello Creek. He was a little nervous when he camped alone that night, because during the day he had sighted several groups of Indians; however, the night passed uneventfully. The next afternoon some Indians wanted to get nearer, but Henry stood up in the wagon and waved them away with his rifle. Freighters had warned him to never let the Indians come up to his wagon, because he could not defend himself with several Indians surrounding the wagon. That night he felt more secure camping at the Black Rock Stage Station; the following night he camped with a freight outfit going north to Montana; and the next two nights he camped alone but had no problems. Upon his arrival home, he explained to his parents about his summer job up in Idaho, and caught the north-bound stage the next day.

On the stage were five other passengers, two women and three men. One of the women was going to Montana to marry a rancher, and the other was going to Butte to be a dance hall girl. One of the men was going to work on a ranch in Montana, but the other two did not disclose where or why they were traveling. Henry was talkative all the way, telling of his experiences the previous summer. They were quite intrigued by his story, because he was rather young to have been away on his own.

After arriving in Blackfoot, he reported to Judge Stevens and went to work the next day fixing fence. Henry was not too large for his age, but he was strong and knew how to work. His father

always said, "Teach a boy to work, and he will never starve." There were only three families living in Blackfoot at that time: (Judge) Guy Stevens family, Joe Warren family, and the Rube Dunn family. Since none of these families as yet had any children, Henry was the only unmarried person there. Judge Stevens had a small farm that he operated in addition to his trading post; Rube Dunn tended the stage station; Joe Warren contracted haying, hauled timber, had a small farm, and also trapped during the winter months.

The first of July arrived all too quickly and Henry had to tell Judge Stevens and his wife goodbye for now because his other job was ready. Joe Warren had four teams and wagons, in addition to the team that was used on the hay mower and rake. Joe had been cutting hay for about a week, so enough hay was ready to haul by the first of July. The other helpers were grown men, and assumed that young Henry would not be able to do his share of the work, but they soon found that except for not being quite as strong, he could do a man's work. The hay had to be pitched on and off the wagons by hand, so they all helped load each of the four wagons and then traveled together to the stage stations. They were nearly two months cutting and delivering the hay from the Snake River bottoms west of Ross' Fork. The Indian Agency was also cutting and putting up hay, but seemed to get little done.

After the hay job was finished, Joe hired Henry to return to Blackfoot and work on his farm,

helping build some corrals and a barn for his livestock. They cut cottonwood trees on the Snake River, using them for corral poles and barn logs. One day they had cut down a rather large tree, and Joe wanted Henry to carry one end to the wagon while he carried the other end. Henry attempted to lift the one end, and decided it was too heavy for him. He told Joe it was too heavy, but Joe insisted that Henry could lift it if he tried. Henry refused, so Joe fired him. This was the first time Henry had ever been fired from a job and it hurt his pride, as he had always felt he was doing a good day's work.

Henry went over to Judge Stevens' place and told him what had happened. Judge Stevens suggested that Henry go check with the Indian Agency, because they were looking for someone to stack hay down at Ross' Fork. Judge Stevens also said that if Henry got the job, after he finished he could help Judge Stevens dig potatoes. Henry went to Ross' Fork and applied for the job with the Indian Agent, Major Dannilson. Major Dannilson studied Henry and said, "Are you sure you know how to stack hay? You don't look big enough to do it." Henry assured him he had helped stack hay at the stage stations for Joe Warren. After hearing that, Henry got the job and could go to work the following morning. He could sleep in a small building next to Major Dannilson's house, and eat his meals at the mess kitchen with the rest of the soldiers.

One day he was on the hay stack with two young Indian bucks, and was having to do all the pitching of the hay. These two bucks were supposed

to pitch the hay to Henry so he could stack it, but they would only pitch it about half as far as they were supposed to. He complained to Major Dannilson, who was helping pitch the hay from the wagon up on the stack. Major Dannilson told him to hit the two Indians on the back side with his pitch fork and tell them to pitch it where he wanted it pitched. Henry claimed he couldn't do that because they were bigger than he and might resent it. Major Dannilson got up on the stack, whacked both bucks across the back side, and told them to pitch the hay as they were told or they would get another whack. The two Indians just looked at him, and from then on they didn't do as well as they had before.

Henry stacked hay at the Indian Agency for about a month. By that time, the chilly nights had frosted the tender vegetables in the Agency's garden. When Henry finished work, he and Major Dannilson were standing by the wood pile discussing Henry's wages. Major Dannilson picked up a large chip of wood and wrote out how much money Henry was to receive. He told Henry to take the chip over to the clerk at the Commissary in order to be paid. This chip of wood was the first time slip Henry had ever received, and it made a lasting impression on him. While working at the Agency, Henry occasionally wrestled with some of the young Indians after work. This became quite an event, and he would wrestle nearly every night until he was exhausted. Although many of the Indians were heavier than Henry, he was strong for his size and knew how to wrestle better than most of them.

Henry made several lasting friendships with the Indians, and soon they were calling him the Big Little Man. When he was later freighting to Montana, the Indians would gather around his freight outfit calling and waving as they said "Big Little Man."

Shortly before leaving Ross' Fork in late 1870, a letter from his mother informed him they had sold the farm and home in Samaria and moved back to Farmington. She said they had not been happy in Samaria because many of the Welsh people were members of the Reorganized Church and his father was afraid she might become involved with them again. She continued that Henry's father was not happy with the severe climate, and the crops were not as good as he had expected.

Also, just before he finished stacking hay at Ross' Fork, he received word that Judge Stevens needed help to harvest his potatoes. Henry sent a reply that he would help, and caught the stage to Blackfoot after being paid. This job lasted about ten days, with Henry and Judge Stevens hand-plowing the potatoes, then going along and picking them by hand. It was a slow process because the plow did not uncover all of the potatoes, and they would have to dig in the dirt for some of them. In spite of the crop's good care, the yield was poor and many potatoes were not much bigger than a hen's egg. This one-acre plot possibly produced the first potatoes ever grown in the Upper Snake River Valley.

Henry returned to Farmington by stage as far as Corinne, Utah, and then by railroad to Ogden. From Ogden, he obtained passage on the Utah Central Railroad that had been completed the year before.

When Henry arrived home he told his father of the potato crop, the vast amount of land, and the abundance of water, but that the land was not very productive. His father stated that, when the Lord saw fit, He would open up the valley to farming and good crops would be produced. Henry lived to see this prediction come true.

After arriving home, he helped his father build a rock house on the new farm located just south and west of the Farmington cemetery. This farm was farther from the lake, and the soil was much better and free from alkali.

Several events of historical and religious importance occurred between 1868 and 1870. During 1868, an infestation of grasshoppers did considerable damage to the crops in the Salt Lake Valley. After the grasshoppers had destroyed part of the grain crops, sunflowers came up which resulted in a harvest mixture of sunflower seeds and grain. The grist mills had no machinery to separate the sunflower seeds from the wheat, so the flour had some of the seeds ground up in it, which gave baked bread a bitter taste. The Territorial Legislature changed the name of Greater Salt Lake County and Greater Salt Lake City to Salt Lake County and Salt Lake City.

On Sunday, 29 March 1868, the 74th Quorum of Seventies was partly organized at Farmington with the following men set apart as the seven presidents of the Quorum: Lot Smith, James T. Smith, Oliver Robinson, John Leavit, Philander Brown, Elias Vanfleet, and Charles Wm. Stayner. The Union Pacific Railroad was nearly across the state of Wyoming; and Brigham Young took a contract to build ninety miles of the road, which helped many of the Saints earn extra money. On July 4th, a canal was completed that brought water from the Provo River to the Provo Bench. Also on this day, the entire territory celebrated Independence Day with parades, horse races, and other sporting events.

In August, a treaty was signed with the Indians of the Strawberry Valley who had been raiding the Saints in Sanpete Valley. On October 16th, the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institute (Z.C.M.I.) opened for business in Salt Lake City, with Brigham Young as president of the company. Several branches of the company soon opened in other towns in Utah Territory.

By 1869, the west was progressing, especially Utah, because many emigrants on their way to California and Oregon traveled through Utah and the Salt Lake Valley. The Utah Central Railroad was organized on March 8th, with Brigham Young as president; a United States land office opened in Salt Lake City; and the Union Pacific Railroad was completed to Ogden, Utah. On May 10th, the Union Pacific Railroad and the Central Pacific Railroad connected at Promontory Point west of Ogden. The

last rail was laid, and a Golden Spike was driven in the presence of the chief officials and a large group of people.

On Sunday, June 20th, a stake was organized in Bear Lake Valley, Idaho, by Brigham Young with David P. Kimble being called as President. The following Friday, June 25th, the first group of immigrants arrived from Missouri by the Union Pacific Railroad at Ogden. Since the arrival of the first Latter-day Saints (Mormons) in Salt Lake Valley on 24 July 1847, eighty thousand Saints had crossed the plains by wagon, handcart, and on foot. During the summer, the first California shipment of ore, consisting of ten tons of ore, was shipped from the Monitor and Magnet Mine in Little Cottonwood to San Francisco. On July 31st the Woodhill Brothers made the first shipment of copper ore, ten tons from the Kingston Mine in Bingham Canyon. On September 3rd, Apostle Benson died at Ogden, Utah. On 6 November 1869, the first college football game was played in the United States between Rutgers and Princeton with a final score of Rutgers 6 and Princeton 4.

The first street lamps were used in Salt Lake on November 24th and, on December 6th, the Utah Central Railroad was permanently opened for traffic from Ogden to Farmington. On November 17th the Suez Canal formally opened for shipping traffic and, on December 13th, the first waffle iron was patented.

In 1870, the women of Utah were enfranchised; the Liberty Political Party was

organized in Salt Lake City and commenced its warfare against the Mormon Church. The party's first move was to make the Mormon Church pay taxes on the tithing it collected from Church members, but the attempt failed. A Methodist Minister arrived in Salt Lake, and he was the first Methodist missionary to proselyte in the valley. On May 12th Amasa Lyman, once a member of the Twelve Apostles, was excommunicated from the Church for apostasy. Later that month, John Steward was sentenced to be shot for killing Salley Woodward, an Indian girl, at Manti, Sanpete County.

On August 30th Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses who saw the Golden Plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated, arrived in Salt Lake City from the east. He was then eighty-eight years of age, and at an ensuing General Conference the following October, he bore a faithful testimony to the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon and its translation by Prophet Joseph Smith. The winter of 1870-71 was terrible, with trains being stranded in the snow drifts and delayed several days in spite of the great numbers of men hired to shovel snow from the tracks.

Corinne, Utah, became the focal point of the Union Pacific Railroad for the state of Utah. Original plans were to unload freight at Corinne, then ship it by barge down the Bear River to the Great Salt Lake, and on to Salt Lake City and other towns along the lake. Although it was also planned to ship freight up the river from Corinne to Cache Valley, this did not materialize. Corinne did, however, become the

terminal point for freighting to Idaho and Montana. Freight went north to those two states because the Sioux Indians had closed the Bozeman Trail that originated from Omaha, Nebraska, and went through South Dakota and eastern Montana. At one time in Corinne, there were one hundred saloons and gambling houses, in addition to many businesses. Sometimes there were over five hundred freight wagons congregated there, either loading or unloading freight to and from Idaho and Montana gold fields. The freighters had little to do while their wagons were being either loaded or unloaded, and they would spend a few days giving their freight animals a needed rest. During these layovers, they would spend many of their evenings just drinking and gambling at the bars and gambling houses.

Henry would long remember the winter of 1870-71. The chilling wind from the east blew the deep snow in large drifts. Often Evan brought newborn calves into the warm house to keep them from freezing to death. The railroad had trouble keeping the trains running on schedule, and hired men from the Salt Lake Valley to go back east and shovel snow (as mentioned a few paragraphs ago).

Henry and his cousin, Bill Avery (Bill is a fictitious name, since Avery's first name is not known), were hired at \$1.50 per day plus room and board, and all they had to furnish was their bed roll. When they arrived, they could see some of the freight cars nearly covered with snow, and only the brake wheels showed in the cuts. Freight trains were on side tracks, and the passenger trains were

on the main tracks. Some sections of the track were clear, but deep cuts were drifted full of snow. There were about four hundred men shoveling snow, and they worked from daylight until dark. When one cut would get partially shoveled out, the train with a snow plow would back up about one-half mile and then come forward to finish plowing the snow out of the deep cuts.

Some days it seemed that little progress was made, with one man throwing the snow up to another man who would throw it on up to another who would throw it out of the cut. The boss came around one day when they were shoveling, and Henry said that it didn't seem like they were making much progress. The boss said that if they didn't keep shoveling, the company would send in another crew to shovel. The railroad company at this time was more interested in moving the passenger trains through than the freight trains. Sometimes there would be two or three passenger trains lined up waiting to get through, and a four or five day delay would prevent any mail from getting through to Ogden.

Henry had purchased a small accordion that he learned to play quite well by ear, and his cousin played a flute. After work most evenings they went back in the passenger trains and entertained the travelers. Henry would play the accordion and sing while Bill played his flute. Henry had a good voice, typical of most Welsh people, and was also talented in music. He later learned to play the fiddle and often in later years played for dances, even though

he never took any music lessons. After singing and playing for awhile, someone would pass the hat and they often made four or more dollars in an evening.

In the steeper mountain regions, some of the snow sheds built to keep snow off the track had blown full. The snow would have to be shoveled onto flat cars, hauled out of the shed, and shoveled off the right-of-way. One evening the boss told the men that everyone who would come out at 5:00 A.M. and shovel snow would get an extra half day's pay and a dollar Navy plug of chewing tobacco. Henry did not use tobacco, but there was a rather elderly man named Woolsey who was not too well and could not work all the time, but he chewed tobacco. Henry liked Mr. Woolsey, and told him he would get him a plug of tobacco the next morning. Most of the men responded to the call and were at work the next morning at 5:00 A.M.

Just before the whistle blew for breakfast, along came the boss with four men carrying two baskets of plug chewing tobacco. They were giving each man that wanted it a plug. The boss looked at Henry and said, "You don't use tobacco," but Henry insisted he did. When the boss looked at Henry's teeth, he still was not convinced Henry used tobacco. Henry still insisted he did, so the boss put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a plug, and said, "Here, take a chew." Henry took a big bite from the plug and started chewing it while the boss and the four men went on down the line without giving Henry his plug. Later they came back and asked Henry how the tobacco was. Henry stated it was fine, so the

boss gave him his plug. At first Henry was going to spit the tobacco out, but that cold morning it tasted so good that he swallowed some of the juice. Within about ten minutes, the whistle blew and they all went to breakfast. Henry happened to sit near the stove, and started to become sick to his stomach before he could finish his breakfast. He jumped up, ran outside, and lost all of his breakfast. He was so sick the rest of the day that he could not work and had to lay on his bunk. Mr. Woolsey got his plug of tobacco, but Henry lost the rest of the day's work. That was Henry's first experience with tobacco, and he swore that day it would be his last. However, he started smoking when he was twenty-one years of age and continued for the next thirty-three years. When the weather broke and the snow quit drifting, Henry and Bill returned home.

Chapter Five

Freighting to Montana 1871

Henry returned to Farmington that spring of 1871 with \$160.00 saved, and decided to go freighting to Montana. He went to Ogden and talked with George A. Lowe, who owned a large hardware and general wholesale store and sold everything from food to machinery. Henry convinced Mr. Lowe that he could handle a freight outfit if he could put one together. Mr. Lowe agreed to sell Henry three freight wagons, yokes and chains, and then load him up with freight if Henry could furnish the oxen to pull the wagons. Henry went to Malad and bought ten head of wild steers from Bob Caldwell. He paid Bob fifty dollars down, and put the rest on time. Henry drove the steers to Corinne, Utah, where they were put in a pasture. He returned to Farmington and bought one yoke of oxen from his father and two yoke of oxen from John Steed, paying for them on time after giving his father and John each fifty dollars' downpayment. He now had eight yoke of steers, and was in debt \$250.00 to Bob, \$150.00 to John, and \$150.00 to his father. He drove the steers

to Corinne and put them in the pasture with the others.

George A. Lowe had a large warehouse at Corinne where he loaded the freighters with cargo to haul to Idaho and Montana. Mr. Lowe outfitted Henry with three Shetler freight wagons, along with yokes and chains for his eight yoke of oxen, then loaded him up with freight (mowing machines). Mr. Lowe also loaned Henry some money to buy food until he delivered his freight in Helena, Montana. Henry received four to six cents per pound for hauling freight during his freighting days. The weight of the first freight load was estimated at 13,000 pounds, and it filled the three wagons to the roofs of the wagon bows. This left little room for his grub box, extra yokes and chains, and bed roll. He also took a small female bulldog along for company. The main group of freighters had left a week before, so Henry made his first trip to Helena, Montana, alone.

The one yoke of oxen he had bought from his father, and the two from John Steed, were well-trained and would respond to the commands of "GEE" and "HA," but the other five yoke of oxen were wild and unbroken. Henry hitched the trained yoke at the front to act as leaders; then he had two yoke of the wild steers behind them, then one yoke from John Steed called the swing yoke, then three more yoke of the unbroken steers, then finally the other yoke of broken steers for the wheel yoke. This way the three yoke of trained oxen would more-or-less control the wild steers. It was quite an experience

for a young boy of sixteen to put together a freight outfit and start out on over a three hundred mile journey over an unfamiliar trail through Indian country.

The freight wagons were made of wood and reinforced with iron, with rear wheels six feet in diameter, and front wheels about five feet in diameter. The front of the wagon had a separate part called the bolster that the wagon box set on. A large bolt in the middle extended down through the front end of the wagon, allowing the front wheels to turn from right to left while the wagon box remained straight. This bolster raised the front of the wagon box high enough to make the wagon box level with the wagon's rear bolster. The two trail wagons were equipped with short tongues that attached to the wagons ahead of them.

The first day's travel was rather frustrating -- the wild oxen would not pull their share of the load and tried to pull away at the side when Henry hit them with his bull whip. This worked a hardship on the trained oxen, so they traveled only about six or seven miles the first day. It was also tiresome for Henry, who had to walk along beside the oxen urging them forward. He walked on the left side of his oxen so he could swing his bull whip to strike the oxen when necessary. The oxen on the left side were called the "near oxen," and the ones on the right side were called the "off oxen." That night Henry debated about what to do with the wild oxen -- if he unyoked them they would run away, and he had no way to corral them to hitch them back up. He

finally decided to leave the yoke on the oxen and to let the chain drag from the yoke so he could track the chain mark if the oxen wandered off. That night he slept very little, staying awake and watching the oxen graze until nearly midnight. Finally they began laying down to rest, so he crawled into his bed under the wagon and slept. It was just getting light when Henry was awakened by a large cough from one of the oxen that had come up close to the wagon. They were all fairly close to the wagon, so he prepared his breakfast before hitching up. He put some grain he had brought in a pan and, as the oxen came close to eat the grain, he either caught and tied them up or placed the yoke on them to place them for the day. The wild oxen were not so easily caught, so when they were near the wagon Henry grabbed the chains and tied them to the wagon wheel in order to get hitched up. He began to tame the wild oxen by giving them a few mouthfuls of grain. He continued this all the way to Helena and part way back, until the wild oxen were well-trained to work.

The wild oxen settled down and moved along with little trouble, and the next day he made a good ten miles traveling north of Corinne between the Bear River and the Malad River. The two yoke of oxen he purchased from his father were named Prince and Joe -- Prince was the "off" ox and Joe was the "near" ox. They were good leaders and responded to his commands of "GEE" and "HA." He continued on past Malad and up the Malad Hill, where the up-hill travel was much slower. Upon arriving at the top of the divide, he set the brakes

on the two trail wagons before starting down the north side. This turned out to be quite an experience -- at first the brakes were too tight and the oxen had to pull too hard to move the wagons, so Henry released the brakes on the middle trail wagon. Then the wagons traveled so fast that it was difficult to keep the oxen moving fast enough to keep from being run over by the wagons. Part of the time the oxen were on a fast trot and Henry had to run to keep up with the outfit. By the time they neared the bottom of the divide, both Henry and the oxen were exhausted, but luckily no problems had developed. He learned a great deal about traveling down-hill with a load of freight from this experience.

When Henry camped on Cherry Creek that night, the good weather and abundant grass allowed the oxen to soon eat their fill. While continuing on the west side of the Marsh Valley toward Pocatello, Henry noticed that there were now six families living in that area, whereas there had been only two families when he first traveled to Idaho during the spring of 1869.

There were several toll roads and toll bridges between Corinne, Utah, and Helena, Montana. These were built or maintained by individuals who would obtain a permit from the government to charge toll from people. There were no state or federal government funds for maintaining roads during these times. The first known toll road in the west was built by Parley P. Pratt east of Salt Lake where Parley's Canyon now is. Henry traveled the toll road at Marsh Valley, and the toll for eight yoke of oxen

and three wagons was six dollars. He had very little cash, and persuaded the toll keeper to trust him for the toll until he returned from Montana. Since the high waters of the Portneuf River had receded, he was able to cross the river without difficulty. The mosquitoes had been bothersome ever since arriving at the Marsh Valley area, making it difficult to control the cattle at night. However, from Portneuf on north to Market Lake (now known as Roberts, Idaho) the mosquitoes were not so numerous.

The closer he came to Pocatello Creek, the more Indians there were. Several recognized him, so by the time he arrived at Ross' Fork the Indians were lined up near the trading post. As he passed through, Henry waved at the Indians while they pointed to him and called out "Hi, Big Little Man." The road north from Fort Hall (Ross' Fork) was sandy and made traveling slow. It took a good day's drive to reach the Blackfoot River just south of the present town of Blackfoot. When he arrived at Blackfoot he stopped to visit Judge Stevens and to buy mainly sugar, flour, and some baking powder for making biscuits. The second toll was at Blackfoot, and it cost two dollars toll for the outfit. He continued about ten miles north of Blackfoot to the Yam Patch Stage Station, which was run by W.H. and Almira Carbot. It was considered the home station where passengers were served meals and could rest for a short time. Mr. Carbot was a small man who weighed about 130 pounds, but his large-framed wife weighed over 400 pounds and was one of the

best cooks along the stage route. The Carbots operated this station until the railroad was finished to Butte, when they moved to old Camas and lived there for ten or twelve years before Mrs. Carbot died.

The first travelers from Utah or from the east would ferry across the Snake River at Ferry Butte northwest of Ross' Fork, or they would continue up the east bank of the Snake River to a point west of a small community (now Coltman), which is about five miles north of Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls). In 1864 a man named Henry Rickett established a ferry a few miles north of Eagle Rock. The following year, 1865, a freighter, J. M. (Matt) Taylor, recognized the need for a bridge across the river. Mr. Taylor hauled logs from Beaver Canyon to the north and constructed a bridge about half way between the present Broadway Bridge and the Steel Railroad bridge. It was built during the winter when the river was frozen over and was engineered on the principle of the "Queen's Truss." Mr. Taylor later sold the bridge to his brother-in-law, J. C. (Jack) Anderson, who owned it when Henry first crossed in 1871.

The toll at Eagle Rock (later named Idaho Falls) was five dollars for his outfit to cross this bridge over the Snake River. When Henry arrived at the bridge he had no money and asked Jack to trust him until he could pay on his return from Montana. Jack asked Henry what security he could give in exchange for the trust. Henry had some extra yokes and chains, got up in his wagon and threw down one

chain, and was getting ready to throw down a set of yokes. Jack changed his mind and told Henry he needed no security, so Henry gathered up the chain and put it back in his wagon. Jack asked how Henry was going to pay the rest of the toll charges between Eagle Rock and Helena, and Henry guessed he would have to stand them off until he returned. Jack loaned Henry twenty dollars without any security so he could pay his toll the rest of the way. This relationship between Jack and Henry lasted for many years afterward.

That night Henry camped on the west side of the Snake River where his oxen fed on the abundant grass. There were few white people between Malad and Eagle Rock: there were six families along Marsh Creek south of Pocatello, two families at Ross' Fork, three families at Blackfoot, one family at Yam Patch (or Carbot Station), and Jack Anderson at Eagle Rock. There were plenty of Indians and wild game in the same area, and both paid little attention to the passing freighters. Antelope and deer were plentiful, and elk were occasionally sighted in the distance.

After leaving Eagle Rock, he drove to Market Lake and camped there for the night. In the warm weather and calm air, swarms of mosquitoes above the cattle were so thick they cast shadows. The oxen were fighting the mosquitoes so much that Henry had a difficult time keeping them from stampeding. That night Henry just unhooked the yoke chains from the wagon and let the oxen loose with their yokes on and the chains dragging. Immediately the oxen headed for the willows to brush off the

mosquitoes. Henry tried to cook some supper, but by the time the bacon was fried, the pan was so full of dead mosquitoes that one could hardly see the bacon. The mosquitoes were after his little short-haired bulldog so bad she just howled in pain. Henry wrapped her up in a big blanket, and there she remained the rest of the night.

When daylight finally came after a night of very little sleep, Henry couldn't find his oxen anyplace around. After searching among the willows, he discovered the marks left by the chains as the oxen headed south. The mosquitoes were not as bad in the early morning, so he fixed some breakfast before starting out after his oxen. The only way he had to travel was on foot, but he anticipated finding the oxen a few miles south of Market Lake. This was not the case, however, and when he arrived at Eagle Rock Jack Anderson said he heard the oxen cross the bridge about 2:00 A.M. that morning but had no way of stopping them. After eating dinner with Jack, he headed on south. As he neared the Carbot Station he met some freighters who had stopped Henry's oxen and were leading them back, as they knew the oxen had gotten away from some freighter farther north. When he arrived back at Eagle Rock, Jack Anderson did not charge him to cross the bridge again. It was late afternoon when Henry arrived at Market Lake; but, determined not to spend another night in that mosquito-infested area, he hitched the oxen to the wagons and headed north.

Freighters had to travel west by northwest to skirt the large flat northwest of Market Lake,

because the spring water run-off from the Snake River would overflow and fill the entire flat. That was why the mosquitoes were so bad -- because the flat remained wet and marshy until late in the summer. He camped that night with a dry camp because he could not reach the Camas Creek. The tired cattle spent most of the night lying around chewing their cud, with hardly any bothersome mosquitoes. There were so many sage chickens that it was easy to shoot all the chickens one wanted for meat. Toward late afternoon, the sage chickens would come to the freight road to dust themselves in the dry dirt.

Henry next passed the Sand Hole Stage Station, located in a fifty-acre large depression that was approximately fifty feet lower in the center than the surrounding country. To obtain drinking water, the stage company had dug an open well near the lowest point, not far from Camas Creek. This place, called Ray's Lake, is now filled with water. It began filling up from underground water about a year after the farmers started to irrigate the Egin Bench country in 1886 and 1887. The freight road crossed Camas Creek near Sand Hole, and followed along the west side of the creek to what is now known as old Camas. From there the road went nearly straight north to the lava rock southwest of what is now the town of Dubois, Idaho. From that point it crossed the present Beaver Creek, staying on the west side of Beaver Creek on to the top of the Continental Divide between Idaho and Montana.

The area between Market Lake and the Montana Divide was alive with sage grouse, antelope, and deer. During the day, the sage grouse were along the road and in the evenings they came into the freighters' camps. The grouse fed on grain that spilled while the freight animals were eating, and also on parts of the undigested whole grains that were found in the droppings of the animals.

Henry slept on the ground, usually under his wagon, because his outfits were stacked so full of machinery. After several nights along the road he felt something crawling on his body and, upon closer inspection, discovered he had picked up body lice from the campgrounds. Since most of the campgrounds were infested with these human body lice, the freighters all had lice after a week or so on the trail. Between the old Camas campground and the Big Bend campground of the Beaver Creek northwest of the present town of Dubois, Henry decided his woolen shirt was so full of lice that he would throw it away. He threw the shirt away and traveled four or five miles bare-chested until he began to sunburn, so he stopped the oxen and searched in his clothing bag for another shirt. To his surprise and disappointment, he found no other shirt, and his only choice was to go back and get his lousy shirt. He led the lead oxen around to the trail wagon and tied them up to prevent them from running away and wrecking his outfit. He walked back the four or five miles and picked up his shirt, a delay that resulted in traveling late to make the Big Bend campground. That night he built a good fire,

heated some water, and washed his shirt; but not being too familiar with washing wool, he shrank the shirt and had to wear it unbuttoned the rest of the way to Helena.

The weather had been good since Henry left Eagle Rock, and he could see for many miles each way. The Old Junipers were about ten miles east of the freight road and another fifty miles farther he could see a range of mountains with three tall peaks, the Grand Tetons. To the west of the road about twenty to thirty miles was the Lost River Range. That night he saw a herd of antelope about one-half mile away, and decided to shoot one for camp meat. Freighters had told him about flagging antelope: get fairly close, about one-fourth mile from them, position yourself where you could hide, wave a bright colored flag in the air, then pull down the flag. Keep raising the flag about every minute, wave it for about a minute, then lower it again. When antelope spot the flag, they become curious and approach to investigate. Henry did this and when the antelope came into shooting range, he raised up and shot a young buck. He dressed out the antelope and carried it back to his camp. He hung it out in the night air to cool and get rid of the animal heat. The next morning he wrapped the meat in a canvas and rolled it up in his bed roll.

The next day's travel was up-hill, and would continue to be up-hill from the Big Bend to the top of the Continental Divide. He camped that night north of the present town of Spencer, Idaho, at a campground near Beaver Creek. He caught a mess of

fish that night for his breakfast. There were a few mosquitoes, but nothing like they were back at Market Lake. The grass was high, and within a few hours the oxen were full and laid down to rest and chew their cud. The coyotes' constant howl most of the night soon became music to Henry's ears and he drifted off to sleep. Travel over the next two-and-a-half days up the steep grade was slow, and the oxen had to be straining at all times. Several times Henry stopped the oxen to give them a breathing spell. He camped that night at Pleasant Valley, where the grass was so tall that wild hay could have been cut in the meadow area. This section of toll road was owned by the same man who owned the one at Marsh Creek (McCammon). Henry's toll was six dollars, and he talked the maintenance attendant into waiting until he returned from Helena.

The trip after arriving at the top of the Divide was generally downhill to Twin Bridges, Montana. The few ranches in Montana were usually one-quarter to one-half mile back away from the road. Henry stopped at one ranch and walked to the house where he bought some milk, two loaves of freshly-baked bread, and two dozen eggs. The next tolls were as follows: four dollars at Twin Bridges, four dollars at Jefferson, and two dollars at Boulder. He talked each toll keeper into trusting him until his return trip. From Butte to Helena the weather turned stormy, raining most of the time, and there was hardly a night that Henry slept in a dry bed. He passed only one or two freight outfits going south during the entire trip; but he had seen many

Indians both in Idaho and Montana who seemed to be on the go, even though they were more-or-less confined to reservations. It had been a rather miserable trip because of the dust, mosquitoes, lice, and wet bedding; but after unloading his freight and getting paid, he felt much better and decided it was worth the trip.

Henry bought two shirts, another pair of pants, some bacon and other groceries, and two beef steaks to cook on the way to Butte where he planned to load up with ore and return to Utah. It was nearly noon before he left Helena, and he figured he would only make a short pull that day. After traveling about three miles out of Helena, he looked back and saw a man walking in the same direction. Henry had been warned by other freighters and by the store man in Helena to be careful traveling alone, because several freighters had been robbed after receiving their money from hauling freight. The man walking was about one-half mile behind Henry and seemed to get no closer as the day wore on. Henry remembered that he had seen a ranch south of Helena when he was coming north, and decided to try and make that ranch and camp there that night. The ranch was farther than Henry had figured, and by the time the sun went down he realized he would be unable to reach the ranch before dark. Deciding to take his chances, he made camp along a small stream. After taking care of his oxen, he hid his money in what he thought was a safe place in the lead wagon and began fixing some supper.

It was nearly dark by this time, so he checked his six shooter and rifle to make sure they were both loaded. He laid the rifle on the wagon tongue and took one last look, but could not see his follower anywhere in sight. He finished cooking one of the steaks and heard a twig snap just as he was getting ready to eat. He grabbed his mess box and put it on the wagon tongue, then grabbed his rifle and climbed into the wagon. He determined that if he was going to be robbed, he would put up a good fight. He laid down in the wagon with his six shooter drawn and ready, and his rifle loaded at his side, so all he had to do was cock the rifle and it was ready to shoot. He waited for what seemed like an eternity before he heard the mess box fall off the wagon tongue, making the hair seem to stand up on the back of his neck. His heart was beating so fast and loud that he was sure the intruder could hear the beats. He heard the dishes rattle and decided the intruder was going to eat, but still felt he had better not yet get up to investigate because the intruder could get the drop on him. He laid awake all night waiting for the intruder to come over the front of the wagon box to rob him, but all remained quiet after awhile. When daylight came, he cautiously peered out of the wagon box to see what was going on, and saw his mess box tipped over with things strewn all around. He climbed out of his hiding place to make a closer inspection, and was surprised to find that the cooked steak, the slab of bacon, and some dry bread was gone. About all that was left was a can of baking powder and a can of coffee;

luckily his flour was still in the wagon. Upon closer inspection he could see where something had slept under the wagon, and he also found some bear tracks and fresh bear droppings. He could see no evidence of the man who had been following him, so he concluded that the intruder had been a bear that had eaten his grub and then slept under the wagon all night.

The contented oxen were down by the creek, and he noticed a grove of pine trees to his right that extended from the mountain on his left nearly to where he was camped. The bear had probably come down from the grove of trees, smelled the steak he was cooking, and decided to investigate. He gathered up what remained of the grub box and made a batch of biscuits and some coffee with what was left. That day he stopped at the ranch he had hoped to reach the night before, and was able to buy some eggs and bacon to last until he got to Butte.

He laid over in Butte for two days while he replenished his food supply and loaded up with ore to take back to Utah. Since he was tired of traveling alone, he made arrangements to travel with three other freighters who were loading up with ore and heading to Utah. The return trip to Corinne was more-or-less uneventful. They stopped at the Carbot station and enjoyed another one of Mrs. Carbot's fine meals, and he paid the tolls he had charged on his trip north. On his way back from Butte, Henry also stopped and paid Bob Caldwell half of what he owed on the ten steers purchased that spring, and agreed to finish paying off the debt next fall. He also paid

one-half of his bill to George A. Lowe for the wagons and yokes he had purchased from him.

When he returned to Farmington, he paid his father and John Steed for the oxen he had purchased from them. Henry had very little money left after paying those bills, so he went to Salt Lake City and got a job working for a dray company. He had grown considerably this past year, and was now about five feet eight inches tall and weighed one hundred forty pounds. He made arrangements to pasture his oxen on his father's farm and feed them there the coming winter. He seemed to be the talk of the town because he was now an established freighter and had traveled to the wilds of Idaho and Montana. Henry, along with some other freighters, made one more trip to Butte that year before the bad weather set in for the winter.

During the first year of Henry's freighting in 1871, several historical events took place throughout the United States and Utah. On April 18th a famous writer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, visited Salt Lake City. Three days previously, the first edition of the SALT LAKE DAILY TRIBUNE was published, which replaced the MORMON TRIBUNE that had been discontinued the day before. In May of 1871, the CORINNE DAILY JOURNAL, an anti-Mormon paper, was first published at Corinne, Utah. On September 24th, the corner-stone of the new Catholic church was laid in Salt Lake City. In October the great Chicago fire burned approximately seventeen thousand buildings, and much suffering took place with many people losing their lives. The

people of Salt Lake City gathered donations and sent over twelve thousand dollars to the Fire Stricken Relief Fund of Chicago.

Captain Jacob Hamblin, one of the pioneers of southern Utah and northern Arizona, met with the principal Chiefs of the Navajo Indian Nations and signed a peace treaty on November 18th. The first Utah edition of the BOOK OF MORMON was printed, and several hundred stands of Italian honeybees were imported to the Salt Lake Valley. During the year, Judge James B. McKean issued several absurd rulings affecting the persecution of the Mormons. Although many times the Utah Legislature sent petitions to the United States Congress in an attempt to join the Union, statehood was denied. The United States Congress realized that they would lose control over the territory if statehood was granted. By not allowing statehood, Congress and the politicians could appoint governors of the territory and keep control.

Chapter Six

Freighting with Oxen 1872-1873

Spring in 1872 came early, so Henry hitched up his oxen, bid his family farewell for the summer, and headed for Corinne to load up with north-bound freight. Upon arriving at Corinne, George A. Lowe loaded Henry up with supplies, most of which were for the merchants of Butte, Montana. Several other freighters were also loaded to go north, but their destination was Virginia City, Montana, the other major gold rush town.

These six freight outfits traveled along together without any incident until they were between the old Camas campground and the Big Bend campground. Just south of the present town of Dubois, Idaho, Henry was making a turn when his trail wagon dropped in a chuck hole and broke an EX. The other freighters could not wait, so they continued on to Montana. Henry made camp alongside Beaver Creek, and decided he would have to wait for the next stage headed south to send word and have George Lowe return a new EX on the next north-bound stage. This would take at least two

weeks, providing a new EX could be found at Corinne.

That afternoon as Henry was looking around, he decided to try and build another EX out of a cottonwood tree growing along Beaver Creek. He inspected several trees before finding one to suit his needs. This tree had many small branches for a space of about ten feet, and it was straight. After cutting down the tree, he cut a length which would be proper for the wagon. He dragged the log over to his camp and began dismantling the broken wagon EX. Henry cut several chunks from the tree so he could block up the wagon after he jacked it up with his wagon jack. He worked until dark that night, and was so tired by the time he had eaten and crawled into bed that he immediately fell asleep.

The next morning he arose early and started to work with the only tools he had: a monkey wrench, an ax, and an end gate rod. With the wrench, he was able to take off all the iron parts; with the ax, he hued the cottonwood log to the right shape; and he heated the end gate rod in a fire to burn the proper-sized holes in the log for the necessary bolts to reclamp the irons. It took a little over three days to complete the job, and by the time he had finished he was stiff and sore. Handling the three-hundred pound wagon wheels was his biggest challenge but, with the help of tree limbs as prys, he managed to get the wheels upright and in a position to put back on the wagon. His oxen were well rested, so he hitched and drove to the Big Bend campground that day.

About midnight he was awakened by two men on horseback who said they wanted to talk to him. They were employees of the stage line and had come from the Sand Hole Station. When they asked Henry if he had a saddle horse, he replied that all he had were his oxen. They informed him that the stage had been robbed that evening by a man riding a dark grey horse. As the stage had slowed to cross the bridge over the creek about three miles north, a man stepped out and held up the stage. He made the driver throw down the strong box that was nearly full of gold, then had the driver throw down his gun before letting him drive on. The stage was loaded with mail and fast freight, so there were no passengers on board. Since this special shipment from Virginia City was an unscheduled run, they figured the robber had some inside knowledge. They still told Henry they would look around to see if he had a saddle horse, which was fine with him.

Neither the robber nor the gold was ever found. Some claimed that the gold was buried in a badger hole and later covered over by the waters of Mud Lake. Others claimed that the gold supposedly buried at Mud Lake was from another robbery. Several people in later years tried to locate the spot where the gold was to have been buried, but no gold has ever been found in that area. Henry was relieved that he did not own a grey horse, or any other horse, at that particular time.

Above Pleasant Valley on the south side of the Continental Divide, lightning had struck a large pine tree the previous summer and knocked off the

upper ten to fifteen feet. When Henry reached this spot, he noticed that lightning had again struck the tree and reduced it to about one-half its original height. This proved to him that lightning does strike twice in the same place, regardless of what others believe.

One night he camped near Sheep Creek Stage Station and, while gathering wood for a fire, he found a six-shooter on the campground. It was full of shells, and must have been inadvertently left there by a previous camper. The next day while he was camped for noon, he decided to try out the six-shooter. He could see a baking powder can against a small hill about one hundred feet away, so he drew down on the can and fired. The dust flew, so Henry decided to see if he had hit the can, but he could see no bullet marks on it. The can did not heft like it was empty, so Henry opened it before throwing it away. To his surprise, inside the can were two twenty-dollar gold pieces wrapped up in a flannel cloth. He had no idea why anyone would wrap money in a cloth, put it in a can, and then throw the can away—but he didn't care, he was forty dollars richer. When he reached Butte, he unloaded his freight and reloaded with ore to take back to Corinne. That summer he made three more trips between Corinne and Butte, traveling with other freighters and having no particular incidents.

During one of the visits to Corinne that summer, he and a group of freighters were standing outside a saloon making bets on which way a mule tied to a hitching post would next switch its tail.

They would bet twenty-five cents with each other, one saying left and the other saying right; who ever lost would make the first guess next time. It would go on for hours, and it always seemed that no one lost much money because the mules would switch right several times and then for no apparent reason switch left -- this game always seemed to equal out. Over his years of freighting, Henry also became very proficient at playing cards.

Before leaving on the last trip to Butte during the summer of 1872, he and some other freighters were visiting on the porch of a saloon in Corinne. The "Ice man" came by and left a small block of ice on the porch for the bartender. Along came Wilson, a man who had been sick and used a cane to steady himself. After gazing at the ice, he remarked how cool the ice looked and how he wished he had a block like that for making iced tea at home. Henry said, "Well, Mr. Wilson, I just bought that ice for myself, but if you want it you can have it." Wilson picked up the ice that was wrapped in a burlap bag and took it home. George, the bartender, came out for his ice soon after Wilson left. Recognizing the wet spot where the ice had been, he wanted to know what happened to his ice. Henry said, "Oh, Mr. Wilson came by and took it home." George went up the street to Wilson's place, gave Wilson a good tongue lashing, and retrieved his ice. Back came Wilson and George, and Wilson accused Henry of giving him the ice, but Henry denied it. When Wilson swung his cane, Henry ducked and the cane hit one of the other freighters. This irate freighter

was going to whip Wilson, but decided not to because of Wilson's being sick.

Wilson went home, and George was so mad he went into the saloon calling Henry every kind of a trickster he could think of. Henry decided to leave before George came out again to give him another tongue lashing. Henry crossed the street to the livery stable, and saw George come out of the saloon with a shotgun and head for the livery stable. Henry slipped out the back and stepped behind a tall board fence in back of the livery stable where he could watch through a crack to see if George followed him. Soon he saw George come out the back door with the gun and start creeping along the fence, so Henry moved over to the corner. As George came around the corner, Henry reached out and grabbed the barrel of the gun, wrenching it from George's grasp. It all happened so quickly that George had no time to resist. When Henry asked George where he was going with the gun, George replied that he was going down to the lake to shoot some ducks. Henry kept the shotgun and told George to go back to the saloon before someone got killed, so George left. Henry kept the gun, then left it with the tender at the livery stable and instructed him to later return it to George. The other freighters told Henry to quit teasing George and Wilson before he got himself killed because, according to reports, George had killed a man several years before over an argument.

After making his last trip that fall to Butte, he stored his wagons at Corinne where several other freighters also stored their outfits. He bought a

saddle horse, then drove his stock to Farmington for the winter.

Henry had nothing to do the winter of 1872-1873, so spent most of the late fall, winter and early spring in and around Salt Lake City. For entertainment he played cards at the saloons and was good enough to win what money he needed to pay for his room and meals at a rooming house. Several other young men from the Farmington area also spent part of the winter in Salt Lake. One of them was a young man named Kelsey Rice, who was big for his age and as strong as an ox. He worked part-time for a dray company delivering commodities to the stores around Salt Lake.

That fall the world's most publicized midgets, Tom Thumb with his wife, came to Salt Lake, along with their friends, Comodory Nut and his wife. They traveled around the United States putting on shows, so were world-known. They were real midgets, not just little people, and had well-proportioned bodies. Although they were full-grown, they looked like four baby dolls.

One day Henry, Kelsey, and some other young men were standing on the street near the hitching post when Comodory Nut and his wife came along in a small buggy pulled by a shetland pony. They stopped at the hitching post, tied up their shetland, and went shopping in the store. Henry offered Kelsey a dollar to hold the hind wheel of the buggy when Comodory tried to leave. Kelsey accepted and held the wheel of the buggy when Comodory tried to drive away, so the little horse could not pull hard

enough to leave. Comodory saw what Kelsey was doing, then climbed out of the buggy and chased Kelsey with the buggy whip. He could not catch Kelsey, so Comodory returned to the buggy and tried to drive off, but Kelsey again grabbed the wheel. This was repeated three or four times until Henry decided that was enough and Kelsey let them drive away.

When Henry returned to Farmington in early spring of 1873, he found that the saddle horse he had purchased the previous fall had gotten out of the pasture and left the area. The man he purchased it from in Corinne told Henry that the horse was raised near Ogden. The people of Farmington told him about a woman named Workman who could find things by looking through a glass of water. He was skeptical about this until he learned that John Steed had lost a big roan steer the previous summer and had been unable to find it. John went to this lady, who looked through the glass of water and found his steer. She told John that the steer was dead, and the hide was hanging on a fence down at the Salt Lake stockyards. John went down to the stockyards and found the hide hanging on the fence, just like Mrs. Workman had said. Henry went to Mrs. Workman, told her about losing his horse, and described it to her. She filled a glass two-thirds full with water, then held it up and looked through it. She told Henry his horse was near a stream with some other horses, and they had just come in to water. She also said the stream was rather large, running from east to west, and described the

surrounding area where the horses had come to water. Henry immediately knew the location, as he had seen the spot on his trip from Corinne to Farmington. He borrowed a horse and rode up to the Weber River west of Ogden and found his horse.

Mrs. Workman found livestock for settlers in the valley, sometimes telling them that their stock had been stolen by emigrants who were headed for Oregon or northern California. Occasionally the livestock would be recovered, but most of the time the emigrants were already too far away. Many people questioned her ability, but Henry never doubted her gift from then on. Although Mrs. Workman did not charge for finding things, people usually gave her something for her services, and Henry felt that the five dollars he gave her for finding his horse was a cheap price to pay.

During the past two years Henry had developed a fine working relationship with George A. Lowe. Mr. Lowe had expanded his business to include a hardware store in Ogden, besides keeping his wholesale house in Corinne. Since Henry had paid off his debt for the wagons and oxen, he estimated this year would be one of clear profit after paying his regular expenses. He began to dream of acquiring a horse and cattle ranch in either Idaho or Montana, concluding that either state would be an ideal location because of all the water and green grass. With still so few settlers in Idaho and Montana, he figured he had plenty of time to get located, so he decided to freight a few more years to save enough money to get set up right. Most of the

area north of Malad city was still open country; and except for the few ranches scattered along the way, the only other white people were miners, trappers, and those who tended the toll roads and stage stations along the route.

Henry loaded ready to start north for Butte, but decided to wait an extra day until the other freighters were loaded so they could travel together. Henry's load was wine and whiskey, and one barrel of wine was so large that when it was laying down it filled the front half of the wagon box of his trail wagon. The rest of the space was filled with barrels of whiskey that had been shipped from the east, and the other two wagons were also loaded with whiskey. Since the other freighters' destinations were Bozeman and Virginia City, he would probably be traveling the latter part of the trip alone. Each night as they camped, the freighters sampled some of the whiskey they were hauling. The saloons did not mind the freighters doing this as long as they did not dilute the barrel with water. The second or third night out, they decided to tap the barrel of wine in Henry's wagon. From then on they would use a little hose for syphoning out a small bucket of wine to enjoy in the evenings while sitting around the campfire. Henry never allowed more than a gallon to be drained out at a time; but as the days went on, the wine began to slosh around in the barrel so Henry decided that no more could be drained. They were on a sideling road going up the canyon just south of Beaver Dives Stage Station. As they went around a slight turn, Henry did not swing

his wagons far enough to the other side of the road and the front wheel of his trail wagon hit a rock. The wine in the barrel began to slosh back and forth and, as the rear wheel hit the same rock, the wagon tipped over. Down the hill went his entire load. Because the wine barrel was on its side, it rolled down the hill without stopping until it hit the willows along the creek at the bottom of the canyon. To everyone's amazement, the barrel managed to stay together, and no wine was lost. The other barrels only rolled a short distance before stopping.

The freighters figured it was partly their fault because they had helped drink the wine, so they all decided to camp for the night and try to reload the wine and whiskey barrels. Reloading the whiskey was easy compared to the challenge of loading the wine back on the wagon. They rolled the barrel as far back up the hill as they could, then pulled the wagon on the lower side and dug a hole to immobilize the wheels. They cut a tree from a small patch of timber not far away and made skids to roll the barrel up into the wagon. They put ropes around the barrel to steady and hold it from falling from the side of the wagon box to the bottom of the box.

From then on no more wine was syphoned from the barrel, and Henry was careful to negotiate around any chucks in the road to prevent further accident.

Upon arriving at Point of the Rocks, just south of where the town of Dillon is, two of the freighters turned east toward Virginia City while Henry and the other three continued on to Twin Bridges. The

weather became cloudy and the next day it started to rain, making travel slower as they continued on in a northeasterly direction. From Twin Bridges the other three freighters turned more to the east toward Bozeman, and Henry went north to Butte. The rain kept falling and, on the second night after leaving the other freighters, he camped in a small canyon. After pitching his tent and eating supper, he went to bed rather early. The rain falling on the tent was sweet music to his ears, and within a short time he was sleeping soundly. Near morning just before daylight, he was awakened by a man trying to get in bed with him. Immediately Henry grabbed his gun, just about the same time the man chattered, "Move over, partner, I am about froze." Henry was now wide awake and could not sleep under any circumstances, so he got up and dressed and let the man have the bed the rest of the night. The rain had stopped but the sky was still cloudy, so Henry started a fire with a few dry willows from the creek.

Few clouds remained in the sky, and it looked to be a clear day. Henry cooked some breakfast, then went in and awakened the man. The rough-looking character had long black hair and a beard about three inches long. His clothes were dirty, but not too old. He had probably been drinking, because his eyes were bloodshot and even in the open air, his breath smelled like a swill barrel. Henry was uncertain as to whether or not the man was armed, and made sure his six-shooter was ready. He soon determined that the man had no gun, so he relaxed

a little but kept alert in case the fellow might jump him and take his gun.

During breakfast Henry learned that the man and his partner had been working in the mines in Butte and were walking toward Virginia City. The man further claimed that three men on horseback had come upon them that afternoon, robbing them of their cash and most of their food. He claimed his partner had escaped into the timber, while the thieves were loading up their food. After breakfast Henry inquired as to the man's plans, and learned that he was going to search for his partner and continue on to Virginia City. About that time, Henry looked across the canyon and saw a herd of elk just going into the timber on the other side. He exclaimed, "Oh, look! There goes your partner now!" The fellow looked up just in time to see the last elk disappear into the timber, so he jumped up and started running across the valley hollering and waving his hat. By the time Henry had hooked up and rolled out, he could see no sign of the man.

After arriving in Butte and preparing to unload his cargo, Henry was sure he would have to pay for the shortage of wine he and the other freighters had drunk. As the wine barrel was being unloaded, it was rolled over a trap door that went to the basement of the saloon. The heavy weight of the barrel and wine broke the trap door open, and the barrel crashed to the basement and all the wine spilled. After this happened, Henry said nothing about the wine he and the others had drunk. The saloon keeper asked if Henry had tapped any of the

barrels and Henry told him yes, but said he had not replaced the whiskey with water. The saloon keeper told Henry that was all right, as long as he did not replace the whiskey with water. Henry loaded up with ore and returned a rather uneventful trip to Corinne.

Henry made one more trip alone to Butte with a load of whiskey, canned goods, flour, and other staple commodities. His load the next trip to Montana contained supplies for Virginia City. He was excited about this trip, because he had heard other freighters talk about the miners there and the large number of Chinamen who were re-working the mine tailings. Henry, now eighteen years of age, had grown to five feet eleven inches and one hundred fifty pounds, was very active, and not afraid of anyone or anything. His freighting alone had made him independent, and he never relied on anyone else for help. This trip was made along with five other freighters -- two headed for Virginia City, and three for Butte. Two of them had sold their oxen and were freighting with twelve head of mules. After crossing the Malad Divide, the two freighters with the mules were moving more rapidly, and within two days were out of sight. Henry began to think about either changing to mules or quitting freighting. It seemed that he had been alone a good share of the time, and the wet beds and loneliness were not very good incentives to keep on freighting.

His trail wagon outfit was loaded with food and drygoods, and a large burlap bag of peanuts. By the time they arrived at Fort Hall (Ross's Fork) one

of his oxen acted sick, and when he arrived at Blackfoot he decided to lay over for a few days until the animal either recovered or died. He stayed there three days, and the other freighters moved on without him. The rest of the trip was made alone, which he was accustomed to doing. While traveling north of the old Camas campground, the bag of peanuts evidently shifted to rest over the rear wheel. Soon the wheel rubbed a hole in the sack, and the peanuts started to fall out. Henry was not aware of this because it was on the opposite side of the wagon that he walked on. When he stopped to give his oxen a short rest and looked at his load, he discovered that he had lost about one-half of the peanuts. Since these peanuts were very expensive, and sold for a dollar per pound in Virginia City, he would have to pay for the loss. He took two sacks from his wagon and headed back along the trail to pick up as many as he could. After a good two hours, most or all of the peanuts were gathered; and by the time he returned to his wagons, the oxen were well rested. Henry was tired and thirsty, but he had his peanuts!

While he was gathering the peanuts, he could see a long line of people coming from the south. At first, he thought they were Indians; but as they came closer, he could tell they were not. Soon about three hundred Chinamen passed him headed for Virginia City. They had walked from Corinne, and were walking at a fast pace. They did not look at Henry, but kept looking either ahead or at the ground to see where they were stepping. They were

going to work the mine tailings that the white men washed gold from, and it was later reported that some of these Chinamen became rich from the gold they found. By the time Henry camped for the night at the Big Bend, the Chinamen were out of sight.

Henry camped near a ranch at Point of the Rocks, near the present town of Dillon, and decided to see if he could buy some milk and eggs from the rancher. While visiting with the owner, John Glover, he learned that Mr. Glover was wanting to buy a freight outfit. Henry told him he was thinking of selling his outfit, but had not made up his mind for sure. Mr. Glover said he had little cash, but he did have some cattle to trade for the outfit. That night Henry thought about Mr. Glover's offer to trade cattle for his oxen and wagons, and began to plan what he would do with cattle up here in Montana. The next morning John rode over to Henry's camp and offered to trade him seventy-five head of cattle and a saddle horse for the outfit. Henry said he would think about it and, if he decided to trade, he would not load anything at Virginia City on his return trip. Either way, he would contact Mr. Glover when he returned.

After Henry unloaded his freight in Virginia City, he camped a short distance from town. The next two days were spent visiting the town and looking over the mining operations. The Chinamen that had passed him on the freight trail had arrived nearly a week earlier and were busy mining for gold. Several, who had evidently arrived with some money, set up such businesses as laundries and

eating houses. Everyone in Virginia City was excited about mining gold. Even though they had been mining gold there since about 1865, the thought of finding new discoveries continued to excite them. During the early days of Virginia city, and prior to Henry's freighting visits there, the Henry Plumber Gang was very active in the area. Henry Plumber was the sheriff, and also the leader of a gang that robbed stages and freighters. Only the members of the gang knew that he was the leader. He knew when gold shipments were leaving Virginia City, and would notify his members who would rob the stages and carry off the gold. Finally someone discovered that he was the leader, and formed a vigilante committee that captured him and most of the members. They were hanged in Virginia City and buried up on Boot Hill, the local cemetery.

The major businesses in Virginia city at the time of Henry's visits were saloons and gambling houses. Others included a drug store, one or two general stores, several rooming houses, cafes, and two Chinese laundries. The saloons and gambling houses never closed, and always seemed to be full of customers. Henry became rather proficient at playing cards and decided to try his luck at the card tables. Every saloon had dance hall girls and they also carried on their individual trades. The saloons had every type of gambling that the miners might want to take a chance on. Because of Henry's youthfulness, he sometimes was questioned about being in the saloons; but he always told them he was twenty-one years old, so they did not bother him.

After seeing him play cards, they figured that he must be as old as he claimed.

One night when Henry was at a bar with some other freighters, a drunk bumped into him and then started cursing Henry for being in the way. Henry tried to explain, but the drunk was not satisfied and took a swing at Henry. Henry ducked, came up with a punch to the stomach and another to the jaw, and the drunk went down for the count. A fight always caused some excitement, and several of the men wanted to buy Henry a drink. Apparently the drunk had a reputation for being a bully and a mean fighter, and few men got the best of him. Henry had several drinks that night, and became so drunk he could hardly walk back to his wagon. The next morning he decided he better head back to Dillon and talk with John Glover about trading off his freight outfit. He had no freight on the return trip, enabling the oxen to travel longer days without becoming too exhausted.

When he arrived at the Glover ranch, he agreed to trade if John threw in a saddle and pack horse Henry would need to return to Utah. Mr. Glover accepted, so Henry traded his eight yoke of oxen and three wagons for the cattle, with the understanding that he could pick the stock he wanted from John's herd of cattle. They drove all of John's cattle into a large corral, then flipped a coin to see who got first pick. John won the toss, so he picked out a cow and calf and drove them into a pasture. Henry then picked a cow and calf and drove them into a smaller corral. This procedure continued

until Henry had selected twenty-five cows with big calves at their sides. They followed this same procedure as Henry picked twenty-five head of long yearling heifers. He now had seventy-five head of good cattle, but still did not have his saddle horse or pack mule. John said Henry could have his pick of any saddle horse, except the one buckskin horse that was John's favorite. When Henry picked a big bay horse that looked capable of traveling a long way, John said that was the next best saddle horse he owned. John offered to select the pack mule for Henry since he knew which one would be good. Henry had no way of knowing which mule would work out best, so he accepted John's offer. Henry had no pack bags, but John included a pack saddle in the deal; Henry did, however, have some heavy canvas that would serve as pack bags.

The next morning Henry arose early and was soon packed ready to head for Farmington. John saddled up his buckskin and rode with Henry for about the first five miles from the ranch to help him get started down the trail. This was the hardest part of the journey, because the cattle did not want to leave the ranch. It was a good thing John was there to help. Henry slept very little the first night out, because he was afraid the cattle would get up and head back to the ranch. At daybreak the next morning he could see his cattle still lying down, but could not see his saddle horse or pack mule. As it became light, he spotted the horse and mule about one mile back down the trail headed for the ranch. He was glad he had hobbled them, or they would

have been long gone. He gathered up the bridle and a halter, then walked to where the horse and mule were.

After breakfast he saddled up and was ready to travel -- the sun was about an hour high, but it was cool as he started south. He drove the cattle steady until about 2:00 P.M., then stopped to let them rest and graze along the nearby creek. The cattle grazed for awhile then laid down to rest, giving Henry time to prepare some dinner. He drove the cattle until about an hour before sundown when he came upon a freight outfit headed for Butte. Part of them were traveling with oxen, and two of them had mules. Henry's cattle, horse, and mule were tired so they stayed close to the freighters' stock; but just to make sure, Henry again hobbled the horse and mule.

The next night he camped near the present town of Lima, Montana, along the Red Rock River where there was plenty of feed and water for his stock. Each day he traveled fifteen to twenty miles, as that was about all the cattle could manage during the hot days. When he arrived at Pleasant Valley on the Idaho side of the Divide, he stayed over an extra day so the stock could rest up. He knew that travel would be much hotter and the grass would be more scarce after leaving Beaver Canyon.

When he arrived at Eagle Rock, Jack Anderson asked if he had quit freighting. Henry answered that he was tired of traveling alone, and that most of the freighting was now done with mules rather than oxen. He said that if he ever went freighting again, it

would be with mules because they were much faster and could possibly allow for an extra trip each season. Henry had heard that gold had been discovered in southern Utah, and told Jack he might go prospecting this next winter. Henry said that he might even go on to Nevada or California, but would some day be back up this way to establish himself in the cattle and horse business. Jack said that Eagle Rock would eventually be the crossroads of the west between Utah and Montana, and advised Henry to homestead on ground just east of Eagle Rock where there were two streams that emptied into the Snake River about one-half mile above the bridge. However, Henry was not interested in settling down right then, and as yet did not have enough money to stock a ranch.

When he reached the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, the Indians insisted he pay them twenty cents per head to drive his cattle across the Reservation. He argued, reminding them that he was their friend and had worked there a few years before. The crowd became larger, and finally several of the Indians recognized him as Big Little Man. They compromised, and Henry paid ten cents per head to drive across the Reservation. One of the Indian families invited Henry to corral his stock in their pasture and spend the night with them. This was the family of one young brave, White Bear, who became a good friend of Henry's and even came to visit Henry many years later in the town of Parker, Idaho.

Henry did not have to pay toll at Marsh Valley because the cattle did not follow the road but traveled along in the meadow land where they could graze. The only freighters he saw were those returning to Corinne on their last trip for the year.

As he neared the outskirts of Farmington his friend, Levi Wise, recognized him and began running toward Henry waving his hat. Suddenly Levi disappeared from sight, and Henry thought Levi had fallen down; when Levi failed to get up, however, Henry decided to investigate. When he arrived at the spot where Levi had disappeared, he discovered that Levi had fallen into an open well and was hanging onto the sides gasping for breath. Luckily the water was within about two feet of the ground level, so Henry reached down and helped Levi out of the well. Levi was happy to see Henry, but even more happy that Henry saved his life.

Chapter Seven

Henry and Lem Rice Find Work
1873-1876

When Henry finally arrived home his parents were surprised to see him, as they were not expecting him for at least another two or three weeks. That night he told his parents that he was going down in southern Utah to look for a mine, and that the seventy-five head of cattle were theirs to do with whatever they wanted. His parents could either pasture the cattle down on the farm near the lake where feed could be raised, or they could sell the cattle and use the money anyway they chose. When his mother expressed concern about this leaving Henry enough money, he assured them that he had adequate money from freighting. He had been away from home since he was fourteen, and he told them he wanted to try something else. He felt he might get lucky and find a mine that would make him rich. His father cautioned him about spending too much time looking for gold, as Brigham Young had warned the Saints that searching for gold and other precious metals could lead to shiftlessness.

Appreciating his father's advice, Henry said that if he did not find a mine within the next year he would quit looking and do something else.

He spent about a month around Farmington just visiting and getting reacquainted. Juliette, Henry's younger sister, had been seeing one of his friends, Lemuel (Lem) Rice, even though her father did not approve of Lem. Lem and Juliette would get Henry and Lem's sister, Caroline, to go along with them so it would look like Henry was taking his sister and Lem was taking his sister. This fooled Henry's parents for awhile, but they soon could see what was going on and Evan told Juliette that she should have nothing to do with the "Wild Rice." Caroline Rice was a pretty young woman with dark hair and grey eyes. Any young man would be proud to have her for a girl friend; however, Henry didn't seem to be interested at this time and only went to accommodate Lem.

Henry and Lem left Farmington to look for work in Salt Lake, where there seemed to be a lot of things happening.

In spite of all the persecutions and hardships the Church members were enduring, their numbers continued to increase. The missionary system was working well, and the numbers of converts from Europe were increasing. This influx of people to the valley brought many skills and trades, resulting in Salt Lake City becoming a prominent city of the west. The diversity of culture included people of different faiths, and also some who were hiding from the law back east. Over the years there were

some desperadoes; others thought they were desperadoes and that if you came west you lived by the gun, which was not the case. The only people with guns were cowboys on the ranges, some freighters who carried guns in their wagons, and regular outlaw gangs.

Lem Rice had saved a little money while working on the new railroad, so he and Henry decided to go to southern Utah and look for a mine. Neither one knew much about prospecting; but Henry had talked to several prospectors and miners throughout Idaho and Montana, so he knew a little about the type of rock that might contain gold or silver. They took the stage to Milford, Utah, then bought themselves a pack mule and a grub steak before starting to prospect in the surrounding mountains. After about two months of prospecting, they had had enough of that life. They heard the smelters in Salt Lake were looking for someone to burn charcoal, so Henry took the stage back to Salt Lake and contacted the smelter about the job. Henry was told that at least three thousand bushels of charcoal were needed, and that he would be given an advance as soon as he made the first shipment of one thousand bushels. He returned and found a man who knew how to burn the charcoal, so Henry hired him for six dollars per day, on the condition that Henry could get help stacking logs in the pits. Henry and Lem hired a farmer in the area to dig pits in the ground about three feet deep, thirty feet long, and ten feet wide. The farmer dug the pits with a team and scraper, then dragged the logs from the forest

to the pits. Another man was hired to help stack the logs in the pits while Henry, Lem, with two other men cut the trees and trimmed them ready for burning. The logs were stacked in the pit, covered with green tree branches, then covered with about four to six inches of dirt. They would start the fire in one of the open pits, and it would burn through the pit to the other end that had a small opening. When it looked like the logs were about burned up, they sealed off both ends of the pits so the fire would smolder and go out. When the fire was completely out and the logs were nearly all charcoal, the dirt would be removed.

Henry became rather proficient in cutting down trees. By standing in one place and chopping either side of the tree without moving, he could cut trees as fast as two men could trim them. While there, Henry and Lem stayed at a hotel in Milford that was run by Arve Stoddard and his wife, who used to live in Farmington.

While they were working on the charcoal contract John D. Lee, the supposed leader of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, was captured at Panguitch, Utah, and brought to Milford by United States Marshal Stokes. The Marshal was staying at the hotel, became acquainted with Henry, and told how he captured John D. Lee. He said he had been looking for John D. for several weeks, as they wanted to bring him to trial again at Beaver, the county seat. The day he captured John D. was a cold day, and there had been a light snow fall the night before. John D. was living in Panguitch, Utah, where

most of his family was. Marshal Stokes went to the house, knocked at the door, and waited several minutes before anyone came to the door, although he heard conversation in the house. Finally a woman came to the door, whom he assumed was John D. Lee's wife. When she asked what she could do for him, he identified himself as a U. S. Marshal who wanted to talk to John D. She replied that John was not there, and had not been around for several weeks; in fact, she did not know where he was but thought he was down on the Colorado River at his ferry. The Marshal asked permission to search the house, and she agreed without hesitation. He searched the house, but was unable to find anyone else there except two children. He left the house and decided to look around the farmstead, then noticed some tracks leading from the back of the house to the barn. He searched in the barn but could not see anyone. He went around the barn and saw some straw stacked up against the barn wall, with a small opening between the stack and the barn. After moving some of the straw, he discovered a rather large opening; when he crawled back in a ways, he saw John D. crouched down in a corner. With his gun drawn, the Marshal called for the person to come out with his hands up. When John D. came out, the Marshal put the handcuffs on him. John D. told the Marshal he knew that eventually they would catch him, but that he was innocent of the crime he was charged with. John D. Lee was arrested on Monday, 9 November 1874, at Panguitch, Utah, by U. S. Marshal Stokes.

While John D. was in custody at Milford, the U. S. Marshal would take him out for rides on Sundays if the weather was good. One Sunday the Marshal invited Henry to ride along with them, so they went for a ride around the town in a sleigh the Marshal had rented from the livery stable. Henry visited with John D., and learned that John D. was a very sociable man who talked about his family and inquired about Henry and his family. Henry described John D. as a well-mannered man, getting along in years, not too tall, having a rather small frame, and weighing about one hundred forty pounds. It was one experience Henry never forgot.

There were numerous stories that had been told; new ones were being heard everyday about who was involved in and who led the Mountain Meadows Massacre, with many of these stories contradicting each other. The woman who cooked at the hotel where they were staying said that she was just a little girl when the Massacre happened about twenty years previously. She claimed that she remembered Brigham Young sending a message at that time from Salt Lake City to kill all the men but save the women and children. This story was about as far-fetched as some of the others. At the time of the incident there was no telegraph in the area and, if Brigham had sent a message, it would have had to go by horseback or stage; but this Massacre happened spontaneously and had not been planned ahead very long.

At the time of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, John D. Lee was an Indian Agent who had

been appointed by Brigham Young while he was governor of the Utah Territory. The emigrants going to California would kill the livestock belonging to the Mormons whenever they needed meat to eat, and refused to pay for them. The settlers in the valleys were still bitter about the way the Mormons were persecuted and driven out of Missouri prior to coming west. All of this led up to the confrontation when, it is told, a group of settlers dressed as Indians and attacked the train of emigrants.

The jury at the first trial held several years before could not agree on a verdict, so John D. and the others were set free; but when the authorities claimed to have found more evidence, John D. was again arrested. Some even claimed that the authorities were trying to implicate Brigham Young in the incident. The U. S. Marshal told Henry that he suspected the involvement of Hector Height, a man named Jacobs, along with several others, and possibly Porter Rockwell and a man named Hickman. At the trial held in Beaver, Utah, John D. Lee was found guilty and sentenced to be shot at Mountain Meadows on Friday, 23 March 1877. On the appointed day, he was taken to the site of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, where he stood at the foot of his coffin so he would fall into it when he was shot. This horrible execution was carried out by the authorities who figured it would be a lesson to all people in the territory.

When the contract for burning charcoal was finished late in the spring of 1874, Henry and Lem returned to Farmington. They did not stay too long

there before they again went to Salt Lake to find employment. Henry bought a threshing machine and made quite a lot of money that fall doing custom threshing around Farmington, Centerville, and Kaysville.

There was not too much work available that winter, so Henry spent most of the time helping his father take care of the cattle he had given him. In the spring of 1875, Henry happened to see George A. Lowe on the street and George asked Henry what he was doing now that he was not freighting. Henry answered that he was not doing much of anything at present, so George flipped him a twenty dollar gold piece and said, "Maybe this will help you out until you get something going." George asked Henry why he didn't go freighting again, because there was still money to be made in the freighting business. Henry answered that he didn't have enough money to go freighting, that he traded his oxen outfit for cattle and gave the cattle to his folks. George invited Henry to come see him, and possibly something could be worked out so he could go freighting again.

That summer Henry and several young men in Farmington learned a lesson about gambling with race horses. One day a peddler was selling his wares around town, and he had two horses hitched up to his wagon. One of these horses looked like a race horse, and the other one was a poor nag. When the peddler drove around town, he was always prodding the nag along, while the other one seemed to be straining at the bit. It was one of the most unusual combinations one could imagine. One

Sunday he got to talking to a group about horse racing and said he surely loved a horse race. He asked if there were any race horses around Farmington, and the group told him of a pretty fast little mare that had won several races in that area. The peddler suggested that they get up a horse race, and he would run his horse against theirs if they made it worth his time. He bet fifty dollars that his horse could beat theirs. The group immediately agreed to the bet; the race was on, so they decided on the place and distance to race. The peddler unhitched the horse that looked like a race horse, and by the time the race was held quite a crowd had gathered. The peddler's horse just barely beat the Farmington mare, and the peddler took the fifty dollars from the group. As everyone was standing around after the race, the peddler said that if they felt they had been cheated, he would race the old nag against their mare. However, there ought to be a pretty good wager so if they won, they would get back what they had lost.

After talking it over, the group decided to race their horse against the peddler's nag as soon as their little mare had a little more rest. The peddler agreed to their terms, and suggested a one hundred dollar bet that was acceptable with the group. They soon had the one hundred dollars raised and were ready for the race, so the peddler unhitched the old nag from the wagon and led him over to get ready for the race. When the peddler mounted, you would have thought the nag had been given some kind of energy shot. His ears pricked up, he started to

prance around, and the peddler had a hard time controlling him. Immediately the group knew they had been taken for a ride! The race was held, and the old nag beat their mare so far it was a shame. They lost their one hundred dollars, the peddler was one hundred fifty dollars richer, and the group was a lot smarter! They later learned that the peddler had been holding races all around the country -- going in a town, peddling his wares to get acquainted, then working up a horse race. By racing the one that looked like a race horse, he would find out how fast the town's horse was, then determine whether or not to increase the bet and race his true race horse that looked like a nag. Even though this race was the talk of the town for some time, it did not deter Henry from racing or betting on horses.

Henry again did real well custom threshing that fall; however, in some cases, he did not collect all of his money. For instance, if the farmer had a large family and was not doing too well, Henry figured it would not hurt him to thresh for some of the farmers cheaper. Henry always had a soft spot in his heart for people who might be in need or were having a hard time making a living.

That fall of 1875, Henry and Lem decided to talk to George A. Lowe in Ogden and see if they could get together a freighting outfit. They figured they could freight along together as partners and help each other. This partnership lasted until 1885, and they continued to be best of friends after that time. George told them he would help them get started, that they should go to Corinne and see if

they could find an outfit for sale. If that was not possible, they could line up twenty-four head of good mules. They spent two days in Corinne talking to different freighters, but were not able to find anything for certain. There was a possibility of buying some mules from a local farmer in the area who raised mules to sell to freighters, but he would not have any until spring. This farmer also bought and traded for mules, so he would look out for enough to make two twelve-mule teams. They took his address, and he gave them a tentative figure as to the cost for twenty-four head of mules.

They returned to Ogden and talked with George Lowe, who said he would let them have the money for the mules and would sell them harnesses, wagons, and anything they needed. They told him they could raise at least one thousand dollars toward the outfit, and would contact him the next spring.

During the past four years, 1872-1876, many events of historical importance had occurred. Salt Lake had grown in size, with many Saints from Europe arriving each year. Transportation was much better -- they could land in New York, and then cross the country by train. The Saints in Utah kept an Emigrant Fund well supplied to help the poor Saints. When the new arrivals were settled and obtained employment or became established they, in turn, would contribute to the Emigrant Fund. In 1872 the Gentile League of Utah was formed in Salt Lake City, but was unsuccessful in breaking up the Mormon theocracy.

In March of 1873 the masonry work was started on the Mormon Temple in St. George, Utah. This was the first temple completed in the west, and the third temple built by the Saints since the organization of the Church on 6 April 1830. The temple built at Kirtland, Ohio, was abandoned; and the one at Nauvoo, Illinois, was abandoned and later destroyed by fire. On June 30th, Salt Lake City was first lighted with gas; and on July 21st Jesse James, the famous outlaw and train robber, committed the world's first train robbery. On October 1st, the Zion's Savings Bank and Trust commenced business with a sum of six thousand dollars being deposited the first day. On November 24th, the first barbed wire was patented. During that same year, several groups of Saints attempted to settle in the Arizona Territory, but were unsuccessful because of the hostility of the Indians in that Territory.

During 1874 a large number of Indians, mostly in southern Utah territory, joined the Church. That same year the United Order, a system where everything was held in common, was introduced among the Saints. It proved unsuccessful and only lasted a few years. In October, the first Presbyterian Church was dedicated in Salt Lake City.

During 1875, Judge McKean and supporters caused considerable ill feelings between Mormons and non-Mormons in the Salt Lake Valley. He was, however, replaced by David B. Lowe. On Tuesday, January 5th, the Idaho Legislature created Bear Lake County, with Paris as the county seat. On 10 July 1875, Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses

to the Book of Mormon, died in Clarkston, Cache County, Utah, at the age of ninety-two years. On October 3rd U. S. Grant, president of the United States, visited Salt Lake City and left the next day for Denver, Colorado. During that year, several petitions sent to the United States' Congress requesting admission to the Union and the formation of the state of Utah were denied.

Other historical events from 1875 include: (1) Thursday, February 25 -- In the case of Brigham Young vs. Ann Eliza Young, Judge James B. McKean ordered Brigham Young to pay ninety-five hundred dollars alimony to Eliza Young; (2) Thursday, March 11 -- Judge James B. McKean sentenced President Brigham Young to confinement in the penitentiary for alleged contempt of court in the Eliza Young case; (3) Friday, March 12 -- President Brigham Young was released from the penitentiary after twenty-four hours of confinement; (4) Saturday, March 20 -- Approximately two hundred Indians were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at St. George; (5) Saturday, April 3 -- William H. Dane was vindicated on a charge of having participated in the Mountain Meadows Massacre in 1856. He was taken out of the Utah Penitentiary and sent to Beaver, Utah, after having been imprisoned since October of 1874; (6) Wednesday, April 14 -- John D. Lee, who had been confined at Fort Cameron, was brought before the Second District Court at Beaver, but the trial was continued for the term; (7) Tuesday, June 8 -- George Emory of Tennessee was appointed the

Governor of Utah, replacing Governor Samuel B. Axtell who was removed because of his friendship with the Mormons.

Missionaries crossed the Rio Grande River from El Paso, Texas, and commenced the first missionary work in the country of Mexico on 7 January 1876. On May 11 William H. Dane, John D. Lee, and George W. Adair were released from the Beaver Jail on bails of twenty thousand, fifteen thousand, and ten thousand dollars respectively. On 25 June 1876, the Battle of the Little Big Horn took place between the United States Army (commanded by General Custer) and a large contingent of Sioux warriors (under the leadership of Crazy Horse). Crazy Horse was the victor and all of the United States soldiers, including General Custer, were killed. July 4th, Independence Day was celebrated by both Mormons and non-Mormons throughout Utah, just as it had been every year since the Saints arrived in Utah. Sidney Rigdon, prominent in the early days of the Mormon Church, died July 14th in Allegheny, New York. On September 14th, John D. Lee was again placed on trial in Beaver, Utah; and on the 20th, he was convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to be shot. The execution was carried out as scheduled on Friday, 23 March, 1877, at Mountain Meadows. On December 5th, the Stillson Screw Wrench (commonly called the pipe wrench) was patented.

Chapter Eight

Freighting with Mules 1876

Henry and Lem received word in the spring of 1876 that the mule dealer at Corinne had purchased twenty-four head of good freight mules from a discontinued freighting outfit. They immediately went to Corinne, looked over the mules, and decided to purchase them. This provided enough mules for each of them to have a twelve-mule team. They agreed on a price, and then talked to George A. Lowe who happened to be in Corinne at the time. Within a week they were ready to start freighting, and loaded up with stoves and flour for Colonel Shoup, who ran a store in Salmon City, Idaho. Colonel Shoup later became the Governor of Idaho, and then went on to the United States Senate.

The first night they camped between Malad and the point of the mountain where the present town of Plymouth is located. There was a spring close by, and feed for their mules was plentiful. The next night they camped north of Malad in the canyon that led to the Malad pass over the mountain. Freighting with mules was different than

freighting with oxen: mules traveled much faster, and could pull any load all day at the same speed. Usually they loaded about one thousand to twelve hundred pounds per mule, and were paid five or six cents a pound. When freighting with oxen, you walked most of the time; but with mules, you either rode in the front wagon or on the near wheel mule. The lead mules were trained to respond to "GEE" and "HA." They also had a long leather line, called a "jerk line," that attached to the leaders' halter and ran back to the driver. A steady pull by the driver would mean the leaders would turn right and a jerk on the line would turn the mule left—thus, the name "jerk line."

It had been three years since Henry had been over the freight road, but most things were much the same. There were one or two more ranches along Marsh Valley, and parts of the freight road were worn down so that it was like traveling in the bottom of a small canal. Some of the toll road attendants had changed, but several of them remembered Henry from his freighting days with oxen. When they arrived at Fort Hall (Ross' Fork), a group of Indians who had heard that the Big Little Man was coming through with a mule team were waiting to greet Henry and Lem. Henry and Lem had passed several groups of Indians and had waved to them but not stopped to visit.

May was a good month to travel through southern Idaho because flowers, especially the brilliant dark yellow sunflowers, made the landscape beautiful. The grass was about four or

five inches tall, and very tender for the stock. They would have to stop at noon to feed the mules, which was different from the oxen. They usually traveled from early in the morning until approximately 1:00 P.M., took a two-hour noon stop, then traveled until nearly sunset so they were not traveling during the hottest part of the day.

They stopped at the Carbot Station and had dinner with Mrs. Carbot, who was still the best cook along the route: Jack Anderson was still running the toll bridge at Eagle Rock, and he also had a small store and bank combined. He welcomed Henry and told him he still thought it would be wise for Henry to homestead the ground east of Eagle Rock, but Henry again told Jack he wanted to freight a few more years and accumulate enough capital to stock a horse and cattle ranch.

From Eagle Rock they traveled north to Market Lake, then turned northwest to the southwest end of Mud Lake. The Mud Lake covered approximately one hundred sixty acres this time of year, but later on during the summer it would be nothing more than a mud hole. After camping there that night, they headed northwest to Birch Creek, a day's travel that was dry and hot with no water between Mud Lake and Birch Creek. They arrived at Birch Creek late in the afternoon and camped near the place where Indians killed the freighters later that year. It was all up-hill travel the next day, and they camped near the headwaters of Birch Creek so they would have water and could try to make it over Gilmore Summit the following day. Antelope, in

bunches of fifty to one hundred head, were everywhere and did not seem to be afraid of the freighters. Henry and Lem shot a yearling antelope for camp meat to last for several days.

The day was clear and sunny when they arrived at the top of Gilmore Summit, and they remarked that the Valley of the Lemhi was as pretty a valley as they had ever seen. It seemed to be a paradise for the wild animals—there was a herd of elk just to the west of the freight road, and a herd of deer on the east side—and they were so tame they hardly moved as the freighters passed by. That night was cooler as they camped below the head waters of the Lemhi River. They stopped for noon at the Lemhi River near the site where Leadore is now located. While Lem got a fire going, Henry went fishing and within thirty minutes had all the fish they could eat that noon and evening. The fish in the stream were just as numerous as the wild game were in the valley.

The next night they decided to lay over a day and give the mules a rest, because they had been traveling rather fast the last few days. They were farther down the Lemhi River and the river was getting larger as small streams were feeding into it along the way. The river was about twenty feet wide, and usually moved fast along the sloping valley to the northwest. Ground squirrel were everywhere, and would come up to the camp to gather the grain that spilled as the mules were being fed. Henry dug some angleworms, found a good willow for a fishing pole, and tried his luck at

fishing again. The water was clear, and when the fish saw him close to the river bank, they swam away. He moved down river and saw his first salmon on a riffle burrowing into the gravel to lay its eggs. He watched it for some time before it swam away, and he continued fishing. He wanted to catch a salmon, but knew that the fishing outfit he had would not hold one. They had all the fish they could eat from then on and, by the time they returned, were ready for more antelope or deer meat.

Because spring was later in the Lemhi Valley, the grass was not as tall as it had been in the Snake River Valley. Some of the mules were always hobbled to prevent them from straying too far, and cowbells were put on at least two of the mules. The cowbells would ring as the mules traveled and, if the mules moved fast by leaping, the bells made a loud noise. The hobbles and bells helped to find the mules if they strayed or if Indians tried to run them off. Henry and Lem did not really have to worry about Indians catching the mules with the hobbles and bells, because mules seemed to be afraid of Indians. It was believed that mules were sensitive to sagebrush, campfire, and body odors carried by the Indians.

When they awakened the next morning fog was so thick they could not see very far, so while Henry went to look for the mules, Lem started breakfast. The previous night the mules had been just south of the camp in an area about fifty feet higher in elevation than the wagons. As Henry climbed higher in that direction looking for the

mules, the fog became less dense, Hearing the bell mules, he headed toward the sound and was soon above the fog where the sun was shining. Looking back, the fog resembled a large white lake of water. There were several deer among the mules, and they only ran a short distance when they spotted Henry coming. He rounded up the mules, removed the hobbles and drove them back to camp. By the time they had eaten breakfast and harnessed the mules, the fog had lifted and it was again a beautiful day.

It was three days' travel from where Leadore now stands to the city of Salmon. They camped about one mile from Salmon, where there was feed for the mules. This gave them time the next day to get to Salmon, unload their freight, and drive back out to where the mules would have grass to eat. Before leaving Salmon they loaded up with silver ore that had been mined in the area. Salmon was a boom town -- the mining of gold and silver from the nearby mountains had everyone excited. New mines were being found, but most of the mines near Salmon had been discovered several years before. A story was told around Salmon about a greenhorn from the east who came to Salmon and asked where he could find a mine. Some fellows in a saloon told him that if he would go up near the top of a nearby mountain he would find a rich mine. When he asked which mountain, they went out on the porch of the saloon and one of the men pointed at a mountain in the distance. The greenhorn went up on that mountain and found a mine that he later sold and became rich. The truthfulness of the story is

debatable, but several miners and people of the town claimed it actually happened.

They did not collect money for the freight from Colonel Shoup the afternoon they loaded up and pulled out of town, so they went back into town that night for a bath and a good meal. While in Salmon they talked with Colonel Shoup about the large salmon fish Henry had seen while traveling down the Lemhi River. Colonel Shoup told them that they could spear salmon on the riffles of the river at night, and a lantern would help locate them. Henry and Lem had a lantern, but nothing for spearing fish, so they bought a pitch fork. After collecting from Colonel Shoup for the freight, they were careful not to let anyone see them leave the Shoup store. Keeping a close lookout until they reached their wagons, they buried the money in the wagon of ore so that if someone came to rob them they would not lose all their money.

With an early start the next morning, they traveled about twenty-five miles that day. Although the trip back up the Lemhi was up-hill, most of the time it was a steady grade with only a few short hills. The weather was much warmer at Salmon than it was up on the head of the Lemhi River. One night they went salmon fishing—Lem took the pitch fork and Henry held the lantern. Their first try at spearing a salmon was unsuccessful, but on the second try they speared about a twenty-five pound salmon. The meat from the salmon lasted them two days, and there was still a small amount left when they arrived at the Leadore campsite. That night

they went fishing again—this time Henry had the pitch fork and Lem held the lantern. On the third try they speared a fish, and Henry fell down in the river while they were trying to land it. This fish lasted them until they reached Birch Creek. They gathered grass to put around the fish in a burlap bag, wet the bag, and covered the bag with bedding to keep the heat out during the day. At night they dipped the bag in water and hung it up where the wind could blow on it. As the wind evaporated the water, it kept the fish cool.

After leaving the Leadore campsite, they only went about half-way to the top of Gilmore Summit and made an early camp so the mules could rest up before the final climb over the top. Since the last half of the trip to the top was the steepest, they started early the next morning while it was still cool. The grass was much higher than when they had come over the summit from the south. The mules did not wander far, so within two hours from the time they got up they were ready to roll out. After traveling for a few hours they realized they would not be able to get over the top and down the other side to water in one day. Therefore, they camped early within about two miles of the top where there was a spring that could supply water for the camp and mules. The grass was not as tall at this elevation, so they fed the mules an extra helping of grain.

Feeding the mules grain was a rather simple process if it was worked right. Each mule was fed oats separately from a nose bag. This nose bag

consisted of a twelve-inch diameter circular piece of canvas that was sewed to a circular piece of leather, which formed the bottom of the nose bag. A two-inch leather strap was sewn on one side of the nose bag, following along the bottom, and up the other side of the bag. The strap extended above both sides of the bag, and was long enough to fit over the mule's head just behind the ears. One side strap ended in a buckle, and the other side strap had holes punched in it, allowing the nose bag to be adjusted to the length of the mule's head. Oats were put in the bag, the bag was placed over the mule's nose, and the strap was buckled up to the desired length. Leaving about two inches between the oats and the mule's mouth allowed the mule room to chew without having its nose in the oats all the time. Near the bottom of the bag were small holes, too little for oats to fall through, but large enough for the mule to get fresh air. The mule lowered its head until the bottom of the bag touched the ground and he could reach the oats, then he raised his head to have room to chew the oats. By using a nose bag, oats would not be wasted. In the morning, the mules came up near the wagon and waited for their turn to be fed just prior to being harnessed up for the day.

Henry and Lem developed a system for feeding and harnessing the mules in a short time. Oats were put in about eight or ten bags, then one would start placing the bags on the mules' heads. The wheel mules were always fed first, then the swing mules just ahead of the wheelers, on up the line to the leaders. As soon as the first mule had a

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feed bag, he was led into his place in the team and harnessed; by the time he was through eating the oats, he would be bridled and ready to go and his bag would be placed on another mule. By the time the last mule was fed and harnessed, the team would be ready to go and they would start the same procedure for the other twelve-mule team. This kept both men busy, and was the procedure most freighters used to hitch up their mules. It only took one or two times before the mules became accustomed and knew just what to do.

During the night near the summit, they were awakened by near-freezing temperatures because they did not have sufficient bedding to keep warm in their tent. Since the Gilmore Divide has an elevation of nearly 7200 feet, any night is chilly. Henry looked at his watch and, although it was 3:30 A.M., the eastern sky was beginning to get light and the morning star was brightly shining. By the time they got up and cooked breakfast, it was light enough to see so they gathered the mules and hitched them up.

It took them two hours to reach the summit, as the last few miles were the steepest part of the hill; but after reaching the top, it was down-hill until they were within about ten miles of Mud Lake. On the other side of the summit was Gilmore, a small mining town nestled against the hill where gold and silver were mined. On the south side of the summit to the west was a place for burning charcoal to use in smelting out the ore. Traveling the next three days was warm—the wind blew the dust around, and

small whirl devils would twist across the desert. They passed several Bannock and Shoshone Indians from Fort Hall who were going to the Lemhi Valley to spend most of the summer fishing and hunting, especially fishing for salmon. They had two long poles that were attached to the sides of a horse with the pole ends dragging along on the ground upon which most of their belongings were stacked. These Indians generally paid little attention to Henry and Lem.

Whenever a large group of Indians came toward them they got hold of the lead mules, swung them around, and tied them to the back wagon. Then if the Indians tried to come up to the wagons, Henry and Lem would stand up in the wagon and wave the Indians away with rifles. They never knew whether or not the Indians were hostile, so they did not take any unnecessary chances. If the Indians were friendly and wanted anything, one Indian would approach the wagon to talk and bargain with the freighters while the rest of the group remained about one hundred yards from the wagons. This kept the mules from becoming as excited as they might have had the entire group come close to the wagons. Mules seem to have very keen senses of smell, and often react to the specific smells of particular races of people.

The next day was hot, the sun was shining brightly and the roads were dusty. There were thousands of antelope for as far as they could see. Mirages were everywhere—they could see imaginary lakes of water to the south, and the three buttes

laying west of Eagle Rock appeared to be floating in the air. Just before arriving at the southwest end of Mud Lake, Lem shot an antelope; they dressed it out and had fresh antelope for supper that night. The next day they traveled to Market Lake and hobbled most of the mules that night because the mosquitoes were swarming all around. They were, however, not as thick as when Henry had first camped there on his way to Montana with oxen in 1871.

The night was not pleasant because of the bothersome mosquitoes, so they arose early the next morning and were on their way shortly after sunup. Although they planned on spending the night at Eagle Rock, they arrived there early in the afternoon and decided to go on, camping that night just north of the Carbot Stage Station. When they arrived at Fort Hall, several Indians standing around the trading post waved their arms and called out "Hi, Big Little Man." Henry waved and shouted back at them.

The next few days passed without incident, but they saw many Indians and wild game along the way. Just before starting up the Malad Divide, they killed a young deer and had fresh meat again. By hanging meat out at night and covering it during the day, they could keep antelope or deer for four or five days, but elk meat would sour within two or three days.

Upon arriving at Corinne, they unloaded the ore and contacted George Lowe who happened to be in town. They paid him part of their debt, and made arrangements to haul a load of freight to Helena, Montana, as soon as they could get their wagons

greased and loaded. Freighters at that time referred to the trip to Helena as the "long haul." It took a day to grease the wagons, repair some harness, in addition to buying two more sets of harness, some extra chains, and each an extra set of double-trees. It was a good policy to keep the wagons well greased, because this extra grease would accumulate at the outsides of the wheel hubs and help keep the dirt from working into the wagon axle and wearing it out. It was good insurance to have extra harnesses and double-trees with chains, as sometimes they became worn and would break; if there were no extras along, it could delay them for as long as a week.

Most of the freight for people living in western Montana and Idaho originated at Corinne, Utah, although there was some freight in the summer that came up the Missouri River as far as Fort Benton. The Sioux Indians in the Dakotas prevented any travel up the old Bozeman trail from Omaha, and caused trouble for the barges that came up the Missouri, but some freight got through.

When Henry and Lem arrived at Marsh Valley, they decided to lay over for a day or two and re-shoe the mules. Some of the mules' shoes were so worn down they were starting to break in two; and with new shoes, the mules could obtain better footing. Here they had plenty of grass and water, and also could rest up after the Salmon trip.

Anyone who has put shoes on horses knows how hard the work is. The person shoeing a horse has to bear part of the horse's weight, as the horse

will lean on you. With mules, it is entirely different; a mule will practically hold his foot up when it is picked up by the person shoeing him. Compared to the hoof of a horse, a mule's hoof is smaller and more straight up and down. When driving the nail through the shoe into the mule's hoof, one must be careful not to drive the nail into the quick (or tender part) of the foot, or the mule would be lame for several days. Henry did most of the mule shoeing while Lem greased the wagons and repaired any weak harness parts. This took nearly two days to complete, and they were both so tired at the end of the second day that they waited until the next morning to roll.

While they were stopped, a group of freighters headed for Butte caught up with them, so they all traveled together the rest of the way. One night when they were camped on Beaver Creek north of the old Camas campground, Henry was gathering wood from the creek for a campfire. He saw part of a buffalo robe showing from a pile of leaves under some cottonwood trees. He uncovered the buffalo robe and discovered a small Indian baby about one or two years of age wrapped up inside the robe and covered over with leaves. When Henry immediately returned to camp and told the other freighters, they all dug a grave and buried the baby in the buffalo robe. They had no idea why the baby had been left there, because the Bannock and Shoshone Indians usually buried their dead. Because of the condition of the body, they estimated the baby had been dead for about two or three days.

The rest of the trip was rather uneventful. When they arrived at a junction in the road near the present town of White Hall, Montana, the other freighters turned west to Butte while Henry and Lem went east to Three Forks and then north to Helena. After unloading their freight at Helena, they loaded up with semi-refined ore and headed back toward Corinne. They stopped along the way to grease their wagons, then continued on to Point of the Rocks Stage Station where they heard that John D. Lee, the supposed leader of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, and two other men had been released from jail after posting a large bond. News was hard to come by, because it was almost impossible for freighters to receive mail, and the folks in Farmington never knew where to send the mail. Henry and Lem would occasionally send letters home; however, they had not written any letters this trip since leaving for Helena.

When they arrived at Corinne, there were several letters from the folks in Farmington, and one of the letters wanted to know where they were on July 10th. The folks had become concerned because they had not heard from Henry and Lem for some time and went to Mrs. Workman in Farmington to see if she could locate them through a glass of water. The letter stated that Mrs. Workman could see them camped in the bottom of a canyon that had sagebrush on one side and pine trees on the other. She saw one of them lying under a wagon and the other one about fifty feet out in front of the wagons fixing something such as a harness. The letter asked

them if these were the existing conditions on that particular day. When Henry and Lem figured back to that day, sure enough, they were camped for noon in a canyon. They remembered that Lem's lead mule had tried to roll over but was unable to do it because she was trying to roll up-hill. They had laughed about how silly it was. They also remembered that Henry had repaired some harness out in front of his wagon while Lem was resting in the shade underneath the wagon.

Mrs. Workman had been doing that sort of thing for some time; Henry's and Lem's folks had so much confidence in her because she had previously found John Steed's steer and located Henry's horse. About one month later, several people finally talked Mrs. Workman into looking for gold or silver mines. President Brigham Young warned her that she would lose the gift she had if she did. She finally decided she might become rich, so looked for gold and silver but was unable to find any precious metals. When she later tried to locate things for people, she could not do it, and had lost her gift just as Brigham Young had warned.

Henry and Lem laid over for about five days at Corinne before they could load up with freight and head back to Montana. Each day was important, as they figured there would be time for only one more trip to Montana because the Monida Pass sometimes became blocked with snow early in the fall. The shipment of drygoods and groceries finally arrived by train from the east, and they were able to get loaded and head for Montana. Six other

freighters were also loaded ready to make the trip, so they all traveled together, pulling out the middle of October. The first few days of travel were without any problems; then it started to rain, and mules are not much good when traveling in mud. By the time they reached Fort Hall, they had been on the road for ten days where ordinarily it would have been about a week. The travel was much easier from Fort Hall to Blackfoot because the road was sandy and the mud was no problem; but from Blackfoot to Eagle Rock, several areas of the road were muddy and travel was slow.

It rained or snowed on them most of the way, and they could see in the distance that the mountain tops to the north were covered with snow. At Eagle Rock, Henry left five hundred dollars for Jack Anderson to ship back to the Wells Fargo Bank in Corinne. He had won this money from the other freighters while they had been camped and could not travel because of the muddy roads. Gambling was becoming a small problem for Henry, and each time he arrived at his destination he spent as much time as possible playing cards. He was getting very good at it, and most of the time won some money. If ever his luck was running out he would quit for a time and go back to playing later, for he felt that sometimes you could be lucky and sometimes not. He also knew that a lot depended on his skill as a card player and also on those with whom he played cards.

While they were at Eagle Rock the rain started again and made the road from Eagle Rock to

Sand Hole too slippery for travel, so they lost another week. The wind seemed to blow every day and felt like it was coming right off a snow bank. The travel to Sand Hole was slow, but they finally made it without much trouble, although they had to double up outfits to get through some spots. It was quite a sight to see twenty-four head of mules, strung out two abreast, pulling three freight wagons. When they had to double up, it meant they could only travel half as far as they could have otherwise.

From Sand Hole to the Big Bend of Beaver Creek the road was either sandy or gravelly, but it rained and snowed on them most of the way. It was snowing so hard that, by the time they arrived at the Big Bend campground, they decided to camp until it quit. It snowed for a day and a night, and by morning there was a good foot of snow on the ground. It had stopped snowing, but the sky was still cloudy. After considering, they decided to lay over with the possibility of having to leave their wagons there for the winter. The next day they decided, as a group, to leave the wagons there for the winter. Two of the freighters would stay with the wagons all winter, and two others would drive the mules back to Market Lake to winter on the river bottoms, then return to Utah. The other freighters would catch the next stage and also return to Utah. It was also decided that two of the freighters would return on the stage to the wagons by the first of the year, and the two that were to stay would return to Utah.

Henry and Lem offered to drive the mules to Market Lake, and two men agreed to be the first to stay with the wagons. When the stage came the next day, four freighters took the stage south while Henry and Lem headed for Market Lake. Although the weather had moderated and a warm wind started blowing from the south, they figured it would not last long. When Henry and Lem arrived at Market Lake, warmer temperatures had melted all the snow around Market Lake. Since it would be a few days before the next stage went south, they stayed in the hotel that night. The next morning when they awakened, the rain had stopped but the warm Chinook wind was still blowing. The only snow they could see to the north was in the very tops of the mountains. That day when the stage arrived from the north, the driver said that all the snow was gone over the Divide except a little at the very top, and he felt they could get their freight over the top. Henry and Lem talked it over and decided that they could probably get across the Divide, so they sent word with the stage to have the drivers that had gone south return as soon as possible.

Henry and Lem rounded up the mules and headed back to the freight wagons. The trip took all day, but the two men at the wagons were glad they had returned. They decided to hook up twenty-four head of mules to three wagons, travel as far as they could in one-half of the daylight hours, then drag the stretchers (double-trees) and chains back to get the rest of the wagons. By getting up early and

traveling late, they could cover approximately ten miles per day with all the outfits. The first day or two it was not too bad, but the weather turned cold and the mules became reluctant to pull in the mornings. It began to be quite a drag on the four freighters; they could not expect the other drivers to return for at least two weeks, so they knew they had some hard days ahead of them.

By the time they arrived just south of Pleasant Valley, they encountered some snow and every day it rained or snowed part of the time. It was so cold that, when the four freighters harnessed and hooked up the mules, their fingers would be so numb they could not tell if they had hold of the strap to tighten up the harness hames on the collars. Mules were fed extra grain and browsed on the black willows along the creek. By the time they arrived at what is now known as Modock Creek, the other drivers from the south had arrived, but they still had to double up the outfits until they got over the top and headed down the other side. It took eighteen days to get from the Big Bend campground to the Sheep Creek Stage Station; and from then on, there was no snow but the ground was frozen and the weather was cold.

They stayed at Sheep Creek for two days to let the mules rest and fill up with dry grass along the creek before heading on for Butte. The wagons rolled over the frozen ground like freight trains on iron rails, which was much easier on the mules. When they arrived at Prickly Pear Canyon, they had to go down a short, but rather steep, hill. Most of the

time the freighters had to double up when they were headed south up the hill. They decided to rough-lock the hind wheels of each wagon to help slow down the wagons, even though ordinarily the lead wagon of the three would have been adequate. Henry, the lead of the group, had not gone very far when the steel tires of the wagon wheels began to slide like sleigh runners along the frozen ground. Henry was riding his near wheel mule when they started down the hill, but soon the wagons were sliding faster than the mules could travel and they started falling down. The mule Henry was riding fell, and the front wheel of the freight wagon ran up against the mule's rump. Henry was certain the wheel would run over both him and the mule, possibly crushing them and some of the other mules. Although it was cold when he started down the hill, within seconds he was sweating. When he came to the bottom of the hill, the mules were down and all around him. It was lucky the ground was frozen and that there was frost on the ground, because the front wheel of his freight wagon just slid along the frosted ground and did not run over him or the mules. He lived a thousand deaths as he looked up and saw the big freight wagon wheel sliding down the hill within a few feet of him. He immediately got off the mule, climbed over the other mules that were down, and ran back up the hill to wave the next wagon away from coming down the hill until he got his outfit out of the way. When he returned to his mules most of them were up and just standing there trembling, evidently sensing the danger. Upon

inspection of his mules, he found only one or two with a few scratches and some hair scraped from their legs. By then some of the other freighters had come down the hill, leaving their outfits back at the top.

After some consultation, they decided that the weight of the load shifted to the front of the wagons leaving little pressure on the rear wheels, so rough-locking the rear wheels had little effect. The rest of the freighters rough-locked the front wheels of their wagons and came down the hill with little trouble. Besides, Henry's mules had scraped most of the frost off the road so the other wagon tires dragged on the dirt as originally planned.

The rest of the trip to Butte was uneventful, except the weather was cold and the freighters suffered trying to keep their hands and feet warm. The mule they rode had no saddle, so they usually used a blanket so they would not get sweaty from the mule; however, during this cold trip, they omitted the blanket so they would get the heat from the mule. When their feet became real cold, they would warm them by getting off and walking along beside the mules. When they arrived at Butte the merchants were happy to see them, and stated that they might have run out of groceries before spring had this group of freighters not made it through before winter set in. This made the freighters feel that the hardships they had endured were well worth their efforts.

After staying in Butte for a few days, they loaded their wagons with ore and decided to try to

make it back over the pass before the deep snow came. The Montana side of the pass usually had less snow than the Idaho side and was not as steep to travel, so they felt if they could get to the top they could handle the down-grade even if the snow was deeper. When they reached Red Rock, the stage drivers told them that there had been a bad snow storm and blizzard on the Idaho side of the Divide, that some drifts were over five feet deep, so they would not be able to make it over.

They bunched their wagons at Red Rock and decided to let their mules winter there. The grass was about two feet tall, and in the past there had been horses and mules winter through in good shape. They decided that at least one person should stay and look after the mules during the winter, so Henry offered to stay and the rest of the freighters boarded the stage for Utah.

Henry stayed at the Sheep Creek Station, which was considered a home station for the stage line. There was a saloon, eating house, hotel, and a small store. For a while he lived in a tent by the freight wagons, but it was so cold by the middle of December that he took a room at the hotel. The stage used sleighs from Sheep Creek to Sand Hole, and sometimes as far south as Blackfoot. After becoming bored with nothing to do but play cards and lay around the hotel, Henry had a chance to drive stage from Sheep Creek to Beaver Dives over on the Idaho side of the Divide. Beaver Dives was located north of the present town of Spencer, just below where Beaver Creek enters the narrow rock canyon. The

stage traveled day and night, so sometimes the drivers would be driving at night and sometimes during the day, with the schedule depending on the weather and how fast the horses could travel.

Henry would drive from Sheep Creek to Beaver Dives, then pick up the stage coming north and drive from Beaver Dives to Sheep Creek. Sometimes the horses could travel at only a slow walk, because the snow became deeper as the winter progressed. As the horses traveled on the road, the snow would build up so that many times the road became higher than the depth of the snow to the sides of the road, especially if there were drifts. The horses used by the stage company in winter were called "snow horses" and were not used much during the spring, fall, or summer. These horses were picked for their ability to travel in a straight line. Some horses travel with their feet wide apart, but snow horses traveled close; in fact, they could travel almost inside of two lines that were no more than eight inches apart. When the snow became deep and the road built up, they walked along very carefully. If one horse happened to step off the trail, the remaining three would stop while the other one very carefully climbed back onto the trail. When it was dark at night, the snow horses seemed to sense where the road was, for there were times when the driver could not see the road because of snow and blizzard conditions.

The passengers kept warm by bundling up in buffalo robes and having a kerosene lantern in the coach, which they kept under the robe to hold the

heat in. The driver wore heavy mittens, as he only drove with two lines while the other two lines were hooked over a peg at the side of him to be used only when necessary. Henry had a buffalo cap and a heavy fur coat, besides a buffalo robe to put over his knees. He took bricks and heated them at the stage station, then wrapped them up in blankets to put by his feet for warmth. There were places along the road where the wind had blown the snow into ten foot drifts. Tall willows were placed on each side of the road to guide the horses and driver.

One night there was a bad storm on the Idaho side; Henry had driven from Sheep Creek that day and arrived about sundown. The stage from the south was expected that night, but they thought possibly the driver would lay over at Sand Hole because of the wind until the storm abated. About 10:00 P.M. the stage driver, nearly frozen, arrived with all four horses but no stage coach. He had ridden one of the horses from about three miles below where the town of Spencer is now located and had driven the other horses ahead of him. The horses and stage driver were plastered with white snow so thick that one could not distinguish the colors underneath. After he became warm enough to talk, he said the stage coach had gotten off the road and the horses were unable to pull it back on the road. He also said that three Chinamen on the stage had plenty of robes and a lantern to keep them warm. Those at the station considered trying to reach the stage with fresh horses, but the driver said the blizzard was so bad they would not be able

to follow the road and might lose their lives in the process.

While they all were asleep that night the storm passed over, the sky cleared, and it became extremely cold. When they awoke, the sky was clear and it must have been at least thirty degrees below zero. As soon as they could get ready, two men at the station and Henry went for the stage and the three Chinamen. The wind had drifted some places, so they drove the horses back and forth several times to make a road for the coach to get through. When they arrived at the coach and opened the door, the three Chinamen were frozen to death and the lantern had run out of oil. Since there was nothing they could do for the Chinamen, they worked to get the coach back on the road and headed back to Beaver Dives. From then on, this place on the road went by the name of China Point, the point where the mountain begins before starting up Beaver Canyon.

The stages carried strong boxes that usually transported gold from the mines in Montana to Utah; however, sometimes the strong boxes were loaded with rocks to give them the weight and heft of gold. None of the drivers ever knew when the strong box was filled with gold, so they could not tip off stage robbers. Only a few of the stage company people ever knew when gold would be shipped. Several times over the years the stages were robbed between Montana and Utah, but most of the time they traveled through safely.

The winter before Henry drove stage over the Monida Pass, the stage was robbed at the Sheep Creek Station in Montana. This station was considered a home station, with a hotel and eating establishment where the passengers could rest and lay over. One day the stage came in rather late at night from Virginia City with a shipment of gold in the strong box. While the driver and the passengers were in having something to eat, the tender of the horses stole the strong box and hid it in the stack of hay where he had fashioned a tunnel. When the driver came out to proceed on his journey, he noticed the strong box was gone and immediately started an investigation. As soon as the tender had removed the strong box, he had gone into the restaurant for a cup of coffee so that the driver and passengers would see him there. The tender suggested that someone had stolen the strong box while he was in having coffee, which seemed like a logical conclusion because everyone had seen him in there for about fifteen minutes. A thorough search ensued, and there was no evidence of anyone coming to or leaving Sheep Creek since the arrival of the stage. The searchers then became suspicious of everyone that was around the area. They made a tour of the town, and everyone had a concrete alibi that could be substantiated with one or more witnesses. They then began to suspect the tender as being the robber, but he denied taking the strong box. He helped them look around the station, but they could not locate it. The driver and the station agent were still not convinced with the tender's

story, so decided to try an experiment. They told the tender they knew he had stolen the box and were going to hang him just as they would any other stage robber.

They got the rope, tied the knot, and threw the rope over one of the log beams in the barn. They tied the tender's hands behind his back, and put the loop over his head; several men took hold of the rope and tightened it until it almost choked the tender. They asked him again if he had stolen the strong box and that, if he had and would tell where it was, they would let him go. He still denied having anything to do with the theft. The men then pulled the tender up so that his feet were off the ground; and when they decided he was nearly strangled, they let him back down. He finally regained his breath so he could talk, and they asked him again if he had stolen the box, but still he claimed his innocence. They again pulled him up, and that time when they finally let him down he was nearly dead but he still denied any stealing. The men began to wonder if the tender really was innocent, but they let him lay there and think about it. They pulled him up once more; and this time when they let him down and revived him, he decided he had had enough and told them where the strong box was. The strong box was recovered and the tender was fired. He took the stage south and was never heard from again.

Chapter Nine

Freighting with Mules 1877

It was a long cold winter, as far as Henry was concerned, and he had received very few letters from his folks in Utah. Traveling over the pass in the spring was troublesome because the melting snow at the side of the winter road left the packed road still intact. The stages had to travel at the side of the winter road when the snow was gone, and it was the latter part of April before the regular road was suitable for travel. There was no snow removal equipment, so they had to let nature take its course. Henry wrote to Lem, telling him to advise the other freighters that they could probably cross the pass by the first of May.

It was the last week in April before the freighters arrived, and was another ten days before they had the mules rounded up and the wagons greased. During the winter two of the seventy-two head of mules had died, so one of the freighters could drive only ten mules on his outfit. Each day the freighters took turns driving ten mules, so

everyone shared in the loss. The mules were weak, and several times over the pass they doubled up to get through the worst mud spots. The road was soft and muddy part of the way from Monida to Beaver Dives, but the road was dry from there on. It was still soft, however, and the wagons mired somewhat in the dirt and traveled slower. They met the first north-bound freight outfits just north of Eagle Rock. The mules were getting stronger and, by the time they arrived at Corinne, were hardened into working. They unloaded their freight, and Henry decided to take a few days off to see his folks at Farmington. Lem agreed to look after the mules while Henry was gone and get both outfits loaded ready to take off as soon as Henry returned.

It was a happy family reunion when he arrived at Farmington -- his mother could not believe how he had grown. He was now nearly six feet tall and weighed one hundred sixty pounds. They told Henry that John had embraced polygamy, married Annie Clark on 9 September 1873, and moved to Newton, Utah, in May of 1869 where he was ranching. Juliette was a lovely, pretty young woman; Mary and Margaret were growing and it would not be long before they would be gone. William was living in Malad; David was still at home; Moroni had married Martha Ann Benson from Lehi, Utah, and was living in Salt Lake City where he was employed. Most of Henry's friends were either married or away working, so he only stayed a couple of days before returning to Corinne.

1877 proved to be one of the most important years in shaping Henry's life for years to come. There was talk of the railroad being built from Utah to Montana and also of a railroad being built across the northern portion of the United States to the west coast. The Union Pacific had also started to survey a route for a railroad to Oregon from the east. If this was the case, it would not be long until the freight days would be over. Since the battle of the Little Big Horn 25 June 1876, the Indians in the Dakotas seemed more peaceful; however, they felt more secure since the great warrior, Crazy Horse, had defeated and killed General Custer.

When Henry returned to Corinne, Lem had the wagons loaded ready to head for Montana. There was a freighter who wanted to sell his outfit, and was offering it for a reduced price. They bought the freight outfit, which consisted of three wagons and twelve mules with extra harnesses, stretchers and chains. They hired a driver named Bill Farley* (*Actual name is not known), who had been driving for another big freight outfit, to drive their extra outfit. Before they left Corinne, a man whose last name was Murray wanted to travel with them to Butte instead of taking the stage. He wanted to travel with the freighters to see the country and enjoy camping along the way. He claimed that he had a friend up in Butte, and the two of them were going to open a saloon. Henry agreed to furnish him a ride and provide meals, but the man would have to furnish his own bed and bedding. Henry and Lem had purchased a tent and some folding cots to sleep

on, which kept them off the ground so they would not pick up lice from the camp grounds.

Murray took a liking to Henry, and rode most of the time in the front of his wagon so he could visit with him. He told Henry that he had lived in the east all of his life until he had received a letter from his friend who had come west the year before, inviting Murray to come out west so they could open up a saloon. Henry soon decided to have some fun with Murray, so started telling him wild tales about the Indians and how you never knew when you might have to fight to save your life. He warned Murray that if at any time during the night he hollered, "Here come the Indians!", he should get out of his bed and hide under the wagon with his rifle ready to fight.

After they passed Fort Hall and Murray became nervous from seeing all the Indians, Henry again warned him about being ready at any time. One night when they were camped they heard a large herd of cattle that was being driven to Montana from the southwest begin to bellow. They began to bellow quite loud, so Henry hollered to Murray who was sleeping in one of the wagons, "Get your gun and be ready to fight. The Indians are coming! Can't you hear them?" Murray bounded out of bed, and when he hit the ground he just laid there groaning, "OH! OH! OH!" Henry got up to see if Murray had hurt himself getting out of the wagon and found him flat on his back still groaning, "OH! OH! OH!" Henry asked what the matter was and said that Murray should get up and defend himself if he

was not hurt too badly, but Murray still laid there groaning. Finally Murray answered, "I have messed my pants."—he was so scared his bowels had moved. When he learned that the noise was only a herd of cattle and not Indians coming, Murray threatened that his friend would whip Henry after they arrived at Butte. Even though he had been duped about the Indians, this still did not keep Murray from riding along with Henry.

Henry pulled another prank on Murray when they were camped at old Camas. A lot of sage chickens came into the camp ground and were lined up in a row. Henry told Murray to take Henry's shotgun, swing the gun along the row while he was shooting, and he could kill several chickens with one shot. Henry loaded the gun and told Murray to do as he had been told. Murray took aim at one chicken on the end of the line and swung the gun along the line as he pulled the trigger. To his surprise, he did not even get one chicken. As the gun fired, the concussion forced the barrel into the air and he missed them all. Henry told Murray that he must not have aimed at the chickens as he was told, but later one of the freighters told Murray that Henry was again pulling his leg.

They camped one night in Beaver Canyon after a hard day's drive, so Henry and Murray went up on the hillside to get some wood for the campfire. Murray was agreeable so they started out. The distant trees were farther away than they had looked, and it was late when they camped. It was dark before they were able to get the wood

gathered, so Henry decided to see if Murray was ready to start back to camp. Murray replied that he was, so Henry instructed Murray to come over so they could go down the mountain together. While Murray was going over to where Henry had called, Henry moved over where Murray had just left. When he heard Murray thrashing around in the brush Henry called again, and asked where Murray was. Murray replied that he had thought Henry was over where he was, so he would come right over. Henry kept moving back and forth calling to Murray, and Murray kept wandering back and forth. The ones down at camp became concerned because they had been hearing the calling back and forth for the last thirty minutes. They were about ready to investigate the matter when Henry decided to quit his foolishness. When Murray found out that Henry had been playing another joke, he claimed he was surely going to have his friend whip Henry when they arrived at Butte. One of the freighters asked Murray why he hung around Henry when Henry was always pulling pranks on him, and Murray replied that he liked to hear the damn fool talk.

When the freighters neared the area where Dillon, Montana, now is, they were contacted by the foreman of a large sheep outfit by the name of Pondexter and Orr who wanted to hire them to haul wool to Fort Benton, Montana, located on the Missouri River east of the present town of Great Falls, Montana. From there the wool would be shipped down the Missouri River, then taken by rail to the east coast where part of it would be made into

cloth and the rest would be shipped to England. Henry and Lem agreed to haul the wool after they delivered their wagonloads of freight to Butte. The amount of wool to be hauled would be possibly one or two sacks more than their three freight outfits could haul.

While the freighters unloaded, Murray went over to one of the saloons. The town of Butte had many saloons, with numerous dance hall girls in every one. One of the saloons had a sign above a large plate glass mirror at the back of the bar which read: "To trust is bust, to bust is hell, no trust no bust no hell." When Henry, Lem, and the other freighters went over to the saloon to have a drink, Murray invited them all up to the bar. When Henry stepped up to the bar, Murray informed the bartender that the drinks were all on him except Henry's—Murray was not buying Henry a drink. Henry instructed the bartender to go ahead and pour him a drink, that Murray was a good friend of his, was only joking, and would pay for it. The bartender poured the drink, Henry drank it, and Murray paid for it. That was the last they saw of Murray, but they heard later he had purchased a saloon; but they never did hear or see anything of the friend he claimed to have in Butte.

Lem, Henry, and Bill returned to Black Tail (Dillon) and loaded up the wool. By removing the bows and cover of one of the trail wagons, they were able to load all the wool that was ready for shipment. They anchored the wagon cover over the

load so it would not get rained on, tied the bows onto another wagon, and headed for Fort Benton.



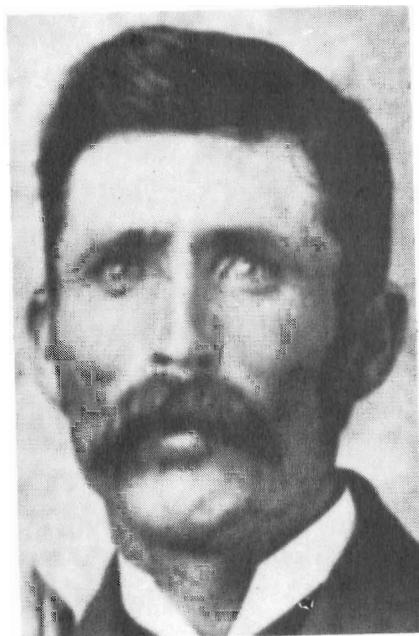
Henry E. Jenkins

Along the way they met several small groups of Indians; and one day when they were camped along a creek, they noticed several squaws gathering moss from the creek and hanging it on the willows to dry. Henry became curious, went over to see what they were doing, and learned they were drying it to use for their babies. They would dry the moss and then lay it in a leather breech cloth (leather diaper); the moss was soft and would not irritate the babies'

bottoms. When the baby would mess in it, the moss would be taken out and thrown away. These were possibly the first disposable diapers, used long before modern commercial ones were ever thought of.

When they arrived at Fort Benton down the Missouri River, they unloaded their wool on the dock where several hundred bags of wool were already waiting to be shipped down the river. While they were unloading the wool, one of Cline and Smith's men asked them if they would be willing to take a load of freight back to Helena and Bozeman. Cline and Smith was a wholesale outfit, and they also had stores in Helena and Bozeman. Henry and Lem agreed to haul the freight, mainly flour and groceries, and some clothing that had been shipped up the river from St. Louis, Missouri. After they loaded, they stopped in town to buy some groceries for the trip. When they went into the store, they noticed a black man working at the side of the street with a wheelbarrow. He also had on a metal leg iron attached to a chain that had a large iron ball weighing approximately twenty-five pounds on the end of it. When they came out of the store, the wheelbarrow was still there but the black man was gone. They thought no more about it, as they figured he had picked up the ball and gone somewhere else. About two miles out of Fort Benton, they came to a rather steep hill; they decided to drop the trail wagon, pull the other two wagons to the top, and then return for the trail wagon.

load so it would not get rained on, tied the bows onto another wagon, and headed for Fort Benton.



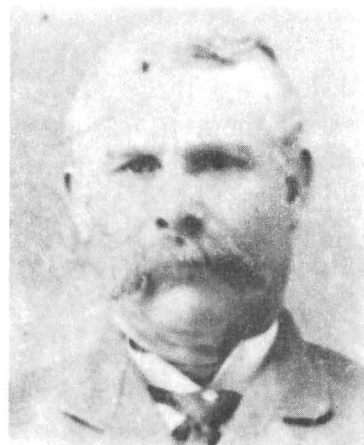
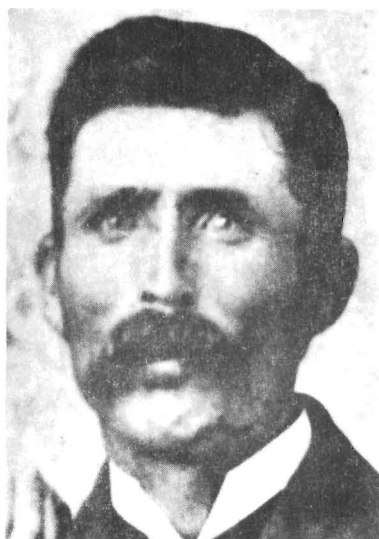
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While they were hooking the wagons together at the top of the hill, Bill Farley discovered the black man hiding in Henry's lead wagon. The black man pleaded with them not to take him back to Fort



Henry E. Jenkins and Lem Rice

Benton, because he had been put in jail while fighting to protect himself from two other fellows who picked on him. They agreed not to take him back, so he asked for a file so he could file the leg iron off. They gave him a file; and while they traveled along, he rode in the wagon and had the leg iron filed through by night fall. He asked them for

some money so he could get a ticket on the stage for Helena. They told him they could give him only a little money, but would provide him with food so he could survive while getting away. He asked to stay that night with them, and they agreed. Along about sundown, two men on horses caught up with them and asked if they had seen a black man, for there was a reward out for him dead or alive that they wanted to collect. Henry asked them if they planned to harm the black man, and one of them answered that he didn't care whether the black man was dead or not, and really thought it might be easier if they killed him first. Henry said they had not seen the black man they were looking for, but would keep an eye out for him. All the while, the fugitive was hiding under a horse blanket in Henry's wagon.

The next morning they fed the black man breakfast, gave him some grub in a sack, and he took off into the timber after Henry advised him not to travel along the road or he would surely be caught. When they last saw him, he was heading toward the timber trying to cover his black hair with his hands. They heard later the black man came to a town and some men offered to buy him a drink. When he went into the saloon, they pulled a gun on him, but he grabbed the gun and escaped. However, someone in the group shot at him, slightly wounding him in the arm. It was not a serious wound, so he kept going and got away from the group. After traveling for about a day, he came upon a large freight outfit and asked for something to eat. While he was eating, they surprised and captured

him, then tied him to one of the freight wagon wheels that night. The next day they tied his wrists and hands before putting him on the stage that went back to Fort Benton. Whether or not they ever collected the reward, Henry never knew. The black man was kept in jail at Fort Benton for nearly a year, and then released. He had been out of jail only about six months when he and another fellow got into a fight; the other fellow hit him in the head with a rock and killed him. This is the way the story was told to Henry and Lem.

They arrived at another hill on their way to Helena, and Bill Farley was in the lead. About half way up, he met another freight outfit coming down the hill. Normally the man coming down gave the road, but this fellow refused to pull out and argued with Bill about who should pull out and give the road. Finally, they decided the best fighter would get the road, and they had a fight right there and then. The other freighter whipped Bill, so Bill pulled out and gave him the road. When the freighter got to Lem and Henry's outfits, they also pulled out and gave him the road because they felt he had won the right-of-way fairly.

When they arrived at Helena, they unloaded most of their freight, then loaded up with some more freight that Smith and Cline wanted shipped to Bozeman. When they arrived at Bozeman and unloaded their freight, they noticed a lot of soldiers. They heard that these soldiers were chasing Chief Joseph, a Nez Perce Indian that had gone on the warpath. Upon seeing Henry, Lem, and Bill with

empty freight wagons, the army commandeered their outfits and loaded them up with army supplies. They loaded Bill Farley's wagons with beans and other supplies, and said they needed him to take his three wagon loads to the Crow Indian Agency, located approximately two hundred miles east of Bozeman. Henry and Lem's outfits were loaded with army supplies to go north with the soldiers. Henry and Lem were not willing at first to have Bill travel alone, but the army agreed to send an escort along with him to the Crow Agency. It was agreed that Bill should return and wait for them at Butte, as they could load up with ore and return to Utah.

The first day out everything went along fine. The soldiers traveled a little faster than Henry and Lem, but stopped soon enough that Henry and Lem caught up with them to make camp that night. They traveled faster the next day and the lieutenant told Henry and Lem at noon they would only have a short stop before heading on. Henry told the lieutenant that the mules had to be fed or they would not be able to stand the trip. The lieutenant insisted he could not stop long enough for that because they had to move on. Henry argued with the lieutenant, and finally told Lem that he was going to unhitch the mules to feed and rest them. Lem, however, was of the opinion that this would get them in trouble. Henry started unhitching his mules, and the lieutenant ordered him to stop. When another argument ensued and Henry continued to unhitch the mules, the lieutenant threatened to

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arrest Henry and have him court-martialed. Henry told him to go ahead, and inquired what they would do with him if they did. The lieutenant answered that as long as there was no jail, they would lead Henry behind the wagons by his thumbs. When the soldiers were asked if any of them would drive a twelve-mule team, none could do it; so they had to let Henry feed and rest his mules without being punished.

After nearly a week of travel, the soldiers received word by a special army carrier that Chief Joseph had been captured in the Bear Paw Mountains north of the Missouri River. Henry and Lem were with the army about thirty miles south of the present city of Great Falls. The army told them they could either continue onto Great Falls or return to Bozeman.

The Nez Perce Indians, breeders of the Appaloosa saddle horses, had been settled on the Lapwai Reservation near the mouth of the Clearwater River in north central Idaho. They were being harrassed by the white settlers, and finally went on the warpath under the leadership of Chief Joseph. They left the reservation and went over the mountain to White Bird, just a few miles up the Salmon River from where it dumps into the Snake River. After a battle on 17 June 1877, they retraced their route to where Grangeville is now located; from there they traveled east to the south fork of the Clearwater River and continued down to the main Clearwater River. On 11 July 1877, they had a battle called the Battle of the Clearwater with the

United States Army under the command of General Oliver O. Howard. They traveled north down the Clearwater River a few miles to what was known as the Kamiah Crossing, and engaged with general Howard in another battle on 13 July 1877. When the battle was over, the Indians traveled up the Clearwater River to the mouth of the Locksaw River, then up the Locksaw over the Lolo Pass into Montana and the Bitter Root Valley.

Although General Howard was always in pursuit, he could not travel as fast as the Indians, even though the Indians had their women and children. Chief Joseph then led his band up the Bitter Root River, where they crossed over the mountain to the east into the Big Hole Valley in Montana. On 9 August 1877, they were surprised near the head of the Big Hole River by the U.S. Army under the command of Colonel Gibbon, who had come from Fort Shaw, Montana. Colonel Gibbon was wounded in the arm, thirty-three soldiers were killed, and forty were wounded. Had they not had trowel bayonets to dig holes for shelter, they would possibly have been annihilated. Thirty Indians were killed, and over fifty were wounded, including women and children.

General Howard was still in pursuit, but was still several days behind the Indians. The Indians managed to elude Colonel Gibbon and traveled southeast through the abandoned town of Bannock, where several young braves with their squaws and children left the main company and went over Bannock Pass into Idaho at the near head of the

Lemhi Valley. The main body of Indians under the command of Chief Joseph continued southeast to the Monida Pass. They crossed into Idaho and followed down Beaver Creek, where they exchanged a few shots with some freighters. They crossed over the mountains to the east and followed down west Camas Creek to Camas Meadows, now called Kilgore. Here they camped for about a week to recuperate and wait for the rest of the party that had gone over into the Lemhi Valley to meet them.

The Lemhi Valley party traveled south over the Gilmore Summit and down into Birch Creek, where they met some freighters and massacred all but one of them. They continued south and then east along the foot of the mountains, crossed the freight road to Montana, then traveled east to Camas Meadows, where they met the main party of Indians.

On a hot day, 15 August 1877, Al Green, Jim Hayden, and Dan Coombs were freighting from Corinne to Salmon and crossed the sagebrush area from Mud Lake to Birch Creek. They caught up with two miners walking to Salmon, and gave them a ride in the freight wagons. These three freighters had hired a Chinaman, who also wanted to get to Salmon, to cook for them on the trip. About the time they came to Reno Point, a man named Albert E. Lyon caught up to them. He was riding a saddle horse and looking for a team of horses that had wandered away from the stage station at Market Lake. They stopped to let their mules rest while they had something to eat, and had just finished eating when

a group of about fifty Indians came down the creek. The Indians were traveling with their squaws and children, so the freighters were not too concerned, and Indians from the Fort Hall Reservation often traveled to the Salmon River country to fish for salmon. They did not know that these were Nez Perce Indians who had been fighting and fleeing from the U.S. soldiers.

The Indians stated they wanted some food, supplies, and ammunition to hunt with. The freighters gave them rifle shells and some food, but made a mistake in letting the Indians come up to their wagons. The Indians started looking into the wagons, discovered that the freighters were carrying barrels of whiskey, and wanted some of the liquor. Shots were fired during an ensuing argument and fight, and some killing took place. The Indians set fire to one of the wagons, and Albert Lyon managed to get to the creek midst the smoke and fighting. Lyon moved down the creek under cover of the willows until he found a place to hide under the bank, where he remained during the fight. The Indians killed the three freighters and the two miners, but let the Chinaman live.

After the fight, the Indians became very drunk and some of them passed out. The rest made the Chinaman get down on his hands and knees and be a horse for the little papooses to ride. They would hold onto the Chinaman's long braided hair (cue) until he bucked them off. This continued until the Chinaman became so tired he could not buck anymore, so they let him rest. The Chinaman was

turned loose by the Indians and walked on up over the Gilmore Summit to the mining town of Gilmore, where he stayed awhile before traveling on to Salmon City. This group of Indians had not heeded Chief Joseph's council that it was all right to take food and livestock from the people enroute, but not to kill them. They rounded up most of the mules, packed as much food and ammunition as possible, and headed for Camas Meadows to meet the main tribe of Nez Perce.

Albert Lyon escaped under cover of darkness later that night and headed back to Market Lake afoot, arriving there the next day about noon nearly exhausted. When he reported about the freighters being killed, a party from Market Lake went up to Birch Creek and buried the bodies of the men and made markers for their graves. The bodies of these men were later moved to the cemetery in Salmon city, and today there is a stone marker on the lower area of Birch Creek telling about the Indian fight. This marker, as far as can be determined, is located about two miles upstream from where the massacre took place. Although there are many accounts of the incident, this one was told by Henry, who heard it from the freighters and people at Market Lake. Henry knew these freighters who were killed and, at times, had traveled with them along the freight road.

When the group that had killed the freighters on Birch Creek rejoined Chief Joseph at Camas Meadows, they all moved on east nearer the Shot Gun Valley. General Howard had traveled

approximately the same route down the Big Hole as the Indians; making good time, he arrived in Camas Meadows on 19 August. In fact, he actually camped near the spot where the Indians had camped the night before. When Howard's men entered the cool meadows filled with hay that had been cut and stacked by the stage company, they were overjoyed. They figured the Indians were further east and would not bother them, so they were not too alert that night. Howard's men camped between Camas Creek and Spring Creek, where aspen trees furnished both shade and protection. Captain Norwood's cavalry camped on the west side of Camas Creek, where they felt they were protected from front and rear. Soon the men were bathing in the creeks and fishing; within a very few minutes they had caught enough fish for all to have for supper. That night when all were settled after having much-needed baths, they were soon asleep thinking all was well.

They posted guards to keep a lookout, but it did not stop the Indians from moving in. About 4:00 A.M. the Indians penetrated the camp and pandemonium broke loose. Indians seemed to be everywhere, yelling and shooting into the wagons, with bullets whistling through the brush. Horses and mules joined in the excitement and ran away from the hazing of the Indian riders. A quickly-organized pursuit recovered some of the mules and horses; however, the Indians soon recaptured the horses and mules. Because of possible ambush, the soldiers pursued the Indians rather cautiously through the

dense aspens, high brush, and heavy thickets. The battle continued for several miles east, with an occasional shot being fired when the soldiers thought they had spotted the enemy. When the soldiers came over a ridge, the waiting Indians opened fire on them. A cross-fire developed, and some of the soldiers were pinned down because their slightest movements drew immediate fire from the enemy. Bugler Brooks was shot out of his saddle, and his body was rescued by another soldier. Another bugler blew to the rear and part of the troops retreated, leaving the rest of them practically surrounded by the Indians, so all they could do was keep down and wait. It was getting along in the afternoon, the sun was hot, and these few discouraged men had been fighting since daybreak without any food or water.

It was all quiet for some time, which seemed like a century to those pinned down in the rocks and brush. The Indians crawled to within a few steps of one soldier and shot him in the back; another soldier, Sam Glass, was shot through the bladder and died a few days later while enroute to Virginia City. He is buried in Pleasant Valley near the Montana border. Bugler Brooks is buried near Spring Creek in the Camas Meadows; three other men who were also killed are buried at the battle site. General Howard's troops came up as reinforcement, and the Indians moved out after a few hours of fighting.

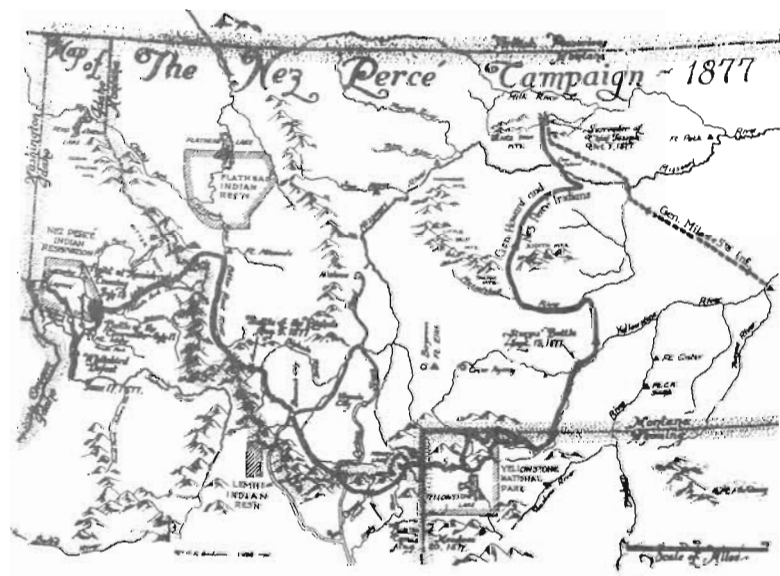
When the Indians withdrew to their camp east of Sheridan Creek at the west end of Shot Gun Valley, General Howard decided not to follow them

but to camp and regroup. When he returned to the camp on Camas Creek with his men, part of his cavalry horses and most of the pack mules were gone, having been driven off and captured by the Indians. As far as Chief Joseph was concerned, Howard was definitely out of the fight for the time being. Howard's troops were nearly shoeless and without any way to carry many provisions. Howard pursued Chief Joseph to Henry's Lake, then went over Reynolds' Pass to the north and into Virginia City where he refitted part of his outfit before marching onto Fort Ellis at Bozeman.

Chief Joseph moved on over the Continental Divide west of the present town of West Yellowstone, and continued on into the Yellowstone Park area. They split into two groups just north of the Yellowstone Lake—one went east, and the other traveled north to the Mammoth Hot Springs area then turned east and followed the LaMar River out of the Park. They followed the Clark Fork River to where it empties into the Yellowstone River, then continued down the north bank of the Yellowstone River to a location near the present city of Billings. General Howard coming from Bozeman caught up to them here, and the Battle of Sturgis ensued on 13 September 1877.

Chief Joseph retreated, moved on down the Yellowstone River a few more miles, then headed straight north to the Musselshell River, and traveled up that river before heading north between the Judith Mountains on the east and the Snow Mountains on the west. All this time General Howard

was still in pursuit, but far behind Joseph, General Miles, with his Fifth Infantry, was coming from the east. Chief Joseph and his company crossed the Missouri River at Cow Island, and headed north into the Bear Paw Mountains where they were engaged in battle with General Miles. The five-day battle resulted in the loss of many lives on both sides. Finally, with his people cold and starving, Chief Joseph

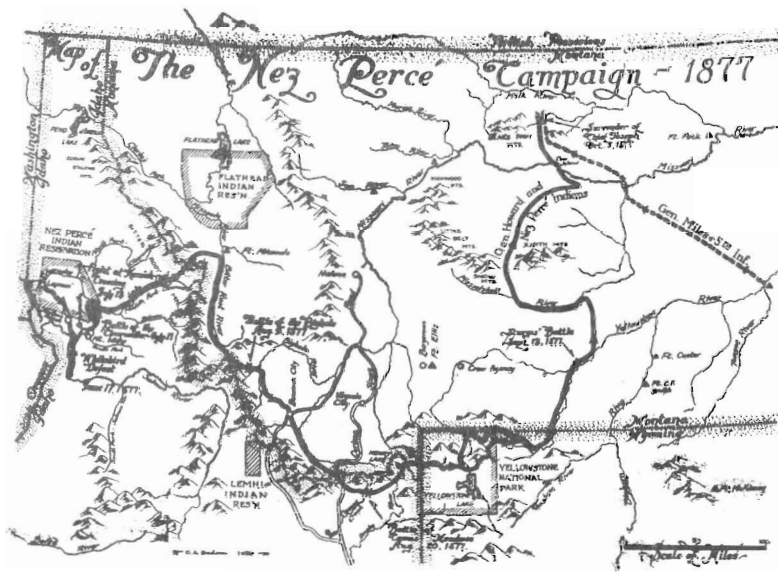


surrendered on 5 October 1877. Although General Howard had chased Chief Joseph from Idaho into Montana, back into Idaho and again into Montana, he was still not the victor -- but arrived in time to witness the surrender. Chief Joseph was considered one of the most brilliant strategists in warfare that the west had ever known. Through his strategy and leadership, along with his other tribal chiefs, he had frustrated the United States armies for over three months. When he surrendered, he was nearly within sight of his goal, Canada, where he hoped to secure freedom for his people.

After the surrender of Chief Joseph, Henry and Lem decided to return to Bozeman as soon as they could. They had had all of the Army they wanted—the Army was driving them too fast, and the mules were becoming tired. The Army took all that they could carry and headed north, telling Henry and Lem to take the rest back to Bozeman and unload it at Fort Ellis.

On the way north they passed a cattle ranch that had a large number of cowhides hanging on the corral fences, so they stopped on the way back and purchased all the dry cowhides the rancher had. They planned to store the hides on top of the wagon boxes of ore they would pick up at Butte, because the hides did not weigh much and could be hauled. There were enough hides to fill all six of their wagons -- some must have been at least three or four years old. Henry and Lem could not sleep in the wagons because of the bulkiness of the hides, so they slept in their tent. After buying the hides, they

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stopped one night along a small creek, where Henry went to get some wood and a bucket of water. He decided to gather the wood first, and get the water later. As he reached down to pick up a dead willow, he heard a rattlesnake; within seconds, he could hear rattling all along the creek. He dropped hold of the willow, picked up his bucket, and dashed back to camp to tell Lem that the place was alive with rattlesnakes. They went to bed that night without any fire or supper.

During that day they passed Indians in groups of ten to fifty. Not knowing if the Indians were friendly, they would not let the Indians come up to the wagons. Often the Indians wanted to know what they were hauling, and Henry and Lem would tell them wool and cowhides. They did not tell them that army rifles and ammunition were underneath the cowhides, because they were afraid the Indians might overpower them and take the guns.

That night the moon was shining, and after the mules grazed for awhile they were tied to the wagons so the Indians could not run them off during the night. Henry and Lem had not been in bed long when they heard someone coming -- they could hear the trotting of the horses and the noise of packs chucking up and down on the horses. Lem asked if Henry could hear the noise, and Henry answered yes but it was probably just some Indians passing through and there was nothing to worry about. Even though he said this so Lem would not be worried Henry, himself, was a little uneasy. Because of the snakes, they were afraid to sleep in their tent; the

snakes might come to the camp and crawl in bed with them to keep warm since the temperature was getting colder each night. They had taken some of the cowhides out, but there were still enough to make the wagon smell of the hides. When the noise stopped, Henry looked out of the wagon and saw about twenty Indians sitting on horses looking over their camp -- they had four or five pack horses with them. Henry picked up his rifle, shoved it out the front of the wagon, and scraped it on the wagon box to make a noise. With the moon shining on the barrel, the Indians saw the rifle pointed at them so they turned abruptly and took off as fast as they could. There was no more trouble that night.

The next morning they waited until the sun had warmed things up before they went down to the creek for wood and water. By then it was light enough for them to keep a sharp lookout for the snakes, which were warmed up and scurried away when they were approached. The mules grazed for a while and were given a good feed of grain before being hooked up. A mule will not eat enough grain to become sick and foundered, but horses will keep eating grain and get foundered, sometimes killing themselves from overeating.

That day as they came to the crest of a hill, they were met by about five hundred Indians who wanted to come up to the wagons. Henry waved them off with his rifle, and two Indians came up to the wagons while the rest stayed back. When the Indians insisted on seeing what was being hauled, they were shown the cowhides. They were satisfied

and rode away. Henry and Lem did not know if the Indians were friendly, but found out when they got to Bozeman that most of the Indians were Crow Indians. They also learned that the day after they had the scare in the night, some Indians had come upon some campers; the campers were shot at, but it was believed that no one was killed or wounded.

They unloaded their government supplies and heard that Bill Farley had returned the previous day from delivering beans to the Crow Agency and was camped just west of Bozeman. They moved out where he was, camped over a day to re-shoe some of the mules, then traveled onto Butte and loaded up with ore. They had to unload the cowhides before loading the ore, then reload the cowhides on top of the ore. By distributing the hides among the six wagons, they were able to load them all without putting any in the lead wagon of either outfit.

The ore they were hauling was mainly copper, with a little silver and lead among the ore. It was rather concentrated, as they could not afford to ship low-grade ore to Utah. They camped one day for noon about five miles from Point of the Rocks on the Beaverhead Stream when some soldiers came by and warned them to move. A large group of Indians was being moved from the Lemhi Reservation in Idaho to another reservation in Montana, and the Indians were unhappy about the move. Some of the Indians had obtained whiskey and gotten into a fight with some freighters, and a man named Semester had shot one of the Indians. The rest were about to go on the warpath, and the soldiers were

afraid they may not be able to control the Indians. Henry, Lem, and Bill hooked up and left as soon as they could. It was a Sunday, and they generally did not travel much on a Sunday because if the mules rested at least one day a week, they worked better the remainder of the week.

After traveling about two miles, they came to a log house that was being used for a church, and there were about twenty wagons at the church. Henry went to the door and told the people they should keep a close lookout because there was a group of Indians not far north that might go on the warpath. Immediately the people ran to their wagons and headed south to a fort that had been built for protection from the Indians. When Henry and Lem passed by the fort the next day, there were still two wagons there. Most of the people had spent the night at the fort but, since nothing happened, they were headed home to their ranches.

When they arrived at Beaver Dives on the Idaho side of the divide, six soldiers were there looking for a guide to take them over into the Island Park country and then south to Eagle Rock. They had been there three or four days and had been unable to find a guide. They would pay three hundred dollars for the guide service, and figured they would be gone about a week or ten days. Henry decided that if he found someone to drive his outfit to Eagle Rock, he would be able to guide them as long as he could see the old junipers east of old Camas and also the Teton Peaks to the east. He told them that he knew the country from talking to trappers that had

been in the area, and would guide them if he could get a driver to take his outfit to Eagle Rock. A fellow at the station who had been working as a roustabout agreed to drive Henry's team for twenty-five dollars. Two of the soldiers had been with Howard's army at the battle in Camas Meadows; one knew the area until they got into Island Park, but did not know the country from there.

The next day it was late morning when they started for Camas Meadows. They traveled south to where Spencer now is, and from there they headed east along the foothills. They arrived at the lower end of Camas Meadows and camped that night near where Woods Livestock had a shearing plant at one time, which was called the "Eighteen Mile Plant." That night they caught fish for supper with some fishing tackle one soldier had along. He had fished earlier in the year when he traveled with General Howard, and it was now mid-October.

The next morning they broke camp shortly after sun-up—the sky was clear, but the temperature was cool and steam was rising from Camas Creek. Where they were camped, the sun had not yet warmed things up that early in the morning. The two soldiers, who had been with General Howard during his campaign, offered to show the group where the Battle of Camas Meadows had taken place the previous August 20th. They rode northeast up the creek to a spot south and east of the present Kilgore store to an area now known as the Vadnais Pasture. The soldier pointed to where they were camped, and you could see evidence of

the campground. The army wagon that had carried the supplies was still standing there, and several bullet holes were in the wagon box. A little farther on were three graves that the soldier claimed belonged to the three soldiers who lost their lives in the battle.

NOTE: I have been unable to find any record of the three graves or who the soldiers were. In the summer of 1936, I took my father, who was seventy-nine years of age at the time, out to that area and we searched for the graves. We found Bugler Brooks' grave because it had a headstone surrounded by a wire fence that had been put up by the Dubois Lions Club. About 1955, I was talking to Arthur Barney about the Camas Meadows battle and told him my father had seen three graves the October following the battle. Arthur Barney claimed that the three graves did exist, that he saw the graves when he was a boy herding cattle out at the east area of Camas Meadows. He claimed that over the years the cattle and horses in that area had tromped the rocks and grave-mounds down until they were not distinguishable from the surrounding area. Art was about 75 years of age when he told me this, so my father's claim to the existence of the graves is evidently true.

There was evidence of the rocks being piled up to form breast-works that the Indians hid behind while the fighting was going on. Henry asked the soldier if the Indians were good shots, so the soldier took off his hat and pointed to a spot on his head where the hair was burned off. He claimed that was

how close he came to being killed, as the bullet had just creased his scalp and burned off the hair. Standing in the Camas Meadows were three or four haystacks that the stage company had not hauled over to the stage line, but they would be moved soon.

By that time, Henry could not see the old Junipers because the ridge south of Camas Meadows was high enough that the Junipers were not visible; however, he could still see the tops of the Teton Mountains. They traveled on east to the Shot Gun Valley and came to the place where there was evidence of Chief Joseph's camp on the east side of Sheridan Creek. Across the north end of Shot Gun Valley, sage chickens by the thousands were flying up ahead of them; Henry thought he had seen a lot of sage chickens before, but this surpassed anything he had ever seen. They shot and cleaned four sage hens, then tied them to the saddles so they would have meat that evening.

The party crossed the North Fork of the Snake River (later named Henry's Fork, after Captain Henry who traveled the Upper Snake River Valley as an early trapper) about where the Lakeside Lodge is located on the Island Park Reservoir. After entering the timber, there was no evidence of the Tetons, Junipers, or any other land marks to help Henry keep oriented, so he had to use the sun as a guide. That night they camped on the north side of the Buffalo river, about a mile or so east of where the Ponds Lodge is now located, at a spot where a

small creek flowed into the Buffalo from the north. (This must have been Elk Creek.)

That evening they sighted four moose feeding along on the willows of this small creek, not over one hundred yards from their camp. It was the first time Henry had been that close to a moose, and the moose acted unconcerned with the soldiers. The next morning one moose was out in the Buffalo River eating moss. It shoved its head under the water to get a mouthful of moss, then raised its head out of the water to chew the moss.

That day they traveled about two or three miles up the Buffalo River, then crossed and headed south. Henry was using only the location of the sun and the moss on the north sides of the trees to help determine directions. They wandered back and forth in a zig zag course and came to the open area where the present Harriman Park (Railroad Ranch) is located; however, they stayed on the east side of the Snake River. They camped that night at the head of Warm River. Henry still had no familiar landmarks to guide him; but he located the North Star that night, which helped him to keep directions straight. He had been taught by his father that if you locate the stars in the sky that form the big dipper, the line-up of the two stars that are farthest from the handle point to the North star. The next night they camped in the canyon where the Warm River and the Snake River meet, after wandering all day back and forth along the approximate route of the present U.S. Highway 47. They just happened to get close to the Snake River and discovered the Upper

and Lower Mesa Falls. Again that night they caught all the fish they could eat from the Warm River.

As they came down the mountain into the Warm River Canyon they saw the three Teton Peaks and the old Junipers, which now gave Henry assurance of his location. The next morning they traveled out of the canyon and up to the dry farm east of the present town of Marysville, from where they could see all of the Upper Snake River Valley. No one had settled the upper part of the valley above Idaho Falls; and when Henry saw all the flowing river water and the many miles of waving grass and sagebrush, he felt he had finally found the area in which to settle and establish a cattle and horse ranch -- a dream he had had since the days he had stayed at the Shirley ranch on the Raft River when he was only fourteen years of age.

They traveled along the foothills, now all dryfarm land, high enough that they could always be looking over the valley to their west. The area that was later settled as Egin Bench was covered with sagebrush taller and larger than Henry had ever seen. In fact, patches of sage nearly as high as a horse were evident throughout the whole valley below them. Everywhere were elk, deer, and antelope, fat and beautiful to look at. They were not afraid of anything and just glanced up as the soldiers passed. The group had seen many beaver ponds, where the beaver would slap their tails as they dived into the water, then come right back up to watch the soldiers. One of the soldiers commented

that the area through which they had been traveling would be a trapper's paradise.

After arriving at a deep canyon where the Teton River flowed along the bottom, they traveled west for a mile or so because of the steepness of the canyon until they found a place to cross. They camped that night on the Teton River, and again had fish for supper and breakfast. It was no problem to catch fish in any of the streams, because the fish seemed hungry and were so abundant they could be seen in the water. They traveled the next day over the Rexburg bench area east and south of the present town of Rexburg. During all this time, one of the soldiers was keeping a journal of the things they saw and encountered and making a rough map of the country. They crossed the South Fork or the main Snake River just west of Heise Hot springs, although at the time they were not aware that the hot springs existed. That night they camped on a small stream just east of where Ririe now stands. Just before stopping for the night, they spotted some antelope ahead of them. Henry said, "Let's have antelope for supper." Everyone else agreed, but stated they had better get closer to the antelope before shooting. Henry raised his gun, aimed about a foot above the herd and shot, scattering the antelope. When they arrived at the spot where the antelope had been, there lay a doe with a shot through the head—so they had fresh meat that night.

It was the last night they would be together, because they would arrive at Eagle Rock the next day. Since they knew they would reach Eagle Rock

that day, they did not get up as early the next morning as they had in the past. They traveled along the foothills south of the present town of Ririe, crossed Willow Creek near where it comes out of the canyon, and headed for the highest point south and west of them. When they arrived at the top of the hill, now known as Iona Hill, they could see Eagle Rock in the distance about eight or ten miles to the west. It looked lonely, setting there along the river with miles of sagebrush and grass on all sides. As they looked over the country through field glasses, the Army men commented on how well Henry had guided them on the trip, that he always knew where they were and which way to go. Little did they know that, when they were traveling through the Island Park country, Henry knew not much more than they as to their whereabouts!

When they arrived at Eagle Rock, they gave Henry a draft on the Army for the three hundred dollars, which he cashed when he returned to Corinne. He paid off the driver who had driven his outfit from Beaver Dives; and the next day he, Lem, and Bill headed for Corinne with their loads while the soldiers returned to Montana and Fort Ellis. On the way to Utah, Henry told Bill and Lem of his experiences and of the great land he had seen. He continued that some day he was going to settle in the upper country, as it looked like an ideal place to run livestock. He could not know the hardships of the settlers when they settled the Upper Snake River Valley; he visioned it only as it later developed.

They arrived at Corinne the first part of November, and decided not to make another trip to Montana that year before winter. Bill Farley said he wanted to quit driving freight wagons and go back east to visit some of his relatives, so they paid him what they owed him. He had been talking about quitting freighting for several weeks, but now had made up his mind. They found a place to winter their mules, so they stored their wagons and headed for Farmington to spend the winter.

When Henry and Lem arrived at Farmington, their folks were glad to see them and filled them in on several things that had transpired the past eleven months. Henry's father was always interested in informing Henry about the happenings that affected the Mormon Church. His father related some incidents that Henry already knew about, but Henry still listened to his father. On January 1st, the St. George Temple had been dedicated. This was the first temple in the west to be completed for endowments and sealings, and the saints were overjoyed. That same year on March 23rd, John D. Lee had been executed at Mountain Meadows. The following statement was supposedly to have been made by John D. Lee as he stood at the foot of his coffin before he was shot: "This is a dastardly act; but if it must be done, take aim at my heart and do not miss." On April 25th, President Brigham Young dedicated the site for a temple to be built at Manti, Utah. He told about Brigham Young getting a divorce from one of his wives, Eliza Young, and being ordered by the courts to pay alimony to her. Later

in the year, the court disallowed the alimony to Eliza Young.

On May 18th, the ground for building a temple at Logan was dedicated by Apostle Orson Pratt. Dr. Charles F. Windslow had died on July 7th and requested in his will that his remains be cremated. Therefore, the first cremation of human remains had taken place on the 31st of July. All the Church had mourned the passing of Brigham Young on 29 August 1877, who died at his home from inflammation of the bowels, later known as appendicitis. (No appendicitis operations had ever been performed in the United States prior to this time.) On September 17th, the cornerstone of the Logan Temple was laid so it would not be long before another temple would be built. The work on the Salt Lake Temple was slow, but progressing.

On September 19th Porter Rockwell had been arrested, charged, and imprisoned in Salt Lake City for a murder that was to have taken place about twenty years previously; but he was released on fifteen thousand dollars bail on October 5th.

It took several days for Henry to hear about all that had taken place since he left that last spring. He asked his father who had replaced Brigham Young as President of the Mormon Church. He was informed that John Taylor, the President of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, would no doubt be the next President; but as of now, the Council of the Twelve were leading the Church -- just as had been the case when the Prophet Joseph Smith was killed until Brigham Young became President. Henry

learned that the Lord, in setting up His Church and through revelations, had made it known that the next President of the Church would always be the President of the Council of the Twelve; and until he was set apart as the President, the Church would be led by the Council of the Twelve. By this method of succession, the President of the Church was never chosen by man. On November 21st, Thomas A. Edison invented the first talking machine.

Henry bought a team of horses and a buggy for transportation, as he and Lem spent some time traveling to Salt Lake and taking in the sights. Lem was very interested in Juliette, Henry's younger sister; but Evan, Henry's father, objected to Juliette going out with Lem. For some reason he had taken a disliking to Lem and referred to him as that "Wild Rice." There was nothing Lem was doing or had done that Henry wasn't doing or had done; but, to Evan, that was different. Evan forbade Juliette to go with Lem, but she defied him and continued to see Lem on the sly. The four young people—Henry, Juliette, Lem, and Caroline—traveled around as a foursome all that fall, winter, and spring. Lem and Juliette were getting serious and talking of marriage. They did not tell either of their folks because they were afraid that Evan might do something to prevent the marriage; so Henry and Caroline were the only ones who knew of their plans.

Chapter Ten

Henry and Caroline, Lem and Juliette
1878-1880

The latter part of February 1878, Juliette decided to tell her parents that she and Lem were planning to marry, even though she knew her father might object. She was past twenty years of age and felt she should have some say as to what her life might be. When she informed her folks of her plans, Evan went into a rage and told her that if she continued seeing that Lem Rice, she could leave the home and never come back. She asked for forgiveness for disobeying them, but Evan would not listen; she took her things and went to live with the Leonard Rice family. They gave her a room and treated her as one of the family; and on 18 March 1878, she became the bride of Lemuel Jerome Rice. Evan and Ann did not attend the wedding; but Evan sat by the window, sputtering and grumbling about the proceedings taking place as he looked across the field at the Rice family chasing and catching chickens in preparation for the wedding dinner. Evan did not change his feelings about Juliette marrying Lem until several years later. One day

Evan saw Juliette standing at the Rice home while he was working in his nearby field. When they looked at each other, all animosity vanished and they came together and embraced. Evan asked for Juliette's forgiveness, exclaiming that he did not know why he had acted so stubborn all that time; from then on, Lem was accepted into the family and all was well.

On 3 April 1878, the Utah Northern Railroad was sold at public auction and purchased by the Union Pacific, with the name being changed to the Utah and Northern Railroad. On 1 June 1878 the community of Berne, Bear Lake County, Idaho, was organized as a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints with John Kunz as Branch President; it was later organized into a ward in 1890. On July 2 Thomas G. Rich, son of Apostle Charles C. Rich, was accidentally killed in a horse race at St. Charles, Bear Lake County. On July 11th, John Whitmer, one of the eight witnesses to the Book of Mormon, died at Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri.

By spring Henry had become infatuated with Caroline Rice, Lem's sister. She was a beautiful girl with dark hair and dark eyes and was one that any young man would be proud to call his girl or wife. They were, however, not as madly in love as Lem and Juliette so they had not talked about marriage but had agreed to write to each other during the summer while Henry and Lem were away freighting. Henry had two large front teeth that he had paid little attention to until he became

interested in Caroline, and then he decided to do something about them. That spring he bought a looking glass and a small file; and over the next six months of freighting he would, during the noon hours, lay under the shade of his wagon and file down his teeth. By that fall he had the teeth filed down so they were in line with his other teeth, which improved his looks considerably.

Early in the spring, Henry went to Corinne to see how their mules had wintered and found that the man responsible for their feeding had not taken very good care of them. Henry stayed in Corinne and bought some hay and oats so the mules could get in good flesh and be ready to work. He had little to do there except take care of the mules, so he spent much of his spare time playing cards around the saloons. Being both lucky and a good player, he made more than enough money to pay for his room and board at one of the local hotels.

When Lem arrived about the first part of May, they loaded up the six freight wagons and were ready to start north. They were unable to get a driver for the other twelve-mule team and three wagons, so they sold this outfit to a man who needed more mules and wagons to freight into southwestern Idaho. There was still talk of the railroad going north to Butte, Montana; but since nothing definite had taken place, it looked like there would still be two or three good years of freighting into Montana. The first few days were slow going -- the ground was soft and there were still a few mud holes along the way. The stage drivers said that the

road over Malad Divide was not completely dry. The mules were still soft, not yet used to work, so there was no hurry to push them too fast, which would also give the roads a chance to dry. When they reached the Malad Divide the roads had dried, and the grass was high enough at Marsh Valley that the mules had plenty of feed and they could cut down on the amount of oats they fed the mules each day.

The month of May was beautiful with very little rain, but the winter moisture made the grass and everything grow fast. The entire Upper Snake River Valley was as green as they had ever seen it. By the time they reached the Monida Divide between Idaho and Montana, the snow was gone except for a few drifts at the side of the road. However, snow was still in the tops of the mountains along the Continental Divide. Their loads of freight were for Virginia City; this was the first time they had freight for Virginia City since they started freighting with mules. When they arrived, the merchants were waiting with open arms, because their store supplies were running low.

Virginia City had changed very little since Henry had seen it in 1873, although there were a few more business houses and several more saloons and gambling halls. They unloaded their freight, then drove to Blacktail to load up with wool for Fort Benton down on the Missouri River. The trip to Fort Benton was without incident; and when they got to Fort Benton to unload their wool, again there was some wool already there to be shipped down the river.

The wholesale outfit of Cline and Smith had branched out into freighting their own supplies from Fort Benton to Butte, Helena, and Bozeman. They had trouble with their drivers, and all the drivers quit; so they had to hire new drivers who did not know all of their mules. All the freighters grazed their mules out of town, then rounded them up in one large corral so each outfit could go in and pick out its own mules. One morning, a new driver for Cline and Smith picked out two of Henry's mules for his outfit, not knowing which mules belonged to Cline and Smith. Henry did not say anything, but picked out two of the best mules he could find and figured it was a fair trade. He kept these mules until the summer of 1880 when the original foreman of Cline and Smith went back to work for them and one day recognized Henry's two mules as belonging to Cline and Smith. The foreman claimed the mules and, since Henry was unable to find his mules in Cline and Smith's herd, he lost two mules and had to buy two more to make up his team.

Henry and Lem loaded up with freight for Cline and Smith at Fort Benton and headed for Helena.

They had traveled about a mile west of Fort Benton when they caught up with a soldier who was traveling on foot to Helena. According to his discharge papers, he had been discharged from the Army and was going to visit his sister living in Helena. He asked for a ride and agreed to pay if he could travel with them. Their wagons were loaded to the top of the wagon bows and there was no place

for him to ride, but Henry told him he could travel along with them by walking beside or riding one of the mules. He agreed that would be fine, he just did not want to travel alone. After walking a few miles, he asked if he could ride on one of the wagon tongues. Henry agreed, but warned him not to go to sleep and fall off because the wagon would run over him. He said he was not sleepy and would be careful, then went back and got on the trail wagon's tongue. They had not traveled over two or three miles when Lem yelled for Henry to stop. Henry stopped and went back; the soldier had fallen off and been run over by the wheels of the freight wagon and was in serious condition. He was bleeding from the mouth, could talk a little, and claimed his stomach hurt where the wheels of the wagon had gone over him. They placed him on a blanket under a nearby tree, then Lem got on the saddle horse and raced back to Fort Benton. As soon as Lem reported to the Army post what had happened, they immediately dispatched an ambulance, drawn by four mules, to the scene of the accident where they loaded up the soldier and returned to Fort Benton. The next afternoon an Army buggy heading for Helena to get the soldier's sister caught up with them and reported that the soldier had died that morning. That was the last time they were in Fort Benton.

The rest of the summer they freighted between Corrinne and Virginia City; and each time they returned to Corinne, Lem would return to Farmington to see his wife. Henry did not go to

Farmington each time, but one trip he decided he wanted to go see Caroline. He had been corresponding with her all summer, and decided she was the girl he wanted to marry. While there, he did not ask her to marry him but they had a date, and she acted like she thought a lot of him. The other times Lem went to Farmington Henry stayed at Corinne, gambling and looking after the mules. He kept busy, because there were always harnesses to be fixed and mules to be shod.

That fall when they returned from Butte and had made arrangements to winter their mules, they went to Farmington where Henry proposed to Caroline and she accepted. They were married 13 December 1878, rented a small home from one of the neighbors, and spent quite a little time around Salt Lake that winter taking in the theater and shopping for furniture. When spring came, it was hard for Lem and Henry to leave their brides but they still figured they had at least two more good years of freighting. Both girls realized that Henry and Lem had to leave, but it was understood that each time they returned to Corinne they would visit Farmington for a few days.

During the years of 1879-80 the railroad was being built toward Montana, and they figured 1880 would be their last year for freighting. They both determined to follow some other kind of work so they would not be away from their wives so much.

Caroline and Henry were expecting a baby sometime in August of 1880, but most of the freighting that summer was from Helena to Virginia

City, Butte, and Bozeman. They hauled a lot of freight for Cline and Smith's wholesale house in Helena to the other cities, so only got back down to Corinne one time. When the baby was born on 25 August 1880, Henry was in Bozeman and he did not hear about it until he returned to Helena about two weeks later. When he returned to Helena and picked up a letter from Caroline, he found that he was the father of a baby boy and that both mother and baby were doing fine; he also learned that Juliette, Lem's wife, was expecting a baby sometime that winter.

The last trip from Montana with their freight wagons, they stopped at Eagle Rock and spent a few days resting their mules and fixing harnesses. While Henry and some other freighters were playing cards in the back of a saloon one night, they were approached by a United States Marshal who asked if they would watch a prisoner he had. The prisoner was a man by the name of Roan Hicks, and the Marshal told this story: Roan Hicks, originally from Texas, decided to come west and was of the opinion that everyone carried a gun and that any argument was settled with a gun. He had been on a stage going to Montana; and when the stage stopped at Sand Hole for a rest and change of horses, Roan went into the bar and ordered a drink. He told the bartender, who was the attendant of the stage station, that he wanted a drink of good whiskey. When the bartender poured him a drink, Roan tasted it and said, "Do you call this good whiskey?" The attendant answered, "Yes." Hicks replied, "Well, if you call this good whiskey, you don't know good whiskey." The

bartender reached down under the bar and Hicks pulled out his gun and shot the bartender. He claimed he was just defending himself because he thought the bartender was reaching for a gun; but upon inspection by others, there was no gun under the bar. The other passengers on the stage disarmed Roan and, since a stage was headed for Eagle Rock within a few hours, they tied Hicks' hands behind his back and loaded him on the southbound stage under guard of one of the passengers.

When he arrived at Eagle Rock and people there heard the story, they wanted to hang Hicks immediately; but the U. S. Marshal that happened to be there would not allow it. The Marshal was afraid that if he kept the man in his custody, the town's people might mob together and take the prisoner away from him. The Marshal also knew that Henry and the other freighters were playing cards that night in the back of the saloon, so he brought the prisoner in the back way after dark and handcuffed him to a bed in another back room. One of the card players would occasionally get up from the game and check on the prisoner. They played poker all night, and the next morning the Marshal took the prisoner by stage to the territorial prison in Boise.

Henry later heard that Roan Hicks was tried, found guilty, and given a sentence of life imprisonment. The judge decided that he had acted impulsively and had not shot the bartender in self-defense. Henry also heard that Roan Hicks later wrote a book while in prison about being over-

reactive, warning all young men to be careful of committing any type of criminal act.

When Henry and Lem returned to Corinne that fall, they sold their outfits and spent the winter in Farmington. Although it seemed good to Henry to be home and spend the winter with his wife and son, by spring he was getting the wandering lust again.

That winter he heard that the Union Pacific Railroad was building a line down the Bear River, through to Pocatello, and then on to Oregon. They were looking for contractors to build grade, and Henry thought he might make some money contracting; so the winter of 1881, he went to Ogden to investigate getting a contract. He was told there would be several contracts by the following spring of 1881, and it would give him time to look over several places involved in the letting of contracts.

Henry took the train to Ogden and looked over the engineer's cost estimates of the proposed grade at three locations: (1) north of Randolph, Utah; (2) up the Montpelier Canyon on the Bear River; (3) east of American Falls. He learned that the first job would be at Randolph, then Montpelier Canyon, and finally the one east of American Falls. Henry advised them he would go back and talk to his partner, then give a bid on all three jobs. He returned to Farmington and explained to Caroline that he felt they should take the contracts and talk to Lem and Juliette to see if they were interested in going into the contract. The four of them discussed it for several days before deciding to venture into the

building of grade work for the Union Pacific Railroad that next year. It was settled that Caroline and Juliette would remain in Farmington while Henry and Lem went on the grade contracting without their wives.

During the past couple years of Henry's life, many religious and secular events had also occurred. In 1879, the Mormon Church organized a branch in the Republic of Mexico, the first to be organized in that country. Many men in Utah were captured and sentenced for practicing polygamy. Most of the sentences were three hundred dollar's fine and six months in prison, although some of the leaders such as Bishops were sentenced for longer periods. On January 5th former Judge James B. McKean died in Salt Lake City and, on the 6th, the United States Supreme Court unanimously confirmed the constitutionality of the Anti-Bigamy Law of 1862. In March of 1879 Joseph C. Fisher, the first Latter-day Saint settler in the Snake River Valley, located his family on Poole's Island, north of Eagle Rock (later Idaho Falls).

On 14 April 1879, the cornerstones of the Manti Temple were laid; and on April 30 Emma Smith, the former wife of the murdered Prophet Joseph Smith, died at Nauvoo, Illinois. President Brigham Young's heirs were contesting the settlement of his estate and, in a settlement reached between the heirs and the Church on October 4th, the Church agreed to pay seventy-five thousand dollars to the heirs. On October 21st, Thomas Edison invented the incandescent light bulb, which would

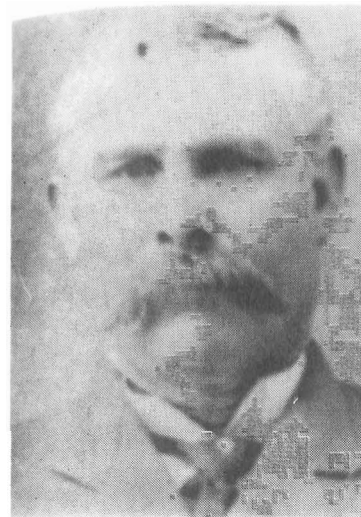
revolutionize lighting throughout the world through the use of electricity. The cash register was patented on November 4th, an invention that changed the way stores carried on business.

1880 marked the fiftieth year of the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which was organized 6 April 1830. The census listed the population of Utah as 143,690 -- an increase of 56,904 persons since the last census figures in 1870. On February 22nd the Saints that settled near Bunkerville, Nevada, on what is called the Mesquite Flat, were organized into the Mesquite Ward with William H. Branch as Bishop. The Bunkerville Ward had been organized just a year before on 11 January 1879, with Edward Bunker as Bishop.

At the general conference in June of the L.D.S. Church, it was voted to transfer \$802,000 from the Perpetual Emigrant Fund to the poor Saints; and it was suggested for anyone holding debts against others to forgive these debts and be charitable to the poor. On May 3rd, the cornerstone of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel was laid by the Masonic Fraternity. On September 5th President Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, visited Salt Lake; and on the 11th, an electric light exhibition was presented in front of the Z.C.M.I. building in Salt Lake. On Sunday, 26th, Dr. Thomas DeWitt Talmage preached a sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle in New York, and suggested that the Mormons in Salt Lake should be annihilated by the Fort Douglas artillery. At the general conference of the Church on

October 10th, the First Presidency was reorganized with John Taylor as President and George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith as counselors. On October 31st the Willow Springs Branch in Malad Valley was organized as the Cherry Creek Ward with John D. Jones as Bishop.

During 1881, a number of the prominent elders of the L.D.S. Church died, and there was general prosperity throughout the Church. Emigrants sailing from England would arrive in New York within ten days, and then at Ogden in another seven or eight days. This was somewhat faster than the earlier Saints who traveled by way of New Orleans, then up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. On October 3rd, Apostle Orson Pratt died in Salt Lake City. On October 27th Joel Hinkley, a railroad agent at Franklin, Onieda County, Idaho, was murdered by two masked gunmen who were subsequently arrested. The Saints who had settled on Poole's Island in the Snake River Valley north of Eagle Rock were organized into a branch with John R. Poole as Branch President, on November 25th. The Utah Northern Railroad, a narrowgage railroad, was completed to Butte, Montana.



Lem and Juliette Rice



Caroline Rice

Chapter Eleven

Contracting with the Railroads in Utah and Idaho 1881-1883

During the winter of 1880-1881, Henry and Lem went to Ogden and again looked over the engineer's plans for the grade work to be done, then made a bid on the three grade building contracts. They bid a little above the engineer's estimates and, within thirty days, received word that they were being awarded the contracts. The first job would be north of Randolph, Utah, along the Bear River; and the second would be along the Montpelier Canyon. They immediately began to gather equipment, teams, and men to start work in the spring of 1881. They found fifteen men and teams to work for them; so in the spring they bought forty head of mules, along with forty harnesses and scrapers. They hired twenty men to drive the teams, then found a cook and three other workers to help on the construction. Few people around the area had enough money to equip a venture of this size, but Lem and Henry had money from freighting and from the sale of their

freight outfits. They bought tents and tools that would be needed on the construction job; in fact, there were enough tools to supply a portable blacksmith shop they needed to repair scrapers and other equipment. They purchased a large tent to be used as a cook tent and, by the first of April, their outfits were ready to go to work. They loaded their livestock and equipment on the train at Ogden to be hauled to Randolph, Utah. From there, they traveled about ten miles north to where they would be working for the next three months. They set up camp near the Bear River where there was plenty of water and feed for their mules, although they had also brought oats for the mules from Ogden. By the middle of April, they began to work. The engineers had the grade all staked and, for the first week, stayed close to see that the job was done right. Within a few days they were contacted by people living nearby who wanted jobs or to sell them meat, eggs, and grain. They hired five more teams and had some extra scrapers shipped to them from Ogden; with the extra help, they would be able to finish the work sooner than the bid called for.

The first week the work went rather slow because the ground was still soft and wet; but by the end of the first week, they were progressing at a rate faster than the railroad company had expected. The company informed Henry that, if he finished the job sooner than the contract called for, they would pay him a bonus. They built grade down the Bear River to near the present town of Cokeville, Wyoming; as they moved forward, they were

followed by the railroad crew laying ties and rails. Near Cokeville they connected with another contractor who had contracted from there to about half way to Montpelier, Idaho. They finished the contract about ten days sooner than had been expected, and received a five hundred dollar bonus. From the Cokeville job they moved their camp to about ten miles up the Bear River from Montpelier, Idaho, and started on the second grade building contract. Both contracts had very little cut and fill, with most of the cuts and fills being less than ten feet in depth or fill.

When they set up their camp, Henry rode into Montpelier to see about purchasing grain for the mules, and meat, butter, flour, and eggs from the settlers in the valley. He was instructed to contact Apostle Charles C. Rich who could help acquire the items desired. Apostle Rich assured Henry that the settlers would be able to furnish the things Henry wanted, and that there were probably several men in the area who would like to work on the contract job. Henry responded that he could use at least five more teams and scrapers, and possibly four or five men, because some of his drivers were not doing too good and he was going to let them go. Henry gave Apostle Rich a list of the supplies he could use and a schedule of when the meat, butter, eggs and flour should be delivered; but the two or three ton of oats could be used immediately.

Within a week he had several farmers in the valley contact him for work, so he hired six teams and scrapers and four new drivers. Every three days

someone from the valley would deliver the food he had ordered. Henry had made arrangements with Apostle Rich to pay him for the food and oats, and then Apostle Rich could distribute the money to the people who furnished the supplies. Every two weeks Henry would go to Montpelier and settle with Apostle Rich for the supplies. Once a month Henry went to Ogden and got the money from the railroad offices to pay his men and any other expenses. He always asked for paper money, but always received payment in gold or silver. His valise (small suitcase) would be nearly half full of coins, so he always carried a gun to protect himself and the money.

With the additional hired help, they were able to finish the Montpelier Canyon contract before winter set in; but it was too late to move on to Pocatello, so they returned to Utah for the winter. During that summer Juliette had a baby boy, so when Lem received word of the arrival of his son, he returned to Farmington and stayed a week with his wife. Twice while Henry made his trips to Ogden for the payroll, he went on to Farmington to see his wife and son. Little Dell was growing and taking his first steps by the time Henry returned for the winter.

When the contract up Montpelier Canyon was finished, they sold their worn-out scrapers and some of the harnesses to the local farmers in the valley. They planned to get new scrapers for the contract west of Pocatello the following spring. They also sold some of the mules, figuring it would be cheaper to buy new ones than to ship their old ones back to Ogden and pay for winter feeding them.

While Henry was working on the two contracts, he got to gambling with the engineers. They were the ones with money, and he felt it would not be right to win the money from his own employees. Many a night he got little sleep because of late gambling, and Lem complained that Henry was neglecting his responsibilities by staying up so late. Lem warned Henry to spend less time gambling or he would pull out of the partnership; and if Henry wanted to continue on his own, that was fine. Henry pondered about which he wanted to do, gamble or contract, deciding he could not continue contracting without Lem because he did not know anyone he could trust.

Henry and Lem arrived in Farmington near the middle of November, 1881, and were glad to be home with their wives. Being separated was harder on Caroline and Juliette than it was on Henry and Lem, even though the two women had their folks nearby. Henry and Lem, however, were so busy with their work and accustomed to being away that they did not realize what their wives were going through. The two wives wanted them to find some other type of occupation, but neither man was contented to stay in Farmington; and with the first thaw in the spring of 1882, they were both ready to return to their job. They had to buy more mules, harnesses, and scrapers for the contract west of Pocatello, so they spent part of their time getting things together for the coming spring.

During 1882 while they were railroading in Idaho, several events occurred that had a profound affect on the members of the L.D.S. Church. On 16

February 1882, the Edmonds Anti-Polygamy Law, which introduced legal proceedings throughout the Church, was passed by the Congress of the United States. On March 14th, the law was passed by the House of Representatives and signed by President Chester A. Arthur a few days later. The Honorable George Q. Cannon, a Representative from Utah, delivered a powerful speech in the House of Representatives on April 19th and 20th, and was denied his Congressional seat because of polygamy. Liberty Park in Salt Lake City was formally opened to the public on June 17th; and on December 6th, the first L.D.S. meeting house in the Snake River Valley was completed at Egin (Parker), Idaho.

Evan, now sixty-five years of age, was not in good health. His eye sight was failing both because of an injury to one eye while chopping wood as a child and from a serious case of the measles, the other eye was weakened. He spent many hours over the next few years making a rock facing in a small ditch that ran by the house, feeling each stone into its proper place. The grandchildren helped do the chores around the place, and David ran the farm. Although Henry was gone and unable to help much, he was generous with his money in helping out his folks. Moroni, the older brother of Henry, had moved to Newton, Utah. During 1880, the Newton L.D.S. Ward asked Moroni to go to Salt Lake again and work on the Salt Lake Temple, as was the custom in those times. Each ward throughout the Church would try to have someone work on the Salt Lake Temple, so the Church did not have to spend

tithing funds for labor. Moroni worked there as a stone cutter for a little over a year and became ill from breathing the granite dust. The only way workers could keep the dust out of their lungs was to wear a cloth over their nose and mouth while working; and because of the intense summer heat, many men did not wear the cloths and breathed the granite dust into their lungs. Moroni died from this affliction a few years later on 17 August 1887.

The only child of Evan and Ann's that was not married by the end of 1881 was the youngest, David Hyrum, who helped his folks and ran the two farms. Mary had married William Lot Smith, one of Lot Smith's sons, on 12 May 1879, and they were farming at Morgan, Utah. Margaret, the other twin, married Alfred Lamb on 23 December 1880, and was living in Farmington where Alfred worked for the railroad.

By April 1882, Henry and Lem were ready to build railroad grade again. The contracts they had completed along the Bear River in Wyoming and Idaho had been profitable to them and they had learned how to do the job in record time, so they figured to make a good profit during the coming year. Although they hated leaving their wives again, the completed railroad to Butte, Montana, meant that they could travel from Pocatello to Farmington much faster and more often. Caroline was expecting another baby in about July, but her folks were there to help out if needed; Juliette's son had been born in 1881, so both women had plenty to do taking care of their children.

By the middle of April they had recruited several men with teams, replaced the mules they sold the fall before, and purchased new scrapers and harnesses. They loaded some of the supplies at Farmington, and finished buying and loading supplies at Ogden. They had a crew of fifty men and teams, besides extra men to help around the job; the same man agreed to cook for them, but he would need an extra helper this year because the crew was bigger than the one on the Bear River the year before. They also bought other supplies they thought the men might need, because that many working men needed a commissary to furnish tobacco, clothes, harnesses, scrapers, and about every item that a general store might have.

Several freight cars were loaded by the time they had all their livestock and equipment loaded. They still did not have a source for meat, butter, eggs and cheese, but figured they might obtain these from local ranchers. When they arrived at Pocatello, the train switched their loaded freight cars onto a side track and they started unloading the equipment and supplies. As far as Henry could determine, he was the first person to unload a train car of freight in Pocatello. Although there were only a few families living in Pocatello, with the railroad coming from the east and one coming from Ogden, it was evident that Pocatello could someday be a railroad town. There was no rail laid from Pocatello west; however, a man named Kilpatrick had a contract from Pocatello to about ten miles west to the point where Henry and

Lem's contract began. Kilpatrick, who was from Ogden, arrived with his outfit two days later.

Henry and Lem had to freight the equipment and supplies from Pocatello to the work site, and both wished they had their old freight outfits for a few days. By the latter part of April, all their supplies were moved and the camp had been set up about five miles east of the present town of American Falls which, at that time, was a small construction town. Another contractor was building a bridge over the Snake River for the train to cross. Kilpatrick had previously been working on the contract west of Pocatello, so it was finished before the summer was half through and he moved across the river to complete another contract. Kilpatrick and Henry became good friends and, as a result, Henry and Lem sold him and his men many items from their commissary. Henry would also pick up Kilpatrick's money in Ogden for his payrolls.

Henry and Lem's contract had several large fills and cuts along the foothills which ran along the south border of what is now called the Machaud Flats. They plowed the ground where the cut was to be made, then moved the dirt to the fill area with the tongue and slip scrapers. In some instances, they would also have to widen the cuts to obtain enough fill dirt. Work days were ten hours long, starting at 7:00 A.M. in the morning and working until 6:00 P.M. in the evening, with one hour for noon. Some days Henry tried to work a few minutes overtime, but the mules on the job seemed to have timeclocks built into their systems. Very seldom could he work

the men even a few minutes overtime because, within two or three minutes to or after 6:00 P.M., one of the mules would stop and start to bray and then all the other mules on the job would join. Most of the men did not mind working a few minutes overtime because they were paid a straight daily wage and not by the hour, and they were never docked for time lost when they broke down or something.

One day while working in one of the cuts, they plowed up what appeared to be the leg or arm bone of some large animal. It was too large to be the bone of a normal cow or horse, being about four feet long and eight inches in diameter. They laid the bone upon the bank to let it dry out; later when Henry attempted to pick it up and take it back to camp so he could take it to Ogden on his next trip, it disintegrated into a white chalky substance. Henry had figured to take the bone to Ogden, turn it over to the railroad, and have them ship it back east to some museum to determine what kind of animal it came from. Many years later, the Idaho State University at Pocatello dug up some prehistoric bones near the present American Falls Reservoir, about five or six miles north of this location.

There were men quitting and being hired all the time; some would quit Kilpatrick's crew and go work for Henry, and some would quit Henry's crew to go work for Kilpatrick. However, there were also the compulsive drifters who worked a few days and then left the job and moved on. Henry and Kilpatrick decided they could use quite a lot of meat for their

men, so they made arrangements with one of the ranchers south of Pocatello to furnish meat for their two outfits. Between the two outfits, there were about one hundred working men who could use up a beef within a few days. This same rancher could also furnish eggs, cheese, and occasionally milk for the cooks. Some local Indians agreed to sell deer meat in exchange for being allowed to buy tobacco from the commissary. The rest of the food was shipped in from Utah on the train.

It was necessary to have a night herder guard the mules and horses at night; there were still a few Indians who had not forgotten the Bannock War with the whites in 1878, although most of them had contented themselves with remaining on the reservation. The railroad was being built across the Shoshone-Bannock Indian Reservation, and they desired to treat the Indians good so the building of the railroad could continue—the tribe had signed an agreement with the Union Pacific Railroad.

The commissary that Henry and Lem had set up furnished the working men with most of their needs, but they could also obtain items at American Falls, a small construction community west on the Snake River. The man who tended the commissary also spent his free time mending harnesses.

Henry hired two men who came looking for work, Tex and Johnson, who worked nearly a month before they moved on. They moved west to American Falls and stayed there about two weeks living off the money they had made on the job. About two weeks after their arrival in American

Falls, there were several robberies in the town, most of which took place late in the evening when the victim was leaving the saloon. Most often it was a drunk who would be robbed; but one night a man left the saloon who had won quite a bit of money at the cardtable. When questioned about the robbery, he claimed he was stopped on the street by a fellow who asked for a match to light a cigarette and, while he was reaching for a match, he was hit from behind and robbed.

Tex and Johnson always seemed to have sufficient money to lay around and drink and gamble, even though they did not have work. Finally, some men in the town decided to set a trap for the robbers. They had one man act drunk who had also made a good winning at the cardtable. Before he left the saloon, two other men left and hid themselves along the street. When the man acting as the bait stated that he would play one more hand of cards before going home, Tex immediately left the saloon. The man with the winnings left, and Johnson left soon afterwards. As the man acting drunk staggered down the street he was stopped by Tex, who asked for a match. As the "drunk" reached for the match, Johnson came up from behind and hit him over the head. Since the "drunk" man was expecting this, he ducked, and the blow glanced off his head and struck him on the shoulder. He fell to the ground as though he had been knocked out, and Tex and Johnson immediately started going through his pockets. The man grabbed one of them and hollered for help, and the men who had been

waiting in the dark appeared and captured the two thieves.

Tex and Johnson were taken back to the saloon, where a trial held that night found them guilty and sentenced them to be hanged the next day from the railroad bridge that crossed the Snake River. As there were no lawmen around, the citizens of the community took the law into their own hands; the next morning Tex and Johnson were taken down to the railroad bridge and hanged.

The following was related by the lady who cooked at the hotel near the railroad bridge: When the town's people arrived at the railroad bridge and asked Tex if he had anything to say, he answered, "Tell my mother I died, but do not tell her how I died." He gave the men his mother's address as they placed the hangman's noose over his head and tied the other end of the rope to the railroad bridge. Tex made no more comment before diving toward a rocky cliff at one side of the bridge, and his neck was broken as the rope tightened before he came to the rocks. When the noose was placed over Johnson's head, he begged for mercy and promised to never rob again. When he would not jump, they pushed him off the bridge; but he grabbed onto the bridge before he fell and begged for mercy. One of the vigilantes stepped on Johnson's clinging fingers, and he was forced to let go of the bridge; he fell, and his neck was immediately broken. The two men were left to hang there the remainder of that day and night until sundown the following day to remind everyone that the people of American Falls

would not tolerate law-breakers in their town. The lady said that everytime she looked out the back of the hotel, she saw the two men hanging there swaying in the breeze. Although Henry did not witness the hanging, he did see the two men hanging there before they were taken down and buried.

Before they finished the contract east of American Falls, Henry had gone to Ogden to get the payroll for himself and Kilpatrick. He carried two valises that weighed about fifty pounds each when they were full of the payroll money in gold and silver coins. Upon arriving back at the construction camp, Kilpatrick informed him they were hanging a man that night at sundown. Kilpatrick had finished his contract west of Pocatello and had moved just west of the Snake River to build grade. Henry and Kilpatrick hurried out to where the hanging was to take place; although they were too late to witness the hanging, they did see the man hanging there. The man that was hanged was one of Kilpatrick's men who had killed and robbed his partner and then left camp. The remaining men of the camp formed a posse, captured him, and returned him to the construction camp. They ran three wagon tongues together to form a tripod, and used it to put the rope over and hang the robber and murderer. That evening the night herder for Kilpatrick's mules exchanged clothes with the man that had been hung, feeling he could better himself. The hanged man had on a good set of boots and clothes, and the herder decided the dead man would not need them to be

buried in. This was the fourth man Henry had known to be hung; the one at Sheep Creek in Montana, the two at the railroad bridge, and the one west of American Falls. Although he had never seen a man actually hung, this was the third one he saw hanging.

Henry finished the contract east of American Falls and moved west to another job east of Wood River, where they spent the rest of summer and fall. They finished this contract near the first of December, 1882, and moved back west of Pocatello. They made arrangements with the area Indians to winter the mules down on the Portneuf River bottoms, then hired a man named Milton Hammond to look after the outfit and keep track of the mules and horses that winter.

Henry and Lem returned to Farmington to be with their families; during that summer, in fact, 10 July 1882, Caroline gave birth to another boy whom they named LeRoy R. Jenkins. When they went through Ogden, they stopped at the railroad offices to settle up for the finished contracts. The railroad people there told Henry and Lem that the Canadian Pacific Railroad was looking for contractors to build grade in Canada. The Union Pacific Railroad people, in talking to the Canadian Pacific Railroad, said they had a contractor that had built for them the past two years and would recommend them as good contractors (referring to Henry and Lem). They gave Henry and Lem the address of the Canadian Pacific's head office and suggested they write if they were

interested. The Canadian Pacific was paying more than the Union Pacific had paid.

When they arrived in Farmington they were glad to see their families; and Caroline and Juliette were in hopes that this would be the end of their travels, until Lem and Henry told them they might go to Canada to build railroad. They wrote to the Canadian Pacific that winter, and the company's reply also included plans of the work they wanted completed. Henry and Lem looked over the plans and the engineer's estimates, and decided they could make more money than building grade for the Union Pacific. After talking it over with their wives, it was finally decided that the two women and the children would accompany them to Canada, even though the women were not in favor of leaving Farmington. This trip would be quite an undertaking, because Juliette's little boy would not be two until the spring of 1883, while Dell and Roy would be two-and-one-half and about eight months respectively when they left in the spring.

They were ready to leave by mid-April, and the parents of both women pled with them not to go up there in that wild country; but being somewhat adventurous themselves, they decided to go regardless of the pleadings of their parents. They rode the train from Farmington to Pocatello, where they disembarked to gather up their mules, horses, wagons, and other equipment they might need. In the meantime, they had recruited several men from the Farmington area in addition to some of the men that had worked for them the past two years. Two

of these men, Milton Hammond and Goodlib (Good) Rasmussen, had worked for them west of Pocatello and both agreed to go to Canada. They loaded the rest of the equipment on the train and went to Butte, which was as far north as the railroad went at that time.

Chapter Twelve

Contracting with the Railroads in Canada 1884-1885

When they arrived at Butte, they transferred their belongings to wagons and headed for Canada. It was quite an undertaking to go into a wild country where there were very few, if any, doctors; and travel would be by wagon from there on. They would be living in tents and wagons a good share of the time during the next two and one-half years. Neither the women nor the men knew what hardships they would have to endure, or they may not have ventured into Canada with their families; but few people know what is ahead of them in this life. From Helena there was no regular road, just mainly a trail traveled by Indians, so the going at times was slow. The dust, mosquitoes, and small gnats made things very uncomfortable; and after a week's travel, both women were ready to turn back, but the two men were determined to continue on. There was little difference between the travels here and those of the Saints crossing the plains from Omaha to Salt Lake.

Wild game was everywhere; whenever they wanted meat, they killed a deer or elk and the fresh meat was always a treat. Because they had a large company of approximately fifty men, the Indians did not challenge them at any time. Since the Indians were in the area, the mules and horses were tied up at night and grazed early in the mornings, at noon, and in the evenings. They were afraid they would be stranded if Indians ran off the livestock. Most of the Indians they met near the border of Canada were half-breeds, as many early trappers had taken Indian squaws for wives and raised families. There was no evidence of any border line, so they could not tell when they crossed the border into Canada. Indians in that area had wooden carts with axles and wheels made of hardwood; as they traveled along, the carts squeaked and squawked as the wheels turned on the wooden axles. Some of the Indians used tallow from the wild animals they killed to grease the wheels, but they never used enough to stop the noise. One could hear them coming for some distance; the carts were occasionally pulled by two horses, but most of the time by only one horse with a pair of shaves. There was no metal in the carts; they were put together with wooden pegs, and tied with wet rawhide that shrank and tightened as it dried. The wheels of these carts were about five feet in diameter, making them easy to pull. This same method was used by the Saints in Utah when they were building the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. The travelers saw hundreds of Indians between Helena, Montana, and

the Medicine Hat Reservation in Canada. The full-blooded Indians did not use carts, but had a pole on each side of a horse that dragged along behind the horse. Elk or deerhides were stretched between the poles, and their belongings were piled on the hide. Most of the carts would be loaded with furs, hides, blankets, and other possessions. Small children and older Indians who could not travel very well frequently rode on the hide or in the carts. Although it seemed that Indians only traveled, occasionally the party from Utah would pass a settlement of Indians.

When they arrived at Medicine Hat, Canada, they contacted the railroad office and were told that the contract was between Medicine Hat and Swift Current. The railroad had already been built, but the company wanted to widen the cuts so that the snow would not blow onto the tracks in the wintertime. Part of the job was on the Medicine Hat Indian Reservation, so they moved their camp about ten miles east of Medicine Hat and started work. Work to the west of the camp was sublet to five fellows under the management of Good Rasmussen, while Lem and the rest of the crew worked to the east of the camp. Some of the cuts were deep, and they did not make much progress at first; but the contract was for moving so many yards of dirt, rather than covering so many miles.

After about a week, some Indians came around and noticed Henry's race horse. They asked Henry if the horse could run fast, and he answered that it could run pretty fast. The next day when

they came around with their own race horse and wanted to run a race, Henry told them he could not stop his work then, but they could have a race if they came back that evening. The Indians loved to gamble, and that evening about one hundred Indians with their squaws and children showed up with their race horse. They wanted to bet on their horse, so Henry agreed to make them a bet. He suspected their horse might outrun his, but figured he could beat them in the race if he rode his own horse. The Indians put their money on one side of a spread-out blanket and instructed Henry to put his money on the other side. He counted their money, which was nearly three hundred dollars, so he matched it and they were ready for the race. The distance to run and the rules to follow were decided on: it was agreed that one of Henry's men would be the starter and fire a six-shooter in the air when they were to begin. The distance was about one-half mile, and the finish line was where all the Indians and Henry's workers were congregated. They took off when the starting gun was fired. The Indian pony was in the lead at first, then about half-way they were running neck and neck. Just prior to arriving at the finish line, Henry gave his horse the quirt and won by nearly a full length.

The Indians became mad because they had lost their money, and their horse had been beaten. The leader of the Indians walked over to the blanket; taking hold of one end, he jerked up the blanket and spilled the money on the ground. If Henry wanted his money he had to pick it up, which

he started doing; but while he was bent down gathering the money, the Indians rode by him and hit him with their quirts. Henry just laughed and kept picking up the money; but by the time it was all picked up, he had several welts across his shoulders. Henry realized that if he got mad and fought back, the Indians might kill all of them, because there were more Indians than white men. That evening when Henry sent one of his men down to the creek to get some wood, the Indians would not let him have the wood unless he paid them four dollars a load. Henry agreed to pay for the wood, which ended the argument. The Indian Agent sent word for the people not to gamble with the Indians, because they might get killed; this finished the gambling with the Indians.

They finished the job east of Medicine Hat, then moved up east of Calgary and widened the cuts there until the first of September. From there they moved to Swift Current, which was approximately one hundred fifty miles east of Medicine Hat, where they widened cuts on the existing grade. The railroad had been completed from Port Arthur on the west shore of Lake Superior to Calgary, so the railroad company would move them and their equipment anyplace along that area at no expense. The two women and three small children lived in a hotel in Calgary while the crew was working southeast of Calgary; but while working near Medicine Hat, they lived in tents.

Washing facilities included a hand washboard and a round No. 3 galvanized wash tub, which was

also used as a bathtub. Because living conditions were rather primitive, Henry had one of the men working for them help the women whenever there was washing to do. Most of the time the women and children ate at the regular cook shack after the men had finished eating, so they did not have to worry about their meals. The cook was a jolly fellow who enjoyed cooking and waiting on the women and children, always trying to fix something special for them. It was the only time he could talk to women, because most of the women in the area were Indians. Juliette and Caroline were the only women with the railroad crew, as all the men, except for Henry and Lem, were single.

The job at Swift Current lasted until near the first of November, and during that time Henry took the train east to Winnipeg to check out another job north of the east end of Lake Superior. They could stay at this job all winter, as it involved working with rock and did not require any dirt movement.

When Henry returned and told Lem and the women about the contract he had signed, the women were not happy about it; it took several days for Henry to convince them that it would be better to take the contract than stay where they were all winter with nothing to do. Although they finally decided that it would be best to go, the two women were still not thrilled with the prospect of being in a wilderness for the better part of a year. The contract was about fifty miles north of Michipicoten Bay, a Hudson Bay trading post located on the northeast shore of Lake Superior. While Henry was at the

railroad offices in Winnipeg, he made arrangements to store most of their equipment and arranged for a farmer to care for their livestock while they were away. The railroad company shipped all their supplies and livestock to Winnipeg where they would be stored. The rest of the men were glad to be working all winter instead of having nothing to do during the cold stormy months.

After storing their equipment and getting their livestock located, they loaded about eight teams and wagons with supplies, then shipped them by train to Port Arthur, located on the west end of Lake Superior. The weather was cold when they landed at Port Arthur, as it was nearing the end of November and it would not be many days before the real cold weather set in and snow began falling. From Port Arthur they would have to travel approximately two hundred fifty miles by boat to Michipicoten Bay, and from there about fifty miles northwest to the location of the winter's work.

The morning they left Port Arthur, after loading all the wagons and livestock on the boat, the sun was shining; but the wind out of the north would chill you to the marrow of your bones. The conditions on the boat were fairly comfortable, so the women felt it was better than living in tents out in the cold. Little did they know what was ahead of them before they arrived at the job and had cabins built. The wind shifted and started blowing from the west-southwest during the afternoon, making the temperature feel colder than it really was. By late afternoon the clouds had become more intense, but

the wind had not increased in velocity. Henry noticed the captain of the ship talking to the first mate, and asked the captain if he thought the storm would become so intense that they might be in danger. The captain assured Henry that the storm would probably not give them any trouble; and if it became too intense, they would pull behind one of the islands ahead of them and wait out the storm.

About 6:00 P.M. the storm hit, and the rain and snow made it very uncomfortable to be out on the deck of the ship. The waves had increased in size and the ship began to bob around like a giant cork, but there was still no immediate danger. Some of the passengers began to get seasick, and both women complained of their stomachs feeling squeamish. By 8:00 P.M. the storm had increased in fury and the waves were rolling over the front of the boat, so the captain decided to pull behind a nearby island. The waves were calm behind the island, and the trees slowed the wind down; the boat settled in the water, and those who had been sick seemed to feel better. The livestock on the ship quieted down, as they were no longer subject to the constant shifting of the ship.

The captain moved the ship as close to the island as he could without grounding the ship, and there they spent the night. During the night the storm ceased; and when morning arrived, the ship was stuck on a sandbar that jutted out from the island. The intensity of the storm had moved the water from the main part of the lake to the northern area of the lake; and when the storm had ceased, the

water had flowed back to the main lake, which left the ship in much shallower water than during the storm. The front half of the boat was on the sand but the propeller was still in the water, so the captain figured he could get off the island without any trouble. But when the engines were started up, the propeller did not have enough power to pull the ship off the sandbar. The captain tried several times to move the ship, which just seemed to settle on the sandbar. As Henry and the rest of his company watched, the captain launched a small dingy with a windlass, but the ship did not budge. They worked at it the rest of the afternoon, but to no avail. The weather was cold. By that time everyone became worried about what would happen to them. Because of their families, it was out of the question for Henry and Lem to think of taking lifeboats. By that evening after several more tries, the captain came to Henry and explained that everyone would have to take lifeboats and leave the island.

When Henry asked how far they were from any type of a settlement, the captain replied that he did not know because they had become lost during the night and there was no communication with any other ships. The captain estimated they were approximately one hundred miles northeast of Port Arthur, but he was not sure; he also said there was little chance of another ship coming anywhere close to where they were. Henry explained that he could not leave the ship in lifeboats with his family as he might lose them all, and he figured they could get the ship off the sandbar if they kept trying. The

ready to head northwest to where they would be working. The men pitched tents to live in, as there was not enough room at the hotel.

The women again began to wonder if they had made a mistake in trying to be with their husbands; it had been at least a month since they had heard from any of their folks at Farmington, which seemed ever so far away. As the two women visited together, they wondered if they would ever see their folks again. They knew the hazards of being where they were with no doctors for miles around and only a first-aid man on the crew who could help if anyone became sick. They also discussed the hardships their parents had gone through to settle in the Salt Lake Valley and, like their parents, were confident things would eventually get better. They worried most about their little boys becoming ill, and were concerned about being able to help and comfort them during an illness.

The work project was about fifty miles northeast from where they landed, and there was no road. They had to travel through the timber and meadows, following the roughly-drawn map the railroad company had given them. Henry would scout ahead on a saddle horse to determine the best route to travel, and there were times they had to stop and cut down trees in order to get through some areas. It was difficult traveling in the snow with the wagons, but the snow was so dry it would fly from under the wheels as they moved along. By the time the last wagon came along, the horses had kicked enough snow out of the way that the ground

was nearly bare; and since the ground under the snow was frozen, the wagons rolled along without much trouble. Several times they had to detour around small lakes, but usually they could cross the streams with little difficulty. Some of the streams were frozen over, but those fed by springs were still open. Henry was always afraid of getting into quicksand when they crossed the streams, so he carried an ax with him; when he came to a stream, he cut down a small tree to use as a prod to determine if the stream bed was solid before he crossed it with his horse.

The women slept in the wagons throughout most of the journey, but the working men pitched tents each night to sleep in. They set up a large cook tent every night in which to cook and eat a good hot meal. During the noon meal they usually ate meat sandwiches and drank hot coffee, and they always had a good hot breakfast. Elk, deer, and moose were plentiful so they had all the meat they wanted; because of the cold weather, the meat would keep for several days without spoiling. The nights were the most difficult for the women and the children; they heated rocks by the campfire and then wrapped them in blankets to put in their beds and keep them warm. Henry and Caroline slept with Dell and Roy between them, so the boys usually spent rather comfortable nights. Lem and Juliette did the same with their little boy, Clem. The weather some nights would approach fifty degrees below zero; but there was no wind in the timber, and the low humidity kept them from noticing the cold so much.

Occasionally during the night or early part of the day, they could hear trees popping and cracking open from the intense cold.

They arrived at the work site 2 January 1884— Henry always remembered it was the day after the New Year. They located a spot near a good spring, not too far from the work site, and started to build some cabins. As there was no sawmill, they cut down the trees, hewed them on two sides, and fit them together. For chinking between the logs, they dried moss from the nearby stream and laid it between the logs to fill any existing cracks. Within a week they had two cabins built so Henry and Lem could move their families out of the wagons into the cabins. Each cabin had a large fireplace for heating the two rooms, one served as a bedroom, and the other was a combination kitchen-living room. The dirt floors for the first few days were muddy as the heat from the fireplaces thawed out the frozen ground. Because of the clay, the floors eventually dried to become packed and hard. It was such a relief for the women to get out of the wagons that they did not complain about the dirt floors.

Within two weeks there were sufficient cabins built, so all the men moved out of the tents into warmer shelter. Tables and bunk beds were built out of logs that were abundant in the area. They next built some shelters for the horses, and none too soon, because not too long after came extremely cold weather and several storms. The snow was so dry that when you came to the cabins covered with it, it would fall off when you stomped

your feet. Some of the coldest nights the popping trees sounded like rifle shots. They did not build a cook shack, but continued to use a cook tent since they would only be in there while they ate. This tent would collect frost on the inside as the steam condensed, and the thick frost had to be scraped off nearly every day. The cook kept warm most of the time by being near the stove, and the eating area was heated by a stove.

Each of the cabins built for the workers was large enough to handle from six to ten men. Each cabin had a large built-in fireplace made out of rock with clay for the chinking between the rocks. Everything at the work site seemed to be going as planned until one night some of the men decided to thaw out two cases of dynamite that had been frozen and were causing problems on the job. That night they placed the two cases of dynamite in one of the smallest cabins where four men were sleeping, being careful not to thaw out the dynamite too fast. When they went to bed, they forgot to move the dynamite farther back from the fireplace. They placed some logs on the fire and went to bed. When the logs began to burn real good, the hot dynamite blew up and killed all four men. Three of the men were killed instantly, and the other one was blown into the air. He landed on his feet when he came down and ran about ten steps before falling over dead. The rest of the men determined from his tracks in the snow that this is what happened. When the cabin blew into the air, some of the logs landed as far as thirty feet from their original location. They

had a dog that had been sleeping in the cabin and, although it was not killed, it became deaf. This was the first bad accident since they started building railroad grade.

During the rest of the winter the work progressed as expected; however, the cold weather kept the men from working steady at all times. They built fires where they were working, and often had to stop to warm their hands and feet. Most of the workers wore moccasins that kept their feet warm; and because of the dry snow, their feet did not get wet very often.

Henry always maintained that exercise was good for the body, so he would take a run each morning in the timber. During these runs when he was away from camp he stopped and prayed that they would return home safely. Although he did not live the Mormon religion as far as the Word of Wisdom was concerned -- regarding abstinence from the use of tea, alcohol, and tobacco -- he was a religious man. He had seen the power of prayer exercised when they had crossed the plains and when his little sister, Mary, had fallen out of the wagon and been run over. He had also been raised in a home that had family prayers and always said a blessing on the food before each meal. He had been worried since being shipwrecked while crossing Lake Superior, and felt that through his prayers they may be able to return safely.

Henry made one trip to Fort Michipicoten for supplies and, while there, bought a sleigh to haul the supplies back to camp. He left his wagon in

Michipicoten, figuring to pick it up when they returned to go home. With the sleigh he was able to haul a bigger load of supplies and, as a result, he bought several things that helped with the work. When he returned, the two families decided to go for a sleigh ride.

There were several lakes in the area, and the wind would blow them clear of snow; the ice was so thick that it held up a team and sleigh without any problem. One day when they were enjoying a ride with two men from the job, they crossed the lake and were driving along the other shore when they came to a clump of snow about four feet in diameter. As they crossed this spot one of the horses dropped through the ice and, when he hit the bottom of the lake, he was standing in water nearly over his back. The tongue of the sleigh reached across the hole, so the sleigh did not go into the hole. Everyone climbed out of the sleigh and immediately unhitched both horses. The horse that dropped into the hole struggled to get out into the ice, but was unable to do so. They put a rope around its neck and hitched the other horse to the rope; as the horse in the water reared up and got its front feet on the ice, the other horse pulled him up onto the ice. They dried the horse off as much as possible, then covered him with a horse blanket so he would not chill. They hurried and hitched up the sleigh and headed for home. By the time they returned to camp, the horse that had fallen into the water was warmed up enough so he was all right and would not chill and freeze to death. A blanket was kept on

the horse all that night, and the next morning he seemed no worse for the experience. After that they were more careful about crossing lakes with the team. Evidently the hole was an air hole over a spring in the lake. They found they could determine the location of air pockets because there was usually a higher drift of snow over them.

The spring came and the country was beautiful, the wild animals were tame and the ducks and geese returned from the south. In the early morning and late evening, they listened to the geese and ducks honking and talking to each other. Everyone seemed to be inoculated with more vigor, the two women decided that the winter had not been all that bad -- everyone was anxious to be working.

The work of blasting the rock mountain and moving the rock to the fill across the small valley and stream was going well. Henry designed and built an ore car on wheels so it would dump from each side and at the end. This allowed them to haul the rock from the blasting area and move it to the fill in one operation, and they would be making the grade for the rails across the swale and creek. One afternoon, tragedy struck again. The powder man and his helper placed a charge of powder in a hole and set the fuse. After the blast went off, they assumed that the charge was completed and went to inspect the hole. They determined that the blast had not done the job that had been intended, so they started to swab the hole with a small pole. Both men were standing over the hole, and one of them held

three or four sticks of dynamite in his arms. The accumulation of gas in the hole caused a second blast which triggered the dynamite in the arms of the other man. The explosion blew both men away from the hole, decapitating them in the process—they never knew what hit them. Henry called a halt to all work on the project after this accident, as none of the men felt much like working.

That evening they buried the two men along side the other four men who had been killed the previous February when dynamite had blown up the cabin. The number of men who lost their lives in building the transcontinental railroads across the United States and Canada will never be known. In some cases the workers who died carried no identification with them, and many who had come from Europe had no known relatives. These two men, and two of those killed in February, were in that category. Henry wrote to the railroad and told them to notify the dead men's relatives and to send the money the men had to the relatives. It might take three or four months for letters to reach relatives, because mail was not very fast. The nearest place to send mail was at the Hudson Bay trading post at Michipicoten Bay, and no one went there from camp except to get supplies.

Henry was faced with the problem of having someone handle the dynamite and blasting powder. He talked it over with his men, and no one was interested in the job, especially so soon after the accident. There was one man who had helped handle powder and seemed to know more about blasting

than any of the others. This man finally agreed to take the job, provided he could pick his helper and be paid fifty cents a day more than the other men on the job. He had been with Henry and Lem since they first started railroading and was very reliable and responsible; however, he was one who always took two pieces of pie at the dinner table, even though sometimes there was only one piece of pie per person. Henry decided that if the man was killed handling the blasting, it would solve one of the problems and the complaints from the cook about his taking two pieces of pie. This man and his helper became the best two powder men Henry had ever had, knowing just where to set each charge to get the most out of the blast. These two men stayed with Henry and Lem as long as they were railroading.

Around the first of July, 1884, Henry and Lem could see they were going to finish the job within about two weeks, and they did not have any other work lined up. One of the engineers told them there was work out west of Calgary and in the Selkirk Mountains, so it was decided that Henry would take his family and Milton Hammond and go check on that job while Lem stayed and finished the work they were doing. Caroline and Juliette were a little reluctant to be separated; but as it would be for only about two weeks, they consented. They agreed to meet at Winnipeg as soon as Lem finished the job, and by then they would know about the other job. Henry and Caroline loaded what belongings they needed in a wagon and headed for the Hudson Bay

Fort at Michipicoten; upon arrival, they were able to get a room at the hotel (if you could call it a hotel). Henry and Milton made arrangements to leave the team and wagon there until Lem and the rest of the crew arrived to pick them up within about two weeks.

The day following their arrival, a ship came in to the port on its way from Chicago to Port Arthur. Henry inquired at the ship about passage for him, his family, and Milton Hammond. The captain of the boat instructed the purser to show Henry around the boat and what cabins they could stay in. While they were looking at the cabins and making arrangements for the trip, the boat was turned around in the harbor. The boat dock was located so that the Michipicoten River flowed into the lake; and when they turned the boat around, they had to get into the flow of the river. As the ship entered the river current, they felt a slight shake of the boat, but figured it was nothing more than the current of the river striking the boat. When the boat shuddered, a strange feeling came over Henry -- he began to tremble and shake, and he became scared. At first Henry thought he might be having a heart attack as the blood drained from his face, and the purser noticed Henry turn pale. The color returned to his face, but he still was shaky and scared. He went back on deck and told the captain that he was not going to take the trip because he was scared of the ship. The captain laughed and said that this ship was as safe as any ship on the Great Lakes, but this did not convince Henry to go. The captain added that

he had about seventy-five passengers on the boat and none of them was afraid, but Henry still did not change his mind. When he returned to the hotel and told Caroline and Milton they were not going on this particular boat, they were upset with him and grumbled that they could be stranded there for some time. He still insisted the boat was not safe and they would not go—he would take chances on another boat coming to the port.

The boat left, and they did not know when another boat going to Port Arthur would come into port. There were no scheduled runs for boats, and they had no way of communicating with boats on the lake to determine if another one was headed their way. The boat went out about twenty to thirty miles in the lake and sank about 1:00 A.M. that night. The next day they sighted a boat coming to the harbor, but it seemed to have a long tail. Henry and Milton went down to the dock, looked through a pair of field glasses, and could see the boat was trailing a string of lifeboats. A crowd soon gathered to see what was the matter. This boat did not come to the dock, but anchored about one hundred yards out in the harbor. The people on board got into the lifeboats and came to the dock. As the captain of the sunken boat spotted Henry standing back among the onlookers, he came through the crowd, threw his arms around Henry and exclaimed, "Someone gave you a hunch." He told Henry that, evidently when they had turned around in the harbor while Henry was on board, the current of the river must have forced the boat into some rocks that scraped a hole

in its side. They had not noticed the hole, which expanded as they got farther out into the lake, and they had to abandon ship. Two lifeboats were lost while being launched, and the remaining lifeboats were filled to capacity. He continued that if Henry and his party had been on the boat, someone would have had to go down with the ship; but as it was, all were saved. They had drifted around in the lifeboats the rest of the night and the next day until about noon, when the other ship sighted and rescued them.

Henry explained to the captain that he had been warned by an unseen power from on high. He then told the captain of his experience coming from Port Arthur the fall before, and that the hunch or warning he had received was an answer to the prayers he had made during the past winter and spring. The captain had never put much thought to praying; but if this example resulted from prayers, then he better consider doing some praying himself. This was neither the first nor last time Henry saw the power of prayer exercised.

The rescue boat was going southeast into Lake Huron, so they had to wait for another boat. Three days later another boat headed for Port Arthur stopped at the port, and there was room for Henry and his family and Milt Hammond to travel with them. This trip went smoothly without any problems, and from Port Arthur they took the train to Winnipeg where they checked into a hotel. Milton checked on the livestock and equipment they had stored there previously.

Henry left Caroline and the two boys at the hotel in Winnipeg, checked with the railroad offices, then went west to investigate a job up the Bow River from Calgary. He decided to take this job, and also another job in the Selkirk Mountains west of Calgary, that could be worked on most of the winter months. The job up the Bow River was widening cuts, as they had done near Medicine Hat and Swift Current.

While in Calgary, the railroad company requested Henry to buy forty to fifty head of mules for them when he returned to Winnipeg. He was given free passage to Winnipeg, all meals furnished, and an allowance for a week while he was in Winnipeg. He returned to Winnipeg and found an outfit that had quit railroad building and had fifty head of good mules for sale. Henry bought the mules, loaded them on the train, and shipped them to Calgary. While Henry was staying in a Calgary hotel, he put his wallet under his pillow at night and forgot to pick it up when he awakened in the morning. He went to get some breakfast and, when he went to pay for the meal, he discovered he had no money. He hurried to the desk, obtained the key to his room, and rushed upstairs. As he arrived at his room, the maid was just making the bed and had not yet moved the pillow, so he rushed to the bed and got his wallet. When he went downstairs and related to the hotel clerk what had happened, the clerk reassured Henry that he would have had nothing to worry about, because that particular maid had found several wallets and had always

turned them in at the desk with all of the money still in them.

Henry, Caroline, and the two small boys stayed at the hotel for about a week before Lem, his family, and the rest of the work crew arrived. As Henry started down the stairs in the hotel one morning, a black man was standing at the foot of the stairs and said, "Please, wait a minute, Mister. I want to tell you your fortune." This was the fortune: "You're married and have two sons." He told Henry the ages of his sons, along with the month and year he had been married. He also told Henry he had been a freighter in the United States for years and that he had quit freighting and been building railroad grade in the United States and Canada. There were several other things he told Henry that he would have had no way of knowing. He informed Henry that, within the next twenty to twenty-five years, a man would offer him a bargain opportunity for buying an interest in a money-making proposition, and that it would be a very profitable investment. He said Henry would be returning to the United States and become a very prosperous rancher with many cattle and horses.

Most of the things he told Henry were true, and the things he told him would happen, did. In the early 1900's Henry met a man in Rexburg, Idaho, who was selling stock in a mine in the Butte, Montana, area. Henry remembered the fortune teller's story, and decided this must be the opportunity he was talking about, so Henry bought one thousand dollars' worth of stock in the mine. He

kept the stock for many years, and it was as worthless as the paper it was written on. Henry was sure that this mine salesman and the fortune teller could in no way be connected, as there was too long a time between when he was in Winnipeg and when he bought the mining stock.

When Lem, his family, and the rest of the workers arrived, they loaded up the rest of their livestock and equipment, then traveled back to the job west of Calgary on the Bow River. This job lasted until the latter part of September, when they loaded up and shipped west into the Selkirk Mountains, part of the main Rocky Mountain Range. The contract here was to build grade and snow sheds to protect the railroad tracks from snow slides. These sheds were constructed from heavy timber shipped in by the railroad company from a sawmill east of the work job. The sheds were located in areas where snow slides came down off the steep mountains, and were built strong enough to hold the weight of several tons of snow while allowing snow to slide on over the tracks. In places where the track was near the bottom of a canyon, the slides would sometimes stop on the snow sheds. These mountains are very steep, and one can still see snow sheds in use for that same purpose today.

By the end of December the deep snow and the increased danger of snow slides halted the work on the sheds, so Henry and Lem bought a small saloon in the area they were working. One day during that winter while working in the saloon, several engineers there related this story to Henry

and Lem: As the engineers were surveying ahead of the workers, they spotted a man sitting by a creek, and he ran away when they approached. When they arrived where he had been, they found a half-eaten human arm bone. They became curious and, as they rounded a bend in the creek, they spotted him again. When they called out to him, he ran away again, but they realized that he was very weak by the way he staggered along. Two of the engineers pursued and caught up with him, and he had another human arm that he was eating. They could tell by his expression that he was mentally deranged and nearly starved to death. He was just skin and bones, his hair and beard were long, his clothes were in tatters, and his worn shoes had no soles. His speech was irrational and, as far as they could understand, he mumbled about his partner. They took him back to their base camp, fed him, then shipped him back to be cared for in Calgary. According to the report received back from Calgary, this man and his partner had started from the west coast and became lost and run out of food. It was never determined if this man killed his partner, or if the partner just died.

One day Henry and Lem decided to take a walk up the canyon from where they were staying. They put on snow shoes because the snow in some places was five to six feet deep, and the engineers claimed that higher on the mountains the snow could get as deep as fifteen feet. They came to the bottom of a snow slide and decided to see where it had originated. When they climbed on top of the

slide, they could tell it had come down the canyon but could not see where it had come off the mountain. After walking on the slide a short distance, they saw where the slide had come off one side of the canyon, had hit the canyon, and turned down the canyon. As they looked up the side of the other mountain, the torn trees appeared as though a tornado had struck. Henry and Lem finally determined that, when the slide came down the mountain, the wind kept going on up the side of the other mountain. They later learned from the engineers that this is what had actually happened.

They had gambling in their saloon, and Henry ran the card table; they made as much money from the gambling as they did on the drinks they sold. That winter they decided they had enough money to begin farming and ranching in Idaho -- Lem wanted to farm and Henry planned to raise cattle and horses. Henry could not forget his experience at the Shirley ranch down on Raft River when he was a boy, and it was the dream he had been working for. The women were happy when presented with this idea; they were tired of living in tents, wagons, and make-shift houses. They thought that, possibly, if they got these two wanderers back in the United States, they might get a home of their own.

When spring came, various things delayed their leaving for the states, and there was still some work to complete on the snow shed building contract. Some of their crew from over on the north shore of Lake Superior had left, because they knew that the railroading days were over with Henry and

Lem as soon as the sheds were completed. Another contractor was building a bridge over a river down the canyon from where Henry and Lem were working. The fall before, when the bridge was about half built, some of Henry and Lem's men left to go to work for this bridge-building contractor.

One day as they were working, they heard a train coming down the mountain, loudly blowing its whistle. As it neared where they were working, they could see that the train was running away and could not be slowed down. It was the first work train of the year, and the men on the flat cars were on their way to work on the bridge. As the train passed them, two men jumped off and were seriously injured. The train continued on down the canyon, and several more jumped off; some of them were sucked under the train and lost a hand, arm, or foot as the train ran over them. Henry immediately mounted his saddle horse and headed down the canyon, passing several men who had jumped -- some were seriously hurt, and others were just scratched and bruised. Henry was certain that no one would survive, because the bridge was not completed and the train would plunge into the river. As he neared the bridge, he discovered that the previous fall they had laid a track that ran up the mountain and into a cliff of rocks. The train had run up these tracks and hit the cliff, tipping both the engine and the coal car onto their sides, while the rest of the cars remained on the track. A young lad (the crew's water boy) and his dog were still on one of the flat cars. He had been afraid to jump, and he

and the dog were the only ones that were not hurt. The engineer and the fireman had been scalded quite badly, but not serious enough to require hospitalization. Word was sent to Calgary, and another train with doctors and nurses was sent out to rescue the wounded workers. All through the Selkirk Mountains, the railroad company had switches that could be thrown if a train was traveling too fast and out of control. Men were kept at these switches at all times, and a thrown switch would direct the runaway train up the hill to a stop.

They finished their contract that spring, sold their saloon and decided to move down on the Bow River where they had stored the rest of their equipment, horses, and mules. When they got ready to leave, they needed to go about five miles down the mountain. Because of the runaway train a few weeks before, the engineer was afraid to have them and their families ride down the mountain, so they walked down the mountain while their equipment and livestock were hauled on the train. They were picked up at the bottom of the mountain, and they traveled on down the Bow River where they camped to make preparations for returning to the United States. Some Indians were camped nearby, and the squaws were gathering moss from a stream that flowed into the Bow River and were drying it to use as diaper material. This must have been a universal practice with all the Indians, because Henry had earlier observed the squaws in Idaho and Montana doing the same thing. A small baby who had sore eyes was sitting on one squaw's lap, and she was

bathing the baby's eyes with her tongue. They had no medicine, and the saliva from her tongue was a healing agent. They had to do whatever they could to survive.

The half-breed Indians were causing a lot of trouble in the area -- several groups had left the reservation and gone on the warpath between June 1st and 10th. The government offered Henry and Lem a tremendous amount of money to haul supplies for them, but Caroline and Juliette rebelled with, "Definitely, no!" They had been gone from home for three years and wanted to go back. Caroline was expecting another baby in the fall, and did not want it born in the wilderness. Because of the concern with the Indians, the Indian Agency advised them to wait a short period before leaving so they would not encounter some of the troublesome Indians that had left the reservation. They decided to remain another week or two and, possibly by then, the Indian war might be over; it ended 28 June 1885. Since Henry and Lem no longer needed all their mules and equipment, they sold the extra mules and one or two wagons to the government for use in hauling supplies to the different reservations. They also sold all the equipment of any value to the railroad company -- and they were ready to head south.

Two days before they left, the Indian agent came to their camp and informed them that the Indians were holding a big Sun Dance and would be trying one or two braves at the dance. He said it would be very interesting to watch, and invited

them over to the reservation that evening about an hour before sundown. Everyone, including the two women and small children, and the eight other men that were with them, went over. The Indian agent asked Henry if he could take an extra wagon, stop by the fort, and load up with some gifts for the Indians at the Sun Dance, which Henry agreed to do. Henry and Lem's party left for the fort about 3:00 P.M.; and when they were loaded up with the gifts, the captain said that he and about fifty soldiers would accompany them to the Sun Dance.

When they arrived at the location for the Sun Dance, there were already about five hundred Indians there. A large bowery had been built out of willows, providing shade for some of the Indians. Tepees were pitched all over the area, and some of the Indians were cooking meals. After the captain distributed the gifts, the chief invited everyone to stay to the Sun Dance and the trying of a brave that evening. Henry had heard how braves were tried, but had never witnessed the ritual take place. The Indians made room for Henry and his party and for the captain and his fifty soldiers, locating them where they could see everything that went on. There were several dances where the braves, dressed in their feathers and finery, danced and waved their spears and tomahawks as they danced around in a circle.

In the center of the circle was a large pole, called the "Liberty Pole," where the brave would be tried that night. At the top of the pole, there were two ropes tied in a ring that would move around the

pole, and these two ropes hung nearly to the ground. Several Indian leaders would speak, then the squaws would beat the tambourines and drums; then another Indian would speak. The bucks would dance around, waving their tomahawks and spears, while the squaws would sing and beat the drums. This continued for nearly an hour, and none of the visitors understood what was being said during this part of the ritual that preceded the trying of the brave, because everything was spoken in the native Indian tongue.

Finally the head chief of the tribe arose and made a speech and, when he was finished, everyone looked toward one of the tepees. A young Indian boy, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, came out wearing only a breechcloth over his loins; he was painted striped like a leopard. He was accompanied by two older war-painted braves, one on each side of him, and they walked up to the Liberty Pole. One at a time, each of the two Indian braves took a knife, pulled out the flesh on either side of the young boy's breast, and stuck the knife through the flesh. A rope was thrust through each hole in his breast, and tied solid. During this procedure, all was quiet -- the squaws quit singing and no one made a sound. When it was completed the head chief arose, walked over to the young boy, and gave him a willow whistle.

All at once the young man blew a shrill blast on the whistle, the squaws started beating the drums. As he continued to blow the whistle, he jumped around the pole and pulled back on the

ropes that were tied to his breast. Finally one of the ropes tore through the flesh and came loose. He continued to jump, blow his whistle, and dance around the pole until he put enough pressure on the other rope to tear it through the flesh, and he was free from the ropes. He stood there with the blood running down his body from the wounds in his breasts, and the two Indian braves who had escorted him placed him on a stretcher and carried him back into the tepee. All the time, the squaws were beating the drums and tambourines while he jumped around, but they stopped when he was carried into the tepee.

The young man was now considered a brave of the tribe. Had he not withstood the punishment, he would have been considered a "squaw man" and been dressed in squaw clothing that was laying there in the circle. One of the soldiers fainted while this ritual was going on, and another soldier poured cold water on him to revive him. Henry asked the revived soldier if this was the first time he had seen blood—he answered that he had seen men wounded and killed right at his side, but it had never affected him like watching the young man dance and tear the ropes from his breast. Following the brave-trying ritual, the chief made another speech and everyone walked away. The chief shook hands with all the visitors, then went into the tent where the young man had been taken. It was late in the evening before Henry and his party arrived at their camp on the Bow River.

Chapter Thirteen

Homesteading in Parker 1885-1886

On 8 July 1885, they left camp and started for the United States along an Indian trail as far south as Great Falls, Montana, because there were still no established roads. The party consisted of Lem and his family, Henry and his family, Milton Hammond, Good Rasmussen, and about eight or ten other men who had worked with them on the railroad. They passed many Indians on the trail, and wild game was everywhere. Lem killed a deer, so there was plenty of meat. After arriving at Great Falls, they camped for three days to rest up their horses, give the women a chance to do some washing, and allow the men to repair some of the wagons. The trip had been dusty and hot, and they had not stopped along the way to do any washing or bathing. After everyone bathed and put on clean clothes, they felt renewed and ready to continue their journey.

From Great Falls to Helena, they followed along a road made dusty by the freighters who stirred the loose dirt while traveling from Fort Benton to Helena. The blowing winds sent dust

flying up into the wagon and, if there were other wagons ahead, the dust was much worse. They passed several freight outfits and small bands of friendly Indians who always wanted tobacco, whiskey, and food. They would give the Indians food, but they had no whiskey and only enough tobacco for Henry's and Lem's own personal use.

Upon their arrival at Helena, they were surprised at the growth that had taken place there and the number of ranches that had been established between Helena and Great Falls. They were in a mountainous valley—the weather was not so hot, the grass was green, and the nearby pines seemed to keep the days cooler. This cooler weather made travel between Helena and Butte more pleasant; a few thunder showers lowered the afternoon temperatures and kept the dust down. The first night out of Helena they camped on a creek near some pines, where they were able to kill some grouse or "fool hens"—so named because the Indians would creep up and kill them with sticks, sling shots, or arrows. These grouse would sit in the trees and not move, so you could get very close to them before they would fly. The travelers cooked the grouse, along with some fried potatoes, and it was a welcomed change of menu for them. The next morning, Milton and Good went fishing and caught enough fish for breakfast. It seemed that everytime they camped on a stream, Milt and Good went fishing.

There were more ranches between Helena and Butte, and the only major change from 1883

they could see at Butte was a larger pile of tailings from the main mine. Since the train now traveled regularly between Ogden, Utah, and Butte, Montana, Henry and Lem debated about sending their wives and children to Farmington by train. After discussing it with their wives, they decided to all continue on with their wagons to Idaho and send the two women to Utah on the train later. They traveled on south to the community called Dillon, where they met some freighters who were hauling supplies from the railroad at Dillon over to Virginia City. The freighters said that the gold mining in Virginia City had about played out, and it would only be a matter of time before the town would be a ghost town, just as a Bannock City to the west had become. Near Dillon, they purchased milk and eggs from ranchers along the way to supplement their diets; the three little boys especially relished the milk, as they had not been able to have any where they had been.

They had not traveled from Dillon very long when it started to rain; the road became so muddy they had to lay-over for two days while it dried up. They camped near a stream where, again, Milt and Good went fishing and caught all the trout they could eat. When the weather cleared and the roads dried, they continued on south. Until arriving at the Monida Pass, they had been traveling uphill; but the rest of the journey would now be either downhill or on more-or-less level ground. When they reached Pleasant Valley, they camped; the horses rested, Milt and Good went fishing, the grass was tall, and everyone needed a rest. While there, Henry told

them of his trip with the soldiers over into the Camas Meadows country in 1877, and what a great meadow it was. Good Rasmussen later married Annie Allen in Utah, brought her to Camas Meadows, and homesteaded on the West Camas Creek (now called Kilgore) in 1889.

As they neared the present town of Spencer, they could see the old Junipers; and a little farther south, they saw the distant Tetons in the southeast. From there to the old Camas campground, they had all the sage hens they could eat; as the sun would get closer to setting, the sage hens would come to the road to dust themselves and it was no problem to shoot all they could eat. When they arrived at the old Camas campground, they spent one day there before continuing on. From here, Henry and Lem with their families left the rest of the party and headed east southeast for the area that was later called Egin Bench; the rest of the party continued on toward Utah.

The first few hours' travel toward Egin Bench was not too bad; there was no road, so they traveled through the grass and bush. Soon they encountered the white sandhill, where they had to double up the teams to pull the wagons through the sand. They would pull one wagon about a mile, then return to get the other wagon. While the women were waiting for the men to return for the other wagon, they let the children enjoy playing in the sand. After finally crossing the sands, they arrived late in the afternoon on what is now called Egin Bench.

The first house they sighted belonged to Harry Simpson, but there was no one home when they arrived at his house. Henry looked in one of the windows and saw a four poster bed, and decided it must be someone from Farmington. Henry went down in the root cellar and saw some butter and several pans of milk, so he took one pan of milk and a pound of butter back to the wagons where they had camped not far from Simpson's house. The Simpsons returned home late that evening; and the next morning when Henry got up, he could see Harry looking around and heading for their camp. When Harry recognized Henry, he came running to greet him. Harry explained they had been visiting neighbors the night before, and had not returned home until about ten o'clock. Henry told Harry that he had helped himself to a pound of butter and a pan of milk, but he would pay for it. Harry did not want any money, but Henry insisted and gave Mrs. Simpson a dollar for the milk and butter.

After visiting with the Simpsons, they learned of several families from Farmington who had settled in this area: Joe Rudd, Frank Mason, Alfred Smith, Len Rice (a half brother of Lem and Caroline's), George Crapo, Arnold Miller, William Carbine, and Wyman Parker. They had all come from Utah and been there for a year or two. Harry told Henry they had not been able to grow many crops because there was not enough rain and the canals were not finished.

That afternoon they traveled about a mile east to what is now known as Parker, where they

camped for the night. Caroline and Juliette were not very impressed with the country, for all they could see were jack rabbits, sagebrush, and grass. There were no trees, except down on the river to the south. They both doubted if they would ever be able to make a living or have a home in the area, but Henry and Lem were excited about the prospects of the area and tried to paint rosy pictures of the future. Harry Simpson lived just west of the later Parker townsite; Joe Rudd and Wyman Parker lived east; Len Rice, William Carbine, and Arnold all lived north and west; Frank Mason lived just east; and Alfred Smith lived west. After talking to several of the people in the area, they decided to homestead east near Joe Rudd and Wyman Parker: Lem settled just east of Joe Rudd, and Henry settled just south of Lem's place.

All of Henry's land would be under the Egin Canal that was being built, and part of Lem's would be under the canal. Henry's land was clay and gravel soil, but it would raise good alfalfa hay; that was what he preferred, because he wanted to raise horses and cattle. Henry's land would be from Lem's place to the North Fork of the Snake River, so they staked out their claims and found the survey pegs so they could file on a homestead. Each person under the Homestead Act could file on 160 acres, so a man and wife could homestead 320 acres between them. After locating their land boundaries, they planned to send the women by train from Market Lake to Farmington. Since there were no buildings for the winter, and it was now in August, they

would not have time to build a house before winter set in. Lem also decided to go to Farmington for the winter, but Henry determined to stay on Egin Bench and try to get a home built.

Caroline was not feeling very well so, within a week, they headed for Market Lake and the train to Farmington. When they arrived at Market Lake, Henry put up his team at the livery stable and rode with them as far as Blackfoot where the land office was, and there left the train and went to the land office and filed his intention and Lem's intention to homestead 320 acres each with their wives. Henry was concerned about Caroline, but Lem and Juliette assured him they would look after her and the two boys the rest of the trip. Henry bid them goodbye, and went to the land office to make the preliminary entry for his and Lem's land.

Henry returned to Market Lake by train, where he obtained as much building material as he could, and loaded up his wagon to return to the Parker area. He traveled along the north side of the North Fork of the Snake River, as there were no bridges across either the North or South Forks of the Snake River, except at Eagle Rock. When the rivers were low, the people forded them; but when they were high, people had to cross by ferry west of the present town of Rexburg. People going to the Rexburg area would travel on the west side of the Snake River from Eagle Rock, then ferry or ford the river west of Rexburg; however, most of the shopping was done at Market Lake.

During the next few weeks, Henry was busy preparing for the winter months. He cut some slew grass from the river bottoms south of his homestead for winter feed for his horses, and located an area with high grass where he could winter the horses he was not using. While cutting hay down by the river, he looked over at a grove of tall, straight cottonwood trees and decided there were enough to build a log house on his homestead. He rode his saddle horse out to the Old Junipers to look over the range, as he still planned to run cattle and horses north of the Parker area. Little did he know that in later years, he would have horses scattered from the Blackfoot area to the Island Park mountains. The grass on the range was tall and very dense in areas where the sagebrush was shorter and thick; in some areas, mainly between the white sand dunes, the sagebrush was as tall as a man on a horse. Henry visioned the grass waving in the breeze with the sage gone, and wondered if it would be possible to burn off the sage and still keep the fire from going into the timber at the northeast. There were hundreds of deer and elk in the area; the sage hens and prairie chickens were so numerous that a flock of them would fly up every few hundred yards.

Within a month he received a letter from Caroline informing him of the birth of a baby girl born August 16th, whom she would like to name Edna Amelia. She said she and the baby were doing fine, but that she and the two little boys missed him very much. She begged Henry to come down to Farmington and visit them as soon as he could,

especially before winter set in. She said that his parents were in poor health, and that his father's eyesight was failing and he could hardly see. Henry decided to go to Farmington the latter part of September to see his folks and his family, especially the new baby; he had not seen his parents since the spring of 1883 when he left for Canada.

Henry made another trip to Market Lake, where he purchased more building materials and some wire to make pasture fence and corrals for his livestock. The last week in September came much too quickly, so he drove a team and wagon to Market Lake and found a farmer who would pasture his team for the two weeks he was gone to Farmington. He caught the train at Market Lake and headed for Utah. As he rode south, he observed the changes that had taken place between Market Lake to Farmington. The town of Eagle Rock had begun to grow, and he could see several houses east of there. He could see new ranches and homes all along the route, and Pocatello especially had become a small-sized town.

When he arrived at Farmington it seemed that Dell and Roy had grown, although it had only been about a month since he had seen them. Caroline seemed more beautiful than ever, and the darling baby had dark, almost red, hair. His parents were happy to see him and, as usual, he gave them some money to help them along before he left. While there, he and Caroline made a trip to Salt Lake to do some shopping and sight seeing. Salt Lake now had many businesses in operation, and

the coming of the railroad to Salt Lake had helped its growth.

Various events of historical significance had occurred during the past three years, 1883-1886, while Henry had been gone. According to the official records for the winter of 1883, it was thirty-five degrees below zero in Salt Lake City on January 19th. On March 11th, the townsite of Rexburg, Idaho, was selected and named in honor of Thomas E. Ricks, the leader of the first settlers in that area. On May 29th, Bishop William B. Preston and Leonard W. Hardy arrived at Rexburg and located townsites at Teton, Wilford, Parker, Burton, and Lyman. On August 21st, the notorious "Wild Bill Hickock" died in Lander, Wyoming. On the following Saturday, the 25th, Bishop Andrew Burt, Captain of the Salt Lake City Police Force, was killed by a Negro he was trying to arrest. Within a half hour, the man was caught and lynched by a mob in the jail yard. On the 26th, a man named Jack Murphy was taken out of the Coleville jail by a mob and lynched at Park City for the murder of M. Brennan a few days earlier. The people in the area were not tolerating murder.

During these years the U.S. Marshals were harassing the Saints throughout Utah, Arizona, and Idaho, who had been practicing plural marriage; in some cases, they became rather cruel to the men they captured. Saints were still arriving from Europe, and the Saints in the Salt Lake Valley were generous with their money and material possessions to help these new arrivals get established. On 17 November 1883, Charles C. Rich, the founder of

Paris, Idaho, died there at the age of seventy-four years.

1884 saw a number of wards organized throughout the west, and several missionaries in various parts of the world were expelled from some countries for preaching Mormonism and performing baptisms. The first irrigation canal was built in the Snake River Valley during 1884. The Brigham Young Academy was destroyed by fire in Provo, Utah, on January 27th.

The following wards were organized and the following events took place: (1) February 4, the Bannock Ward in the Snake River Valley was organized as the Bannock Stake, with Thomas E. Ricks as President. (2) The Logan Temple was dedicated under the direction of President John Taylor on Saturday, May 17. (3) The first marriages in the Logan Temple were solemnized four days later on Wednesday, May 21. (4) On Thursday, June 5, the Chesterfield, Idaho, ward was organized with Parley P. Willey as Bishop; the Lyman, Idaho, ward was organized with Sidney Weeks as Bishop. (5) On Monday, June 9, the Wilford area was organized as a branch of the Church. (6) On Wednesday, June 11, the Parker Ward was organized with Wyman M. Parker as Bishop. (7) August 5, the cornerstone of the Statue of Liberty was laid in New York. (8) Sunday, August 12, a Quarterly Conference was held at Rexburg, Idaho, and two more wards were partially organized: Menan (Cedar Buttes) Ward with Robert L. Bybee as Bishop, and Lewisville Ward with Richard F. Jardine as Bishop. (9) Wednesday, August

27, the St. John Ward near Malad, Idaho, was organized with James Harrison as Bishop. (10) September 6, the Wilford, Idaho, Ward was organized and Thomas S. Smith was the Bishop. (11) November 23, Salem, Idaho, Ward was organized with George B. Harris as Bishop. (12) Many male members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were arrested, fined, and sentenced for unlawful cohabitation during 1884.

During 1885, more trials and arrests occurred in Idaho, Utah, and Arizona under the Edmonds Anti-Polygamy Law. Many went into hiding, with some Saints moving to Canada and Mexico to escape prosecution. On 4 January 1886, the first appendectomy was performed in the United States at Davenport, Iowa, and many lives were saved from this day forward. Prior to this time, people in the United States had died of "inflammation of the bowels" or appendicitis.

On Tuesday, 3 February 1885, the Idaho Legislature passed a law, which was signed by Governor Bunn, prohibiting all Mormons from voting. This caused some concern and even lawsuits in the state, but a Supreme Court decision upheld the law.

On May 23, the Iona Ward on Sand Creek east of Eagle Rock was organized with James E. Steel as Bishop.

Henry began to become restless after two weeks in Farmington because he had so many things to do at Parker before winter set in, but Caroline persuaded him to remain another week. While on

his way back to Idaho, Henry stopped off at Ogden to see and talk to his old friend, George A. Lowe. He bought a hay rake, buggy, plow, two sections of harrows, mowing machine, and drill that he shipped to Market Lake where he had left his wagon and team. The trip back to Idaho was rather uneventful; but when he arrived at Eagle Rock, he stopped an extra day to visit with Jack Anderson. Jack had opened a bank and a small store, and was one of the town's leading citizens. They reminisced about their first meeting, and of the changes that had taken place. Jack still felt Henry had made a mistake in settling as far north as he had, because there was still a lot of good land around Eagle Rock to be homesteaded. Henry told him that the kind of ranching he wanted to do would not work out in the Eagle Rock area; in the vast rangeland north and west of Parker was where he wanted to settle. They talked about the future of the area, and Jack was certain that the train running through there would always provide a way for getting farm produce and livestock to market.

When he arrived at Market Lake, the machinery he had purchased in Ogden was there, so he loaded it into his wagon and, trailing the buggy behind, headed for Parker. He unloaded the equipment and decided he had better cut more hay for his horses, so the next few days were spent getting up hay from down on the river bottoms.

He had also purchased some cement at Market Lake; and with the use of local sand and gravel, and by hauling lava rock from north of Parker, he soon

had laid the foundation for a house. He also set a few posts for a corral and a shed for his livestock. By the time he had the foundation laid and the hay cut and hauled, it was getting into the month of November; the nights were getting cold, but the days were warm and pleasant to work in. He was living in a tent and hoped to get the home closed in before winter. There were no area sawmills, so he cut down the cottonwood trees with an ax and hued them on three sides so they would lay flat together, with a flat side on the inside of the house. He was very good with an ax, and there was very little space between the logs when he fit them together. He hired Joe Rudd, who only lived about a mile away, to help him. He also bought a cow from Joe so he would have milk to drink. Henry loved bread and milk for his evening meal; and he figured the cow would be a good investment as long as there was enough feed.

He made one more trip to Market Lake and was accompanied this time by several of the settlers who wanted to obtain enough groceries to last them through the winter. If the snow became too deep, they would be unable to make a trip again until the next spring. Whenever someone went to Market Lake, there were others who could not make the trip but needed supplies, so anyone making a trip always did some shopping for the neighbors. The people were dependent on each other, so it was just like one big family.

Henry was still living in a tent; and when it rained, it seemed that the moisture would increase

the humidity to a point where the inside of the tent sometimes seemed as damp as the outside. By the middle of January he was able to put a stove inside of the house, and conditions were not as severe the rest of the winter. Before moving into the house, there were nights when he had very little sleep because it was so cold; even though he would heat rocks to warm his bed, he would be freezing by morning so he would get up and build a fire.

The long cold winter made Henry lonesome and long to see his wife and children but, with the livestock and the amount of work left on the house, he knew he could not leave and go to Farmington. He attended several of the functions held at Parker, but did not attend Church very often because he smoked. He knew he smelled of tobacco, which might be unpleasant for some people. Joe Rudd encouraged Henry to go to Church, and explained that it would not make any difference if he did smoke, and there were several others who attended Church that used tobacco. Henry had learned to play the fiddle, and playing his fiddle at the dances helped keep him from getting too lonesome.

Occasionally he would ride down to the river to see how the rest of the horses were wintering, and several times he fished through the ice and caught a good mess of fish. He went out north of Parker and killed an elk earlier in the winter, so he had all the meat he wanted. Wyman Parker, another neighbor to the west, had killed some hogs, so Henry bought one of them and cured part of it, so he had plenty of grease and bacon. By spring he had

partitioned the house into two bedrooms and a large kitchen, which also served as a living room. He cut two more windows so that each bedroom had a window; and he cut one more door so the house had a front and back door. He had bought the doors and windows on his last trip to Market Lake.

He and Caroline wrote several letters to each other, but Henry had to go to Rexburg or Market Lake to receive or mail any letters. Most of the travel in the winter to Market Lake or Rexburg was by saddle horse; but occasionally, someone would travel by sleigh. The winter had not been too severe as far as the snow was concerned, but it had been an exceptionally cold one. When anyone went to Rexburg or Market Lake, they gathered up all the mail to be sent, and brought back mail that belonged to anyone in the area.

One day when Henry was visiting the Joe Rudd family, they told him a skunk had gotten under their house and they were afraid it might spray and stink them out of the house. While he was there visiting, Rudd's daughter, Lizzy, kept running along the floor and reaching down to get ahold of something. Mrs. Rudd would call, "Quit that, Lizzy." Come to find out, Lizzy was trying to grab hold of the hairs on the skunk's tail. As the skunk would walk along under the house, its tail would brush up against the floor boards and the hairs of its tail would stick up through the cracks in the floor. If Lizzy had gotten a good hold on the hairs, it might have been a disaster! It was amusing for everyone to watch Lizzy try to catch hold of the skunk's tail

hairs; but all the time, they were hoping she would not! Henry said he had some traps at home and would come catch the skunk. Henry returned the next day, had Joe tie up all of his dogs, then set the trap just outside the hole where the skunk was getting under the house. He tied a long wire on the trap and anchored it to a post away from the house. That night he visited the Rudds, and they all stayed up late. About 10:00 P.M. they heard a noise, and went out with the lantern—they had caught the skunk. After untying the wire from the post, Henry led and dragged the skunk over to the Egin Canal. The canal was frozen over except for a small space down the canal about one hundred yards. They dragged the skunk to the open spot, where they pushed it into the canal with a long pole and it drowned.

After trapping the skunk from under the house, they boarded up the hole. That ended the skunk problem for at least that winter. By the first of April the snow was all gone except on the north sides of the willows and buildings, so Henry made another trip to Market Lake to buy more lumber and supplies. He put a floor in the house when he returned, and it was then beginning to look like a home. He still had to chink the logs with plaster, but decided to wait until later so the logs could dry out more. He also obtained enough plaster and cement to later plaster the walls of the house.

By the middle of May, he had cleared some of the brush on a parcel of land and started to plow so he could plant grain for his livestock. He had

purchased some seed oats, spring wheat seed, and alfalfa seed during his trip to Market Lake. Some of the neighbors living around the Parker area told Henry they had very poor luck with planting alfalfa, that it just did not seem to grow. He was not discouraged, however, and was fairly confident the alfalfa would grow in the gravelly and clay soil of his farm. The black volcanic sandy soil around Parker and northwest of there probably accounted for their not having very good luck with the alfalfa.

Caroline wrote and wanted to know when the house would be finished and liveable so she could come up to Idaho. Henry wrote back and suggested she wait until the tenth of June, and he would meet her in Market Lake on the eleventh of June. By the end of May, he had planted about twenty acres each of wheat, oats, and alfalfa. The next few days he was busy getting things ready for his wife and children, and on June eleventh he drove to Market Lake to meet them.

They arrived about noon on the train, and it was a happy reunion for all. Caroline had several full suitcases and boxes she had brought from Farmington. When she got off the train she could not see a wagon anywhere, but there was a team hitched to a new buggy; she immediately asked Henry where the wagon was. Henry answered that it was over by the hotel, and they would walk over to it. But instead of taking her to the hotel, he led her to the new buggy. She was certainly surprised and happy—she had anticipated riding home in a wagon, and here they had a new buggy to travel in. Dell and

Roy were all excited and wanted to know if they could have the back seat all to themselves. Henry said that as soon as the suitcases and boxes were loaded they could have the rest of the back seat. To make room for the boys, some of the suitcases were tied on the top of the buggy and the rest were piled in behind the back seat.

Henry was so excited about the new baby, Edna, and thought she was the most beautiful baby girl he had ever seen; and he could not quit repeating that. The two boys had grown, and it would not be long before they would be big enough to help on the farm. The ride home was pleasant, and they traveled much faster in the buggy than they would have in a wagon. They arrived at the ranch just before sundown, and though it was not as nice as Caroline's folks' home in Farmington, it was home—and they would be together as a family. When she went inside, she said it was great; but deep down, she knew it was no castle. the one drawback was the water situation—they had to haul water from the river about a mile away, and that time of the year the river was riley from the spring run-off.

One of the first projects they undertook was to dig a ditch from the Egin Canal to their place so they could have water for the garden, for the land they had planted north and east of the house, and for their household use. They had been discouraged from digging a well because Wyman Parker, who lived much closer to the Egin Canal than Henry, had dug an open well at his farm eighty feet deep and

had not obtained water. It still meant they would have to haul water in the wintertime, but it would be much closer in the summer.



Henry Driving the Stage at Yellowstone Park

Chapter Fourteen

The Next Ten Years
in Parker and Rexburg
1886-1896

The next few years were hard years for the family because the elements seemed to be against all the settlers in the Snake River Valley. Henry's family did not suffer from lack of money, as did some families that had moved into the area. Henry had what money he needed, because he had saved up several thousand dollars from his freighting, gambling, and railroading. So far the winters had not been too severe, as far as snow was concerned, but the cold weather had been penetrating to the point that many people nearly froze during the winter months. Most of the settlers had little money and, as a result, suffered from lack of adequate warm winter clothing. Because of rain shortage, the farmers had to irrigate their crops to get any yield. Those who were able to water from the Egin Canal, and had some clay in their soil, were able to raise fairly good crops. Those who lived north and west of the Egin Canal could not raise many crops. Never

before had they seen a place where water would not run downhill; but on most of the Egin Bench, water ran nearly straight down into the ground.

The St. Anthony Canal Company finally dug a canal that started up river from the present town of St. Anthony, transversed about two miles north of Parker, then angled to the southwest, and ended in what was later called Quake Lake, which was a deep depression near the sandhills southwest of Parker. When water was first turned in the canal, most of it just seeped into the ground. It was two weeks before it passed the present site of the Youth Training Center, which is located west of St. Anthony. The group that dug the canal was an eastern investment company and, for some time, they figured they had made a poor investment.

One day Wyman Parker was passing his open well when he heard the sound of running water down his well. He saw the water coming into his well at about the sixty-foot level, at which spot they had dug through a hard pan of colloidal clay. Therefore, when the water from the St. Anthony and Egin Canals had reached this hard pan, it began to move underground. It was not long before several people in the Parker area noticed water rising in their open wells. The farmers began to get the water onto their lands in ditches; soon the underground watertable filled up, and the sub water rose to within a few feet of the land surfaces. They soon learned that if the ditches in their fields were spaced about every hundred to three hundred feet apart, they could control the sub water in the fields

at a desired height to raise good crops. This type of sub-irrigation was unheard of in the Upper Snake River Valley before that time, and it changed the whole picture of the Egin Bench area. From that time on, the crops increased; the dark black volcanic soil and the nearness of water tempered the climate and there were fewer frosts during the growing season.

More people were moving into the Valley, and the town of Rexburg was growing. Farmers on the south side of the North Fork of the Snake River (later named Henry's Fork), had built canals and were irrigating with water from Henry's Fork, the Teton River, and other streams that came from the mountains to the east. On 9 June 1887, Henry and Caroline were blessed with a healthy, beautiful baby girl whom they named Eva Caroline. She had her mother's black hair, and her father's gray eyes; this now made a family of four children, two boys and two girls. The Independent Canal Company dug a canal through Henry's property, so this furnished water for the southern part of the farm and also made water available for the house use and the livestock, so they no longer had to haul water from the Snake River in barrels. The water flowing in the Independent Canal caused the sub water to come up on the south side of the canal, which provided adequate pasture for the milk cows and saddle horses. Henry built a foot bridge across the canal near his barns so they could get to the cows in the pasture each night and morning during the summer months. When the cows would ford the canal, the water would come up past their bellies.

Times were hard for many of the settlers, and one day a man named Johnny Davenport came to Henry and asked for a job. He needed work, and had heard that Henry was hiring some men to dig a canal. He had walked barefoot from his farm, about three miles west of Henry's place. He said he needed money to buy flour for his family, that his crops were not too good the past year and had not made much money. Johnny also said that he needed water for his farm and, according to the survey, the canal Henry was planning to build would serve Johnny's farm with water. Henry gave him twenty dollars and told Johnny to get himself a pair of shoes and what food he needed, and he would have a job when it was time to start building the canal. There were many families with very little money, but they had a lot of determination and hope for better times in the future. When the farmers that were under the St. Anthony Canal first turned the water in their ditches, the water would run a short ways and sink into the ground. Many became discouraged and sold their farms for as little as two dollars per acre, but the ones that stayed eventually raised good crops. The geologists claimed that the whole Egin Bench country had two layers of impervious colloidal clay: one layer was about twelve to fifteen feet below the surface, and the other one was about thirty to forty feet below the surface.

The settlers also found that they could dig open wells down about fifteen to twenty feet and obtain water; but when winter set in, the wells went dry about the last of February or the first of March.

They deepened their wells and reached what was called the second water level. As they dug the wells deeper, they added boards at the top and pushed the cribbing further down the hole. When they had dug about thirty feet deep, they reached the second water level, and the water was much cooler and of better quality. A box was built about four or five feet above the ground to keep people and animals from falling into the wells. A crossbar was built at the top, and a pulley was attached to the cross bar. By running a rope through the pulley and tying it to a bucket, they could dip the water from the well and bring it to the top.

There was no inside plumbing in any of the dwellings, as the gas engine or electricity was not available in the area. Outside privies were used to take care of the human wastes. Baths were taken in the canals during the summer months, and in the homes at other times. In order to take a bath, water was heated on the stove or in a reservoir that was attached to the stove in the kitchen. The tub was a No. 3 galvanized wash tub that served as both a bathtub and a family laundry tub. This round tub was usually placed near the kitchen stove so the bather could keep warm, especially during the winter. Many who bathed in the round tub could attest to being burned as they stood up and bent over with their backsides touching the hot stove.

Irrigation on the Egin Bench has not changed much over the years. They have found, in most cases, that the sub-irrigation method still works best; although during the 1970's, some farmers

began using sprinkler irrigation. The outhouse did not disappear until after World War Two, and the open wells became obsolete in the 1930's. Between the open wells and the present-day electric pump and pressure systems, the people drove a pipe with a sand point down into the ground. They would drive it down through the first hard pan, then attach a hand pump to pump the water to the surface. This type of well and pump may still be found in some areas of the Egin Bench.

Some events of historical importance that happened from 1885 through 1890 are here included. The automatic temperature controls that regulate the heat and coolness of the present homes were developed during the 1880's. In about 1883 Albert Butz, a local inventor in Minneapolis, Minnesota, used a thermostat with an electric current that responded to temperature changes by operating a motor that would open or close dampers on coal furnaces. Butz completed his system in 1885, and formed a company that eventually became Honeywell Incorporated.

In 1886, several men were imprisoned in the Utah penitentiary for violation of the Edmonds Law. On May 13, Governor West of Utah visited the penitentiary and offered amnesty to all the men who would promise to obey the Edmonds Law as interpreted by the courts. On May 19 the area west of Parker, Idaho, was organized as the Brighton Ward with Ruben Hiatt as Bishop. On May 21, the east end of Poole's Island was organized as the Cleveland (later LaBell) Ward, with Winslow Walker

as Bishop. On May 22, the Rigby Ward was organized with George A. Cordon as Bishop. Ten men were sentenced on May 24 at Blackfoot, Idaho, for violation of the Edmonds Law and taken to the prison at Detroit, Michigan.

On June 3 Homer Duncan, the wagon master who had brought many Saints across the plains, was charged with unlawful cohabitation and his bond was set at one thousand dollars. On October 1, he was sentenced to six months in prison and fined three hundred dollars.

On September 1, Leonard G. Rice, the father of Caroline Rice Jenkins, was arrested for violating the Edmonds Law and placed under bond; and on the 13th, he died suddenly at Farmington, Utah, from a heart attack.

During this period, many of the immigrants were sent by the immigration authorities back to their native countries because they were members of the Mormon Church. They soon found, however, that they could remain in the United States if they did not declare their religion. On Thursday, 18 November 1886, the Eagle Rock Ward was organized with James Thomas as Bishop. In December of 1886, the League of Utah was organized for the purpose of destroying Mormonism throughout the west.

The Federal Government through its receivers took possession of the Church offices in Utah in 1887, which threatened a wholesale confiscation of Church property. Richard Young, a prominent lawyer who had been practicing law in the east, was refused admittance to the bar of the Utah Territorial

Supreme Court because he was a Mormon. On January 14 Hong Hop, a Chinese merchant, married Nellie Addard, a white woman, at Salt Lake City, which was the first incident of this kind in Utah.

On February 8, Apostle Lorenzo Snow was released from prison when the United States Supreme Court reversed the decision of Habeas Corpus Case. On February 17, the Edmonds Tucker Bill was voted on in the United States Congress, passing the House of Representatives by a vote of 202 to 37; on the 18th, the United States Senate passed it by a vote of 37 to 13. The act became law without the signature of President Cleveland. On February 27 Sophia Taylor, the wife of President John Taylor, the President of the Mormon Church, died in Salt Lake City. On July 25, President John Taylor died at the home of Thomas Rouché at Kaysville, Utah, in exile while hiding from the U.S. Marshals. Because some members of the Council of the Twelve Apostles were out of the country at the time, the remaining ones in Salt Lake decided that the counselors to President Taylor should continue as heads of the Church until all of the Apostles returned to Salt Lake City at a later date.

The Federal Government was using every method they could muster to harass and cause trouble for the Mormons in the Utah Territory. Between November 5th and 11th, U.S. Marshal Frank H. Dyer took over the receivership of the Church, as directed by the courts to do so. He took over the tithing office, but did not interfere with its regular business. He posted a \$250,000 bond for the

protection of Church funds. John Jenkins, Henry's older brother, along with one other man, was arrested on November 11, at Newton, Utah, and sentenced to six months in prison and fined three hundred dollars for violating the Edmonds Tucker Law. Rudger Clawson was released from prison after serving a three-year sentence.

On January of 1888 Martin Harris' widow, Caroline, died at Lewisville, Idaho; and on January 25 David Whitmer, the last of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, died at Richmond, Missouri.

On March 11, the great winter blizzard started in New York. On April 19 John Jenkins, Henry's brother, was released from prison. On May 5, eighty-eight Mormons were excluded from the Democratic Territorial Convention at Ogden, Utah. On the November 6th general election, Benjamin Harrison was elected President of the United States. In Idaho, a number of men who had withdrawn from the Church voted in the election; but Fred T. Dubois, a bitter anti-Mormon, was elected to Congress from Idaho. On December 12, all Mormon legislators were expelled from the Idaho Legislature.

On 8 August 1889, the first experimental run of an electrically-powered street car was successful. The Saints who had settled in the Teton Basin area in Idaho were organized as the Alpine Ward, with Mathoni W. Pratt as Bishop, on 22 August 1889. On September 5, the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company was incorporated with capital stock of fifteen thousand dollars. On September 12, Samuel Davis was fined five hundred dollars in the Third District court for

having voted at the last general election on 6 November 1888. He was a Mormon, and all Mormons in Idaho had been disenfranchised. The case was taken to the United States Supreme Court and, on 3 February 1890, they handed down a decision upholding the case of Idaho against Samuel Davis.

On October 25 Thomas E. Ricks from Rexburg, Idaho, was convicted of violating the Edmonds Tucker Act. About that same time, the old Endowment House on Temple Square, which had been erected in 1855, was being taken down. In November Charles W. Penrose, who testified at a naturalization case before Judge Anderson in the Third District Court, was committed to the penitentiary for refusing to answer an important question with reference to his family affairs. Five days later, the trial on the naturalization case was over, and he was released. On November 30, this same Judge Anderson rendered a decision that Mormon aliens could not be admitted to citizenship, which resulted in many Mormons being refused citizenship.

The canals that traversed the Egin Bench supplied the needs for most of the farms, but there was an area between the Egin Canal and the Independent Canal that was lacking for water. Henry rode a saddle horse over a proposed route to make a quick survey, and decided a canal could be dug to furnish water for the unirrigated area. He made a trip to Blackfoot and filed on sufficient water out of the Snake River, and the point of

diversion was just southwest of St. Anthony. He had talked to several farmers who needed water, and they were all anxious to work on the canal for a water right.

Because there were no local surveyors, Henry determined to survey the route himself. He built a triangular tripod out of wood, and made it small enough for a spirit level to be laid across it. He then notched each end of a one-half inch pipe so that a small wire could be placed directly across the center of each end. By looking through the pipe and aligning the two wires, it acted as the eye-piece of his survey instrument. Using the spirit level, he would position the tripod on the ground, then look through the pipe and spot the man holding the rod with numbers on it. It took about ten days to survey and stake the route of the canal. Because of Henry's experience with building railroad grade, he was familiar with staking a route to show where the cuts and fills were to be. He surveyed the canal to conform with the general slope of the land.

With the survey completed by the last of June, they were ready to start work by mid-July. Henry had several teams of his own to put on the job; and with the eight or ten teams of the cooperating farmers, they had a good crew. They had just begun work when a group of men hired by the St. Anthony Canal Company started digging another canal at their side. Their crew was larger and soon passed Henry's men. Within a half mile, they moved over onto Henry's survey and continued digging. Henry unsuccessfully tried to stop them, so

he went to Blackfoot to discuss the problem with the land agent. Henry was told there was nothing they could do about it, because the St. Anthony Canal Company had legally filed on water. However, Henry was told a way that the company could be stopped: when they arrived on land owned by any of Henry's friends or relatives, the St. Anthony Canal Company could be denied permission to cross the land. Henry knew there was no way they could avoid crossing his brother-in-law's land, because the Egin Canal was on the north and there was only room for one canal to be built at this particular place.

Henry returned and allowed the canal company to continue digging. When they reached the east property line of Lem Rice's farm, Henry instructed the foreman to stop because they were encroaching on private land. They stopped and waited a few days, then started digging again. When Henry heard about this, he rode up to the place they were working and asked to see the boss of the crew. One of the men pointed to a large burley man and said he was the foreman, and that he was a mean one. This did not stop Henry in any way. He rode up to the foreman and asked him who gave them authority to dig the canal on private property. The foreman replied that the company did, and there was nothing anyone could do about it. When Henry told the foreman to call off the work, he refused. Henry was so angry and upset that he took his riding quirt and started hitting the foreman over the shoulders. The foreman turned and ran with Henry right behind hitting him at every step until he got to

the east line of Lem's property, where he stopped. Henry went back through the workers and told them to get off the property unless they wanted the same treatment; and that if they came back, they would get a rearend full of buckshot. They turned their teams around and left. A few days afterward, some people told Henry that the foreman had left the country and vowed he would not try to buck that crazy man anymore. Henry had called the St. Anthony Canal's bluff, and they knew they could not proceed any further, so they later wanted to negotiate with him.

Henry reassembled his crew and continued building the canal; by that fall, it was ready for use. However, a problem arose when Henry was served a restraining order preventing him from running water in the portion of the canal dug by the St. Anthony Canal Company. This action brought both sides to a negotiated settlement. The Company offered Henry several shares of stock in their St. Anthony Canal that was to the north, and each of the persons who had worked on the canal received the number of shares they were entitled to for their work and right-of-ways they had granted to the company. Because Henry was not interested in actually running a canal company, he agreed to the settlement. This canal, called the St. Anthony Union Canal, is still in existence and has been used continuously since being built.

During this same period, Henry took a contract to build the upper part of the Butte Market Lake Canal, which supplies water to the Roberts

area. He made good money on this contract and, by the time it was finished, he took another contract to build part of a canal north of Idaho Falls. As far as can be determined, it must have been part of the present Idaho Canal, as Henry said it ran north and south.

During the latter 1880's and early 1890's, Henry's acquisition of several good brood mares and two good stallions was getting him into the horse business in a big way. He also purchased some range cattle, and now had a good herd of cattle and horses. The horses ranged from west of Rexburg to Sand Creek at the north, where he had bought a small acreage and installed some good horse corrals. Rangeland was free, and any settler who had livestock would run them on the rangeland west and north of Parker. In the fall of the year, the horses would move from the Sand Creek area and winter on the south slope of the old Junipers, or on the south slope of the Grassy Ridge, which lays west of the Junipers. The first few winters had little snow, and the horses wintered without much problem -- the loss from winterkill was minimal.

Idaho had been admitted to the Union in 1890, and some of the people were riled up about the state's political situation. The legislature was controlled by non-Mormons and was enacting laws that had adverse effects on Mormons in the state. The adopted state constitution included an article that carried a test oath, so it was much harder for Mormons in the state to vote.

Later in the year, the President of the Mormon Church issued a Manifesto advising the church members against plural marriage and any other marriage that was contrary to the laws of the land. This Manifesto later was adopted by the Church at the next General Conference in Salt Lake City. The adoption of the Manifesto by the Church did not stop the U.S. Marshals from pursuing those who had been practicing plural marriage prior to it. According to the best available figures, less than three percent of the Church members actually practiced plural marriage. Some of the prejudicial sections of the Idaho constitution remained in effect until 1982, nearly one hundred years later.

On 7 April 1891, a baby boy was born and they named him Leonard Evan, making three boys and two girls. Dell and Roy were getting old enough to help with the livestock, and Dell seemed to be the cowboy of the family. He loved to ride horses, especially the ones that would buck a little. Dell and Roy were old enough to ride back and forth to school at Parker, just as many other children did during the school year.

On 8 August 1894, another son was born whom they named Claude Rice Jenkins.

In the fall of 1894 Henry and his family moved to Rexburg. The boys were getting older, and the family wanted to be closer to doctors because of Caroline's health. There were more conveniences in the Rexburg area, and they were also expecting to have a telephone line in the near future. While living in Rexburg, Henry took a contract to haul the

mail from Market Lake to Rexburg, Teton, St. Anthony, Parker, and Edmonds, which was a fifty-mile route. He also set up a livery stable and blacksmith shop in Rexburg and St. Anthony, which he operated for about three years and then sold. With the ferry west of Rexburg, the mail route completed a roundtrip by way of Rexburg and then back to Market Lake by way of Edmonds. Henry retained this mail route for several years; however, he sublet part of the contract to Emeline Weigner.

While living in Rexburg he contracted for a mail route from Blackfoot to Challis, a distance of one hundred sixty miles one way. It was more of a stage line than a mail route because, along with the mail, they also hauled passengers and some valuable freight. Because eighty head of horses were needed to run the mail and stage route to Challis, Henry sublet the contract to three men named Pherson, Powell, and Vougler. They had a stage station stop-over on the north side of the Big Butte west of Blackfoot (where there used to be a spring), one at Arco, and one on the east side of Willow Creek Summit west of the present town of Chilly in Custer County, Idaho. One day the stage was robbed at Arco by a man who went by the name of Walker. He escaped with several pounds of gold and, although the law pursued him, they were unable to catch him. When Henry was told about this robbery and heard the man's description, he knew the man's real name was Gib Web. With this additional information, they later caught the robber in Mexico, but never did find

the gold. Some say he hid the gold on the desert southeast of Arco, but no one knows for sure.

In spring of 1895, ranchers in the Jackson Hole area reported that Indians were on the warpath in that area, and requested protection from the United States Army. A cavalry unit of two hundred men, all Blacks except the captain and the Army purser, was shipped to Market Lake. The captain of the group was Captain Carpenter or Croppenger -- some records list the name as Croppenger, but Henry stated the Captain's name was Carpenter. The cavalry unit needed someone to carry dispatches from Market Lake to Jackson so Henry took the job, receiving seventy-five dollars for each dispatch. Sometimes there would be two or three dispatches, while other times there was only one. Henry had to take them to the Captain no matter what time of night or day they arrived. As soon as Henry delivered a dispatch, he would return to Market Lake and wait for the next one to arrive. He hired Trapper Seymore, an area trapper, to guide the troops to the Jackson Hole area. Henry also sent two of his best saddle horses with Trapper to be left at Victor so he could change to a fresh horse before climbing the pass, which is two thousand feet about the valley floor. He would ride the one hundred fifteen mile-distance from Market Lake to Jackson in eight hours, averaging about fourteen miles per hour, and would change horses at Rexburg and Victor.

The first dispatch arrived at Market Lake about noon. Henry picked it up, wrapped it in an

oilskin cloth to keep it dry, and headed for Jackson. He arrived at the bank of the South Fork of the Snake River just east of the present town of Wilson, Wyoming. The sun was nearly ready to set and, even though the mountains to the west blotted out the sun, it was still light. The river was running high and swift, and Henry knew he would have to swim his horse across. He studied both banks of the river to determine the best spot to enter the river and where to land on the other side. He looked down river and there, on a gravel bar, was one of the Army mules that had drowned when the army crossed. Henry had a good horse, and decided to make a try at crossing. When he first entered the river, the horse waded for about fifty feet into the river before hitting swimming water. He headed the horse at an angle down stream so he would not have to fight the current. Once in the crossing, the horse touched bottom; but after taking only a few steps, he was in swimming water again. By the time he reached the east bank, he was down-river a good half-mile from where he had entered the river on the west side. Although he was wet up to his crotch, the dispatch was still dry. He had planned that if the horse got into trouble, he would slide off the back and hang onto a rope he had tied to the horse's tail before entering the river.

This job only lasted about two weeks because, when the soldiers arrived in Jackson, they learned that the Indians had left. They did, however, find one wounded Indian and a small Indian baby boy that had been left by the rest of the party. The

Captain told Henry that the little papoose was found crying, trying to climb up a hill; the wounded Indian had been shot in the leg by one of the ranchers. The rest of the Indians had gone north and then west into the Upper Snake River Valley near the present town of Ashton. One of the main reasons the ranchers wanted the Indians out of that area was because some of the Indians were still engaging in cattle and horse rustling. They were a remnant of the original Jackson Gang of outlaws that operated in the area for several years prior to this time. The group of Indians later moved back to the Fort Hall Reservation, and the Captain told Henry that the Indians were not bothering anyone but were just hunting and fishing. When the army moved out, they brought the wounded Indian and little papoose with them to Rexburg, and Henry took them to Market Lake and put them on the train to Fort Hall.

In about 1930, an old Indian named White Bear, whom Henry had known since working on the Reservation the summer of 1870, came to Parker. White Bear brought with him the mother of the little papoose that Henry had sent to Fort Hall, and she informed Henry that the little papoose was now a grown man.

The soldiers that had been in Jackson Hole returned to Market Lake and shipped out. Within about two weeks, another group of soldiers, this time all white men, arrived and moved up into the Teton Basin area and stayed all summer.

Events of historical importance occurring from 1890 through 1895 are presented here. The

Congress of the United States was passing laws that affected the Mormons of the West. On 13 January 1890, John Stewart of Vermont introduced a bill in the House of Representatives in Washington to disenfranchise all Mormons. On January 18 Robert Ford, a worker on the Salt Lake Temple, fell thirty feet to the ground and died on the 23rd. In Salt Lake City, Utah, the Liberals Party won a city election held on February 10. It was won through the grossest of frauds. They obtained possession of the city government, which proved a hardship for the Saints in Salt Lake City. By February 15, two thousand bushels of barley had been shipped to the local brewery at Eagle Rock, Idaho, during the past year. In March of 1890, the Gardo House in Salt Lake (where President John Taylor lived in 1882), the Tithing Office grounds, and the Historian's Office were rented from the Government Executor to two members of the Mormon Church for the sum of nine hundred fifty dollars per month, so the Church had control of them.

On Thursday, 3 April 1890, the United States House of Representatives passed a bill providing admission of Idaho to the Union, with its Anti-Mormon test oath. Also on that date, the case involving fifty-two ex-Mormons who had been indicted for alleged illegal voting was dismissed at Malad, Idaho. On April 10, Shelby Mcullom of Illinois introduced a bill in the United States Senate for the total disenfranchisement of all Mormons. On April 11, in a session at Ottawa, the Canadian Parliament amended the Criminal Law of the Dominion from

two years to five years imprisonment for anyone practicing polygamy.

On June 6, the United States Grand Jury at Blackfoot, Idaho, reported one hundred fifty-three indictments, mostly against Mormons, for alleged illegal voting. Some of them had withdrawn from the Church and voted at an election held the previous year. On July 3, Thursday, President Harrison signed the bill admitting Idaho as a state into the Union; and on the 10th, he signed the admission bill for the State of Wyoming.

On July 13 the Pocatello Branch of the Mormon Church was organized as a ward, in Bingham County, Idaho, with Carl J. Cannon as Bishop. On September 4, the Utah Agricultural College at Logan, Utah, was dedicated. On September 17th, the motormen and conductors of the Salt Lake City Railway went on strike for higher wages. The strike lasted several days and was the first genuine strike in Salt Lake City. On Wednesday, 24 September 1890, a "Manifesto" issued and signed by President Wilford Woodruff (the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) advised the Saints to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the laws of the land. At the semi-annual conference on Monday, October 6, the "Manifesto" was unanimously accepted by the attending members of the Church.

On October 7, District Court Judge Zane ruled that membership in the Mormon Church should no longer prevent aliens from being admitted to citizenship in the United States. On November 3, a

four hundred thousand dollar contract for the construction of the first sugar beet plant in Utah was signed. On November 29, the first Army-Navy football game was played. In December, the Idaho Legislature first met at Boise, Idaho, after being admitted to the Union. On December 11, an artesian well was completed in Salt Lake City at the corner of Third West and Eighth South; it was five hundred ninety-five feet deep and produced water at the rate of ninety-five gallons per minute. On December 9 the first case of embezzlement by a Salt Lake City official took place by a non-Mormon recorder, who resigned the same day.

In 1891, the United States Supreme Court reversed a Utah Supreme Court decision, and made it so that polygamous children born within one year after the passage of the Edmonds Anti-Polygamy Law were legitimate and entitled to inheritance from their fathers. On January 2, the name of Eagle Rock, Idaho, was changed to Idaho Falls, Idaho, and the motto "City of Destiny" was adopted. The Idaho Legislature on Arbor Day voted to make the Syringa the state flower of Idaho.

On October 12 the Lehi, Utah, sugar factory began operation, and it shipped its first car-load of sugar to Salt Lake City on the 17th. On October 27th, Judge Zane ruled that the Whitney property of the Tithing Office block, the Cannon House corner, the Tabernacle Square, along with other property at Ogden, Utah, were exempt from confiscation by the U.S. Government. And on November 11, Judge Zane rendered a decree escheating the Tithing Office, the

Gardo House, Historian's Office, and the Church farm to the Government. On November 15, two wards were organized in Idaho: the Fall River Ward, with Hyrum Brown as Bishop and the Egin Ward, with Harry H. Smith as Bishop. On the same day the South Iona Branch, in Bingham County, Idaho, was organized as a ward with A.M. Rawson as Bishop. This South Iona branch later became the Ammon Ward.

On 2 January 1892, the District Court in Boise, Idaho, dismissed indictments against nearly one hundred Mormons who were accused of violating the election laws by registering and voting in 1888. On the 16th, the Salt Lake Natural Gas Company filed its Articles of Incorporation. On 6 April 1892, the capstone of the Salt Lake Temple was laid. All forty thousand people present at the event shouted "Hosanna" after the ceremony. On April 7, the statue of Moroni on the main east tower of the Temple and a spire on the middle tower were first illuminated with incandescent lights.

On April 8, the city of Idaho Falls received the only weather bureau in the state of Idaho. On June 21 Lot Smith, famous in the early history of the Church and one of Brigham Young's personal friends, was killed by Indians at Tuba, near Moenkopi, Arizona. On July 25, the day after the anniversary of the Saints' arrival in Salt Lake, the cornerstone was laid for the Salt Lake City County building. On July 21 the cornerstone was laid for the St. Mark's Hospital near the Warm Springs in Salt Lake City.

On August 14 the Shelton Ward, east of Idaho Falls, was organized with John Shelton as Bishop. The World's Fair in Chicago opened on August 21, it being the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America. The day was also celebrated by the people of Utah, and a grand parade was held in Salt Lake City. On September 7, Jim Corbett became the world's first heavyweight boxing champion. On November 11 Grover Cleveland was re-elected President of the United States by a landslide vote, and the Democrats carried almost all elective offices in the nation.

On Saturday, 12 November 1892, in the Territorial Supreme Court, Justice Charles S. Zane delivered an opinion in the case of the United States versus the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The ruling authorized the use of personal property of the Church, under the direction of a trustee, for the building and repairing of worship houses and the support of the poor. The appointed Bishop Leonard G. Hardy, Trustee, was bonded for five hundred thousand dollars. On December 16, the town of Dubois, named after Idaho's Senator Dubois, was established in Idaho.

1893 was a better year for the Saints in the west, with several events of importance happening. On February 4, United States President Benjamin Harrison issued a Proclamation of Amnesty to all polygamists for past offenses, but recommended vigorous prosecution against future infractions of the Edmonds Law. The Beehive House, formerly the

property of Brigham Young, was sold at public auction on January 28.

On February 3, a Canadian youth claimed it was possible to fly, and that he would prove it with his newly-invented aerial bicycle. On February 9, the South Iona Ward, in Bingham County, Idaho, was changed to the Ammon Ward. On April 6, the Salt Lake Mormon Temple was dedicated, the result of forty years' hard work and sacrifice by members of the Church. The dedicatory prayer was offered by President Wilford Woodruff, the President of the Mormon Church. On May 23 the Salt Lake Temple opened for ordinance work, with Lorenzo Snow as Temple President, John R. Winder as First Assistant, and Adolph Madson as Second Assistant; Jina D.H. Young was President of the Sisters' Department, with Bathsheba W. Smith and Minnie J. Snow as Assistants.

On June 1 the Salt Air Resort, located about eighteen miles west of Salt Lake City on the Great Salt Lake, was opened to the public and operated continuously until the 1940's. On July 17 the Utah Commission, in accordance with President Harrison's Amnesty Proclamation, ruled that former polygamists who had not broken the Edmonds Law since 11 November 1890 were entitled to vote in elections. On August 29 the Mormon Tabernacle Choir left for Chicago to compete in a singing contest at the Chicago World's Fair, and also to sing at other midwestern cities. On September 8 the Tabernacle Choir won second place prize money of one hundred dollars in the singing contest at the Chicago World's

Fair. On October 13, the State of Idaho entered the largest apple at the World's Fair. On October 5, a bill championed by Joseph L. Rawlins to restore Church property to the rightful owners was passed in the United States House of Representatives, which was good news for the Saints. On October 16, the Twin Groves Branch of the Church in Idaho was organized with William D. Williams as Presiding Elder. On October 21 the United States Senate passed a bill providing for the restoration of Church property with certain amendments, which was concurred with by the House of Representatives on October 23. About November 11, the World's Parliament of Religion commenced at Chicago, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was denied representation.

1894 was another year that saw certain events happen to relieve the Saints in the West of persecution. On January 10, the Utah Supreme Court ordered \$438,174.00 worth of certain confiscated Church property to be turned over to the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Also during January, a project was under way to establish a telephone line from Idaho Falls to St. Anthony by way of Lewisville, Menan, LaBelle, and Rexburg. On March 16, the long distance and short circuit telephone service became a reality in Idaho -- the charges were high, but the convenience was great. On July 6, a large strike took place that crippled production from Chicago to San Francisco, and there was no sign of an immediate settlement. On September 27, President Grover Cleveland issued

a Proclamation granting pardons and restoring civil rights to all persons who were disenfranchised by the anti-polygamy laws, excepting those who had not complied with President Harrison's Proclamation of 4 January 1893. On December 7 Thomas Edison patented the new kinetoscope invention, which was a machine to show moving pictures. On December 28, the new City-County building in Salt Lake City was dedicated with a large crowd in attendance.

Also during 1894 the Industrial Army, called the I.W.W.'s, was organized with H.E. Carter as General. They captured the Union Pacific train at Lehi, Utah, and drove it to Provo where they detached the train. The governor of the Utah Territory called out the militia and twenty-seven of the Industrialists, including General Carter, were arrested and taken to the penitentiary. The Industrialists also took possession of a train at Thistle, Utah, and later sixteen of them were arrested.

In 1895, the state constitution for the Territory of Utah was adopted by a Constitutional Convention, and every preparation was made for admission of Utah into the Union as a State. Governor West ordered Captains John Q. Cannon and George W. Gibbs to go to San Juan County and investigate the problems between the settlers and the Indians in southeastern Utah. On February 10, the Shelley Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Bingham County, Idaho, was organized as the Shelley Ward, with John F. Kelley as Bishop. On May 14, the Marysville Ward was

organized, and James T. Wilson was the new Bishop. At a conference of the Saints held on June 9 in Iona, Bannock Stake was divided and its western part organized as the Bingham Stake with James E. Steel as President and Robert L. Bybee and Joseph S. Milliner as counselors. On October 25, high school basketball was organized in the state of Idaho; and on the 27th, the Palisade Ward was organized with Robert Oakden as Bishop. On December 8, the Hiatt Branch was organized into the Hiatt Ward in Bannock Stake, Idaho, with Hyrum J. Lucas as its first Bishop. On December 27 the Lima, Montana, Branch was organized with Daniel Clark as Presiding Elder.

1896 was a milestone for the people of Utah. They had worked for several years for the event which occurred on Saturday, 4 January 1896: President Grover Cleveland signed the proclamation admitting Utah as the 45th State of the Union. On March 23 the Saints who settled on Little Wood River in Blaine County, Idaho, were organized into a ward by Apostle Francis M. Lyman, with George S. Harris as Bishop.

Word was received in eastern Idaho that there were rich gold strikes in Custer County, west of Challis. On May 15 William E. Borah from Ada County, Idaho, was elected to the state Republican Convention at Pocatello. Word was received of a woman's body being found in the basement of the Scandinavian Methodist Church in Salt Lake City, which subsequently led to the discovery of at least two murders. Reverend Francis Hernan, pastor of

the church, had disappeared and was alleged to have committed the murders. During the month of June, women in the United States were pressing for the right to vote, and the Equal Suffrage Association adopted strong resolutions. On August 9, the Gray Ward was organized in Bingham County, Idaho, with George H. Muir as Bishop. On August 16, the Twin Groves Branch in Fremont County was organized into a Ward, and William D. Williams was the Bishop. On Monday, October 23, the Leavitt Branch of the Church was organized as a ward, with Frank Leavitt as Bishop. At the general election on Tuesday, 3 November 1896, William McKinley was elected President of the United States. Most of the candidates in Utah who were running on the Democratic ticket were elected. On December 18, the Equal Suffrage Amendment was passed giving women the right to vote.

On December 14 the Tildon Ward in Bingham County, Idaho, was organized by Apostle John H. Smith, with George Y. Pugmire as Bishop. On December 28, the mission house at Fagalii, near Apia, Samoa, was attacked by rebel natives, who destroyed considerable missionary property.

Chapter Fifteen

A Return to Parker 1896-1900

After living two years in Rexburg, Henry moved his family back to the Parker where they worked the ranch and looked after the horses and cattle. Most of the farmers on the Egin Bench were still having hard times -- they could not get alfalfa to grow very successfully and did not know what to do. Henry's planted alfalfa was growing fine because his soil had some clay mixed with the sand and gravel. Finally one of the farmers on the sandy soil asked Henry if he could get a load of the clay soil to spread on his alfalfa. Henry agreed, and the farmer's hay grew much better that year. After that, many farmers went down on the river and loaded up with clay soil to scatter on their hay ground. They soon were able to raise good alfalfa; and by the time they plowed down the alfalfa, they could raise good crops. They did not know what the clay soil did for their alfalfa, but they knew it had helped. Years later they learned that the clay soil contained more bacteria that were beneficial to alfalfa, and the University Station later inoculated alfalfa seed with bacteria before it was planted.

One summer when a forest fire started up on the Bishop Mountain west of Island Park, Henry took the job of hauling water for the fire fighters. They were up at the Sand Creek headquarters at the time, so he hitched up one team of broke horses and one team of partially-broke horses, making a four-horse team. He decided to let Roy take the four head of horses and go work at the water hauling job; but before letting Roy leave, he thought he had better drive the four horses and see how they acted. The un-broke team was hard to handle, and Henry was afraid Roy might get in trouble with them, so he decided to haul the water himself.

Hauling water the first day was no trouble; but on the second day, he had a run-away that could have caused injury. He was returning from delivering water to the fighters on the fire line and was heading back to the spring to refill the water barrels with water. Suddenly a herd of elk came charging out of the timber, which spooked the horses and they started to run. There being no well-traveled road, the trail was strewn with small holes and rocks. Within seconds, he realized that if the wagon hit a large rock or dead tree he could be thrown from the spring seat in the wagon. Suddenly they came to a bend in the dim road, and the horses were going so fast that they left the road and headed off through the scattered timber toward a fallen tree. Henry could not turn them, so he rolled out of the spring seat into the wagon box among the barrels. He had no sooner done this than the horses jumped the tree. As the front wheels hit the tree,

the double-tree pin flew out, which turned the horses loose from the wagon. The wagon stopped suddenly when it hit the fallen tree, and the barrels in the wagon all slid and rolled toward the front of the wagon with Henry in their middle. He was bruised and skinned up, but had no broken bones.

The horses continued running through the timber for nearly a quarter of a mile when they came to a tree. The lead team straddled the tree, which stopped them at once. Henry climbed out of the wagon and took after them. It took him a few minutes to untangle them and head back for the wagon. The hind legs of the wheel team were skinned from the double-trees hitting them but, other than that, there were no other injuries from the run-away. Henry hitched the team to the back of the wagon, pulled it away from the tree, then re-hitched them to the wagon and continued on his journey. As he drove along, he thought of what might have happened had Roy been driving the water wagon, and was glad he had decided to take the job, which ended up lasting about two weeks.

Although several thousand acres of timber were burned, this fire turned out to be a blessing to the people of the Upper Snake River Valley. The fire did not burn most of the trees to the ground, but the millions that died became wood sources for log houses, corral poles, and hundreds of thousands of fence posts over the next thirty to forty years.

On 28 October 1896, they were blessed with another son, whom they named Lester. He was the last child born to the family, and it was just a little

over six years after Idaho joined the Union of Sister States.

During the next few years Henry contracted putting up hay for ranchers in Montana and Idaho, some years putting up as much as twelve hundred ton of hay in a summer. One of the largest contracts was for Smith and Lennman up in the Centennial Valley, Montana, located north over the mountains from the present Kilgore (Camas Meadows) area. He also contracted haying for Jim Eddie up on the Medicine Lodge Creek, located northwest of the present town of Dubois, Idaho. He hired people from around the Parker area and furnished the teams, mowers, and other equipment; but the ranchers furnished the derricks and other stacking equipment.

One contract he had up near Monida, Montana, turned out to be a problem. Roy, his second son, was managing the job and was nearly through when the owner ran him and the hay crew off the ranch. The owner's excuse was that the crew were spending too much time fooling around and not finishing the haying job. He refused to pay Roy for the contract, claiming they had not complied with the terms of the contract; so the crew left and returned to Parker. When Roy told his dad what had happened, Henry wrote the rancher a letter requesting payment and even agreeing to come back and finish the job, which would have taken only two or three days. The rancher wrote back and stated that the contract had been broken by Henry's men, and that no payment was forthcoming. Henry

became angry, and decided to go to Monida and collect, or he would beat up the rancher and get at least some satisfaction. About three days before leaving for Montana, Henry stepped on a rusty nail that had gone through his foot. The foot swelled up and was close to having blood poisoning set in. This did not stop him from going, although he was on crutches. He boarded the train at St. Anthony and rode to Idaho Falls, where he caught the train for Montana. Upon arriving at Monida, he checked in at a hotel and began to inquire about the rancher. The storekeeper stated that this was the man's general practice, that he had pulled this same ruse on other people who had contracted haying from him. The day after Henry's arrival at Monida, the rancher came to town for supplies. When Henry heard the man was in town, he waited for him in front of the town store. About noon the rancher came to the store to get supplies, and Henry stopped him in front of the store to ask him for the payment for putting up the hay. The rancher figured Henry could not do much on crutches, so he responded that the contract had been broken and no payment would be made. After they argued for a few minutes, it was evident the rancher would not pay. Henry swung one of his crutches at the man and, as the rancher ducked, Henry leaped on him and began beating him with his fists. All the rancher did was try to protect himself and, after a few minutes, Henry stopped and asked if he was going to pay. The rancher answered that he was not! Henry again began to beat upon him; and by that time, a large crowd had gathered to

watch what was going on. Finally the rancher had enough and agreed to pay up.

Henry let the man up and picked up his crutches. When the rancher got up, it was evident that he could not see as he struggled to tell where he was walking. His eyes were nearly swollen shut, and the blood from his nose and a cut above one eye was blinding him temporarily. He complained that he could not see well enough to write a check for the payment, but Henry told him to either pay now or get beaten up some more. At that stage in the argument, the storekeeper volunteered to pay Henry if the rancher agreed to pay him back later, to which the rancher complied. The crowd all witnessed the rancher's promise.

They took the rancher over to the hotel to clean him up and see how badly he was hurt, and the storekeeper paid Henry the money. While Henry was in the store, a man came in and said that the rancher had sent a telegraph telling the county sheriff to come and arrest Henry for beating up on him and extracting from him money that was not due. While the fight was going, the train pulled in from the south. They always had one or two helper engines to assist the train up the mountain from the Idaho side. The helper engine was due to return to Dubois, Idaho, within the hour, so Henry asked if he could ride the helper from Monida to Dubois. Although it was not customary and against company rules, the engineer of the helper said that under the circumstances, he would allow it. They left before the sheriff arrived.

Although the rancher's name is known, it is not listed here because of possible embarrassment to his posterity. The storekeeper reminded Henry that this was not the first time the rancher had pulled the stunt of claiming the haying contract had been broken and then refused to pay. Henry also learned that the Jackson boys in Parker had the same experience with the rancher the year before and never did get their money from him. It was only a few years after the fight with Henry that the rancher died, and his sons claimed their father never got over the beating he had taken. Henry also heard that one of the rancher's sons stated that, if he ever saw Henry in Montana, he would kill him. Whether this was true or not, we do not know.

By the turn of the century, Henry's ranching operation had grown until he had about two hundred head of cattle and over three hundred head of horses running on the range. The horses ranged in the winter from as far south as the present area of Aberdeen, Idaho, to the Sand Creek corrals just west of the Island Park mountains. Occasionally they strayed over west of Camas Creek and as far north as the Camas Meadows' country, so the spring roundups lasted two weeks or more.

St. Anthony was founded in 1890 by a man named Carlos H. Moon who homesteaded 320 acres, which later partly became the townsite of St. Anthony. He named the town after St. Anthony Falls in Minnesota. This man was instrumental in getting a bridge across the North Fork of the Snake River at the narrow gorge of the river in St. Anthony. His

two-story frame house was located on the southwest corner of Bridge Street and Main Street. The railroad came to St. Anthony in 1899, and the town grew rapidly for the next few years. The railroad made it much easier for the farmers in the valley to sell their crops and livestock. Prior to this, they had to haul their crops to the nearest railroad in Market Lake.

Henry spent most of his time riding the range looking after his horses. Dell, the cowboy of the family, loved to ride and liked to have his saddle horses do a little bucking. He often stated that you could not break a saddle horse properly until you got all the buck out of it. Dell became very good at riding bucking horses, and worked one year for Rowley Lappin on a big horse ranch down by the Menan Buttes. He and another fellow, Saul Cherry, broke horses for a year. After riding the horses three times, the horses were ready to be shipped to the English government for cavalry horses. They would halter-break the horse, then ride it in a big round corral until it quit bucking. They would ride it again the next day in the big corral and, on the third day, they would ride it out into the pasture and drive in a bunch of horses. They became so proficient at riding that they could stand in the stirrup and kick the horse in the stomach while it was bucking. Sometimes they would sit behind the saddle and let the horse buck. They also tried the two of them riding the same bucking horse. They would see how many ways they could ride a bucking horse. Dell later rode in the War Bonnet

Roundup rodeos in Idaho Falls; and one time he came out of the chute on a bareback horse with nothing but a handful of mane, and he rode the horse to a standstill.

One winter Henry heard that his bunch of horses north of Parker in the sandhills were starving to death. The snow was too deep to ride a horse out to them, so he and Will Carbine skied out. It was a warm day; and when they arrived, they found the horses weak and as skinny as they could be. They returned home and skied in the same tracks they had used to get out there. The sun had melted the snow in their tracks, and skiing over them the second time packed the snow down. That night when it froze, the ski tracks became very hard. Early the next morning they skied out to the horses again, and were able to drive the horses out and back to Parker on the frozen ski tracks from the day before. The horses were just skin and bones, so they did not weigh very much. After arriving home, many horses were still lost because they were so near starvation.

One winter he heard that one of his cows and her calf was still up in the Island Park country, where he had been summering his cattle. He received word from one of the men living in Island Park that winter, who had been told about the cow and calf by a trapper in that area. It was a cold day in December when he started out from his ranch at Parker. It was 11:00 A.M. when he arrived at Sand Creek, and the people were just doing their chores because it was so cold. He stopped and had

something to eat, then headed on. It was sundown when he arrived at Osborn Springs, so he stayed with the Osborns all night. The next day he continued on up to the Buffalo River to where the cow and calf were supposed to be, and found them all right. They would wade along in the river and eat the exposed grass near the water. During the night they would climb out of the river and sleep among the dense bunch of trees. Henry talked to the trapper camped nearby, who agreed to watch them the rest of the winter. Henry figured they would winter through without any trouble, and the snow was too deep to drive them out of the area back to Parker. He returned to the Osborns and spent another night with them, then rode home the next day. Trips like this were typical of Henry's concern for his stock, and no kind of weather stopped him from making checkups.

While Henry was out riding to tend his range horses, his brother-in-law and former freighting partner tried to get a farm loan, but the loan company told Lem they would only make the loan if he could get more water. Lem went over to see if he could have the water stock shares that Henry had acquired when he turned the Union Canal over to the St. Anthony Canal Company, but Henry was on the range and would not be home for about a week. This water stock could be used for either canal, because both canals were owned by the same company. He talked to Caroline, his sister, and convinced her that it would be all right; and, as soon as the mortgage was paid off, he would return the

water stock shares. Inasmuch as Henry was not using this water and only paying assessments on it, she decided to let Lem have the water stock. Later, Lem became ill and never paid off the mortgage. That was the last Henry ever saw of his water stock -- you might say that he ended up with nothing from building the Union Canal in the valley. Henry was not upset with Caroline for letting Lem have the stock certificates, as he figured Lem needed them more than he did.

Because Henry had so many horses, sometimes horses came up missing and might not be seen for a year or two. This was especially typical of horses that were broke to work and then turned out on the range when not being used. One time Henry lost a grey team he had broken to work, and they were gone for over a year. After riding the range for about a year and a half, Henry decided they were gone forever, that someone had stolen them and taken them out of the area. One day when he was out on his front lawn in Parker, he saw a man driving a grey team from the west. Henry looked closer and recognized his lost grey team. As the team approached, Henry went out in the road and recognized the driver. When Henry stopped the man and asked him where he was going, the man answered that he was headed for St. Anthony. Henry said, "I think that the team you're driving belongs to me. Where did you get them?" The man answered that he rounded them up out west of the old Junipers about two years ago, because he needed a team to put in his crops and did not have enough

money to go buy one. He said he knew the team belonged to Henry, but he knew that Henry had lots of horses and did not think Henry would miss one team. He also doubted that Henry would care, as long as the team was taken good care of and turned back on the range when they were through.

Henry said that he had spent many hours riding for the team; and if the man needed horses that bad, Henry would have let him take a team or two to break and then use the team for two years after breaking them to work. The farmer lived down at Egin and said he needed to go on to St. Anthony that day, and asked if Henry would let him keep them for awhile longer. Henry told him to bring the team home that fall, and he could take an unbroken team and use them for two years. The man agreed, and that fall he returned the grey team and took home a team of unbroken horses.

One summer the businessmen of St. Anthony sponsored a baby contest and offered prizes for the most healthy baby between the ages of two and twelve months. They figured this would stimulate business and cause some excitement in the town. People for miles around entered babies in the contest. Some of the women, sure their baby would win, made or bought the finest clothes for their babies to wear. On the day of the contest, Mr. and Mrs. George Crapo from Parker entered their eight-month-old baby boy in the contest. He was a fine healthy-looking boy, and was dressed in a pair of gingham rompers. When some of the ladies saw him in his rompers, they were sure he would be no

competition for their babies that were dressed in the finest of ruffled white dresses and clothing. To their surprise and chagrin, the Crapo baby won first prize as the most healthy and pretty baby. Some women claimed that the judges were prejudiced in awarding the prizes, and all the people from Parker congratulated the Crapos for having such a healthy, good-looking baby!

One April Fool's Day, Henry rode down through the Plano and Egin area on his way to Hamer to look for horses. Along the way, he dismounted and picked up a tea bag he spotted lying in the road. The tea bag was full, and he could not see where the seal had been broken on the package, so he tied it up in his raincoat and rode on. He was gone for two days. When he arrived home, he told his wife he had found a full package of tea; and inasmuch as he was cold and tired from riding, he would like a cup of tea. His wife boiled some water and then opened the tea bag to make the tea. To her surprise, the tea bag was full of dried horse manure. Evidently, someone had played an April Fool's joke on Henry.

During the early days of St. Anthony, William Yeager and his father ran a livery stable and harness shop on the west side of Bridge Street between the Moon corner and the Egin Canal. Henry and Will, as he was called, got into an argument over the rental of a horse and buggy. After several exchanges of words, they became so angry they started to fight. Will's father picked up a monkey wrench and acted like he was going to hit Henry

with it. This meant that Henry had to watch the old man and at the same time try to defend himself from Will. As the fight progressed, Will was getting the best of Henry.

Soon some men up the street saw the fight and came down to the harness shop to watch it. When they arrived, Henry called out to one of the men to hold the old man while he finished off Will. The man grabbed hold of the old man Yeager, and at that moment Will ran into the harness shop and locked the door. Later several of the men asked Will why he had not knocked Henry down, because he had plenty of chance to do it while his father was helping him. Will told them that he tried, but he could not do it. Henry maintained that, in all of his fights, he had never been knocked down; in fact, he had never ever been stunned from a blow while fighting. He also insisted that this was the first time he could remember of ever getting the worst of a fight.

Events of historical importance that happened from 1 January 1897 through 1900 are related here. On 11 January 1897, the first state legislature convened in Utah and elected Aquilla Nebeker as President of the State Senate and John N. Perkins as Speaker of the House. On Saturday, January 16, at the close of a conference held in Clay County, Arkansas, Andrew Kimball and other elders were mobbed and assaulted. On March 22, the new tabernacle at Brigham City, Utah, was dedicated.

On 6 May 1897, a branch of the Church was organized at Independence, Jackson County,

Missouri, with Richard Prater as Branch President. This was the first branch established at Independence since the expulsion of the Saints from that area in 1833.

On July 1, William Jennings Bryant arrived in Salt Lake and addressed a large audience. Also on that day, the cornerstone of the Brigham Young Monument was laid. On 15 July 1897, the first announcement of the gold strike in Klondike, Alaska, caused great excitement in Salt Lake City and throughout the United States. On July 20, the bronze statue of the Brigham Young Monument was dedicated by Church President Wilford Woodruff. On August 16, the Chapin Ward was organized with Ebenezer Beesley as Bishop. On September 20 at a meeting held in Rexburg, Idaho, the 113th Quorum of Seventies was organized with Henry and Joshua Homer being set apart as Presidents of the Quorum.

On 6 March 1898, the Arcadia Branch of the L.D.S. Church was organized in Fremont County, Idaho, as the Ora Ward and M. Joseph Kerr was sustained as Bishop. On July 21 at a Council of the First Presidency of the Church in Salt Lake City, it was decided to change the name of the Bannock Stake, Idaho, to the Fremont Stake, Idaho. On Friday, August 12, the peace treaty was signed in Washington D.C. terminating the war between the United States and Spain. On September 2, Wilford Woodruff of the L.D.S. Church died at the home of Colonel Isaac Trumbo at San Francisco, California, after a few days' illness. On September 13 at a special meeting of the Apostles at Salt Lake City,

Lorenzo Snow was sustained as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with George Q. Cannon as First Counselor and Joseph F. Smith as Second Counselor, with Franklin D. Richards as President of the Twelve Apostles. On Wednesday, December 28, Mary Adaline Snow, wife of Lorenzo Snow, died at Brigham City, Utah. B.H. Roberts prepared to go to the United States Congress, as he had been elected to that office at the last general election on November 6.

During the 1890's St. Anthony grew, and a bridge was built over the Snake River in the town, making it much easier for the people to travel to Wilford, Teton, and Rexburg. They no longer had to depend on the several fording places or the ferries.

Also during this period a group of men consisting of T. T. Danilson, N. W. Shilling, Charles Bunting, F. W. Barryman, John Rogers, and Major A. E. Danilson (an Indian Agent at Fort Hall) took up land and surveyed the town of Blackfoot. They controlled all offices and businesses of the town for many years, seeming to be more interested in building an empire than in meeting the interests of the people. It is claimed that this group of men paid a clerk in Boise to insert the name of Blackfoot instead of Eagle Rock on a legislative bill naming Blackfoot as the territory's county seat. On 20 July 1899 William E. Wheeler, who had followed the railroad to Blackfoot, published the first edition of *THE BLACKFOOT REGISTER*, which was later changed to *THE POST REGISTER* now published in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

During the 1890s the Upper Snake River Valley changed from a sagebrush area to one of bountiful crops, fulfilling a statement Evan Jenkins made in 1869. When 14-year-old Henry returned from the Blackfoot area and told his father that it was a great country but nothing would grow, Evan stated that when the Lord saw fit He would open up the valley and good crops would grow. By 1890, there were only twenty-eight telephones in Idaho Falls, which had a population of 1,262 people -- power bills were fifty cents per month at the turn of the century.

On 22 April 1898, war was declared with Spain and George B. Meek of Fremont County, Idaho, was the first American killed in that war and he died on September 2. On June 8, the valuable Lost Cabin Gold Mine was found in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming. On September 10, the Idaho Falls schools opened with two hundred sixty students. Admiral Dewey won a victory in the Battle of Manila also during this period of time.

Right after the turn of the century, the Yellowstone Park Company started hauling tourists through the Park in horse-drawn coaches. One summer Henry drove stage in the Park for about a month, then his son, Roy, took over the job. During those years all of the boys drove stage except Lester, who was too young to drive.

Leonard wanted to go apply for a job, so Henry told him that when he got to the Park the company would feed and house him until they had a chance for him to try out driving. Henry told

Leonard to ask if there was something he could do to help around there while he was waiting to try out. When Leonard arrived and asked about a driving job, the boss said, "I don't think you are old enough." Leonard assured him he could handle four head of horses, even though he was only fifteen years of age -- this was in 1906. Leonard asked if there was something he could do while waiting to try out. The boss told him to go over to the cook shack and ask if there was anything he could do. Leonard did, and the cook had him carry water and split wood for the cook stove. Leonard carried the water, and then split wood all afternoon. The next morning the boss called Leonard to try out driving. He drove and got the job, while there were other men laying around waiting to try out as drivers. Leonard learned a great lesson: if you showed you were not lazy and were really looking for work, you could get work.

The oldest son, Dell, was one of the last (if not *the last*) living stage drivers of that era. He lived to the age of ninety-seven, and was buried in Jackson, Wyoming. During this period, there were several stage hold-ups when people were robbed of their money and jewelry. These robbers were believed to be men named Hugh Whitney and Gib Web, according to their distant relatives.

By now, it took all the hay Henry raised and some he bought to feed the cattle, but the greater number of his horses wintered out on the range mostly on the west and south slopes of the Grassy Ridge and the old Junipers. While riding the range one day, he decided that the feed could be increased

for his and other people's horses on the range if the tall sagebrush was burned off, so he determined to set fire to the brush on the range. It was a hot dry day in the fall of the year, and he rode out to the northeast corner of the Junipers and started a fire in the grass. Whithin minutes, it had traveled northeast and was burning the grass and brush. He moved west and started another fire, which moved in the same direction as the first fire. These two fires would burn most of the brush north of the old Junipers to the strip of sandhills lying north. He crossed the main part of the sands and started another fire. By setting several more fires from there to the west end of Grassy Ridge, the whole country was cleared of brush. Henry looked at the first fire and realized it was half way to the Island Park Mountains. He then became frightened that the fire might get into the timber in Island Park. He headed for home, but traveled back through the old Junipers and ended up on the Egin Bench just north of the present settlement of Egin. He did not tell anyone that he had set the fires, but was most relieved that none of the fires reached the timber. This fire cleared a lot of the sagebrush, and the grass improved over the years as a result of this burn.

It became apparent that there was not going to be enough income from the livestock operation to take care of all his family and himself, so Henry looked around to see if there were any opportunities available for his sons to homestead land. The area between the north and south Junipers was fairly

level and the growing grass indicated fertile ground that might make a good place to establish dry farms. The only problem was water for domestic and livestock use. Henry thought if a well could be drilled at the bottom of the east slope of the Junipers, it would be only a few miles to haul water to the dry farms. He traded forty-five head of range horses for a well-drilling rig and started drilling a well. When he had drilled down about one hundred fifty feet, he reached broken obsidian hard rock, which would make the well-drilling bit go sideways; he had to abandon the well. He moved to another location, only to end up with the same results. He moved to the third location and ran into the same type of formation at the one hundred fifty foot level. The wells were at least one-half mile apart, and after failing on the third well, Henry gave up the idea of the boys homesteading the land between the Junipers.

Chapter Sixteen

Last Years with Caroline
1900-1907

Henry concluded that possibly the Grassy Ridge area west of the old Junipers might be a better place to establish his boys in farming. The only problem, however, was that the Government had not completed its survey so it was impossible to establish boundary lines. After thinking about this for some time, Henry decided he would make a survey that might be accurate enough to establish boundary lines until a final survey could be made. One day he took his son-in-law, Charlie Anderson, who was Edna's husband, and they commenced a survey to establish boundary lines on the Grassy Ridge. They measured off two hundred sixty-four feet of binder twine and tied a small stick at each end. They also measured off two other lengths of twine to be used as spares if the original one became frayed or worn out. Starting at the north end of the Egin Bench where the old Red Road started, they found a survey stake. Using a compass to keep them going straight north, and with each of them on an end of the two hundred sixty-four foot

string, they started north. To keep track of the number of measurements, they gathered fifty small pebbles; and each time they measured off two hundred sixty-four feet, Charlie would move a pebble from one pocket to the other. Henry took the lead, and Charlie followed. Each time they measured one length of twine, Henry marked the ground with the stick he had tied to the twine so Charlie would know where to stop for the next measurement. Charlie put only twenty pebbles in his pocket to begin with, and placed the other thirty in a saddle bag. When he had transferred all twenty pebbles to the other pocket, that would be equal to one mile. They went seven miles north and made a marker of lava rock, then went ten miles west. Sometimes they had to detour around rock piles and sand hills but, with the compass and the string, they arrived at a point at the north end of Grassy Ridge and drove an iron peg. From there, they figured out the section, township, and range. When a later survey was made, their peg was only about eight hundred feet northeast of the surveyor's final peg. This was quite an undertaking for a man who had only gone through the third reader in school; but Henry had an inventive mind and was not afraid to try something he thought could be done.

Later, the following people took up homesteads on the Grassy Ridge area: a niece's husband, Tom Phillips, on the northeast corner; Lawrence Karlson, a son-in-law, Eva's husband, west of Tom; south of Tom's farm, Lyle Smith, a nephew; west of Lawrence Karlson, a son, Claude; and west of

Claude, Roy, another son -- where a six hundred and thirty-six foot deep well for water was drilled; west of Roy's place, Lee Smith, also a nephew; south of Lee, a nephew, Charles Steed; east of Charles Steed, another son, Leonard; south and east of Leonard's place, Ed Tuck; west of Ed Tuck, Charles Bright; south of Charles Bright, Bud Clark, whose homestead was mostly in the crater of the Grassy Ridge. West of his was Lars T. Borroman. Each man's wife also filed rights, so each homestead had three hundred twenty acres except for Lee Smith's and Ed Tuck's, because they were single. The Woodrow area, east of old Camas and west of the Grassy Ridge Crater, was also homesteaded by people from the Snake River Valley.

The second headquarters for Henry's horse operation was at upper Sand Creek, where he had a set of corrals. At least once a year, usually in June, they rounded up their horses to brand and also neuter the stallion colts. Other horse ranchers also participated in the roundup. They would start down west of the present town of Aberdeen on the west side of the Snake River, and round up horses from there to the Sand Creek corrals. Along the way, the various ranchers would separate their horses from Henry's and take them to their respective ranches to be branded. The roundups were made in the spring because that was the best time of year to neuter the stallions. The old saying "Never too hot to neuter a stallion, and never too cold to neuter a hog" is not just a saying -- it is also a fact. Leonard made the statement that one spring he sat on the corral fence

and counted over three hundred head of horses pass through the gate at Sand Creek that had Henry's brand, "H E," on the left thigh. For the cattle, the "H E" brand was on the left ribs.

Some of the farmers and ranchers in the valley turned their young stallions on the range because they knew that Henry would neuter them. Henry always carried an extra lasso rope so he could rope, tie down, and neuter the young stallions on the range. Henry's big bay saddle horse, Sixpence, was not only a fast runner, but was also a well-trained roping horse. Henry could rope a young stallion on the range, tie the rope to the saddle horn, and old Sixpence would stand and hold the horse while Henry dismounted, roped the young stallion by the front feet, and threw it to the ground. Henry was one of the best front feet ropers in the area. I (the author) have seen him rope fifteen to twenty horses, one right after the other, and never have to make more than two tries. Henry always carried a pair of masculators for neutering the stallions. Most of the young stallions were yearlings and two-year-olds, but occasionally he would find a three- or four-year-old stallion. This, however, made no difference to him. He would take care of any stallion he found on the range, because he had good stallions that he bred his mares to. That way, he maintained one of the finest herds of horses in the Upper Snake River Valley.

One year he decided to breed a Clydesdale stallion, but this resulted in the loss of several colts and a few mares. Clydesdale colts, when born, were

large and not very active. Some of the mares died while foaling, and some colts were abandoned by the mares because they could not travel good for several days after birth -- horses had to travel long distances to water. In addition, because these colts could not travel after birth, they were sometimes attacked and killed by coyotes. Henry had the best luck with Percheron stallions, as the colts were small when born and could get up and travel within a few minutes of birth.

Henry and his boys spent many days riding the range looking after the horses. Henry had just delivered four head of horses to a man in Rexburg one day and, while there, he saw a large five-year-old stallion that he decided to buy. On the way home when he was near the Henry's Fork of the Snake River, the stallion suddenly became mad, let out a squeal, and made a dive for Henry's leg. Henry saw the stallion coming at him with its mouth wide open and, just before the stallion bit at Henry's leg, he threw his leg over the saddle and jumped off his horse. The stallion's teeth struck the saddle and made a large tooth mark in the leather of the saddle where Henry's leg had been. Henry immediately got behind a tree, because he was not sure how soon the stallion might attack, while it just stood there and looked at Henry with its ears laid back. There was some large gravel near the tree, so Henry picked up one of the rocks and threw it at the stallion. It hit him in the head, but the stallion just stood there shaking his head with his ears back. Henry picked up another rock and hurled it at him; this time it hit

the stallion on the end of his nose. He let out a little squeal, shook his head, then turned and started eating grass. Knowing the stallion had gotten over his mad streak, Henry walked over, picked up the rope, climbed back on the saddle mare, and led the stallion home.

Henry and Caroline had used up their homestead rights when they filed on the homestead east of Parker, but there was a piece of land in Island Park that Henry wanted for a summer camp while he ran his cattle in that area during the summer. He learned that he could file on this piece of land as a desert entry if he could get water on at least forty of the one hundred sixty acres he wanted. This land belonged to the Government and was located on the west side of the river across from what is now known as the Last Chance area. Most of the land was covered with timber, but the southern portion was meadow ground. Henry built a ditch along the west bank of the river and was able to get water on about fifty acres of this land. He used this as a headquarters when they were looking after the cattle in the summer. They forded the river about where the Last Chance service station is now located on the west side of the present highway. He kept this land for several years; but later the Railroad Ranch purchased it from him, and it is now part of Idaho's Harriman State Park.

There were not many people in the Island Park area during that period: there were the Osbornes, the Sherwoods, the Gooches, an attorney from Chicago named A.S. Trude, who was a

prominent criminal lawyer, and a man named Dick Rock, who had several wild animals—one was a buffalo that he used to ride around. This buffalo was an animal of two personalities—at times he was very gentle, and at other times he was mean and pawed the dirt and snorted around. Dick was not afraid of this animal, as every time Dick went into the corral he carried a short club to hit the animal on the nose if it acted up. One day while Henry was visiting Dick, they went out to the corral and Dick got into the corral with the buffalo. The animal made a dive at Dick, but Dick sidestepped the animal and then hit him on the nose with the club. Henry warned Dick to watch out, or the buffalo would kill him; but Dick just laughed and stated that the buffalo was afraid of him. A few years later Dick was found lying dead in the buffalo's corral, evidently knocked down by the buffalo and then gored to death.

While running cattle in the Island Park country Henry was deputized as a United States Marshal, a designation he held for several years. One fall he went hunting up in the Henry's Lake area and shot two elk. As it was late in the evening, he dressed out the elk and rode back to his headquarters that night with the idea of hitching up a team to a sleigh and returning to get the two elk the next morning. The next morning when he arrived at the place where he had left his two elk, two men were loading them into their sleigh. Henry asked them what they were doing, and they answered that they had killed the two elk that morning and were taking them home. Henry told

them those were the two elk he had killed the night before, that they had not killed the elk that morning. He went over and touched the two cold, partially frozen elk, but the two men continued to load the elk into their sleigh. Henry insisted that the elk belonged to him, but they figured that it was a case of two men against one; however, they did not anticipate that Henry would use force to obtain the two elk. Henry pulled his rifle and ordered them to unload the elk at once or he would shoot their legs out from under them. They still assumed Henry was bluffing until he fired a shot near their feet, and then they quickly unloaded the one elk they had in the sleigh. Henry told them that, inasmuch as they were so stubborn and uncooperative, they could now load the two elk into his sleigh. At first they objected; but when they were again threatened, they did as they were ordered. The two men left, and Henry did not see them again until about thirty years later when he met one of them in the Island Park area about 1936 when the Island Park Reservoir was being built. At first, he did not recognize the man until they were introduced to each other. When Henry heard the man's name, he asked if the man had formerly lived in the Henry's Lake Area; and the man said he had. Henry did not say anything about the elk at the time; but when Henry's little grandson pulled out a capgun and walked up to the man and said, "Stick 'em up," Henry laughed. Later he related the incident about the elk to his family, and said that the last time he met the man, he had threatened him with a gun.

In the early spring of 1900, Evan Jenkins (Henry's father) was walking in the newly-plowed ground on his Farmington farm. His eyesight was very poor and he was rather feeble, but the day was sunny and he wanted to go for a walk on the farm. Suddenly he heard a noise and could not tell just what direction it was coming from, but soon he determined an animal was coming toward him. The animal gave a snort and then began to bellow, so he knew a bull was headed toward him. Not knowing where to run, he fell to the ground and hoped the bull would pass him by if he acted lifeless; but this was not the case. The Jersey bull belonging to David Rice had gotten out of the corral and was ready to attack anything or anybody. Evan soon felt the bull's hot breath on his body, and then the bull rolled Evan over and started to bunt him around in the plowed ground. The bull would bunt him around, then stand back and bellow as loud as he could. Evan had not yet been hurt seriously, but he could hear Ann screaming at the bull; suddenly the bull left him and headed for Ann. Because of his poor eyesight, he could not tell if the bull had attacked Ann. She stopped screaming for a few seconds, then again started screaming at the bull. By that time the bull had returned to Evan and was mauling him around in the dirt. Sometimes when the bull's head would make contact with Evan's body, he would press Evan into the plowed ground and nearly crush him. Soon he heard the voice of David Rice yelling at the bull, and all at the once the bull let out a bellow and left. He could hear David's hollering voice become fainter,

so Evan decided that David was chasing the bull back to the corral. Ann was sobbing at his side and asking if he was hurt; he assured her that he was all right, but felt a little sore. David Rice had come to the rescue with a pitch fork after he heard Ann screaming and waving a broom at the bull. He saw the bull chase Ann into the house and then return to something in the field, so he picked up the pitch fork and took after the bull. He jabbed the pitch fork into the bull's rear end, and that is when Evan heard the bull let out the sharp bellow.

They carried Evan to the house where they cleaned the dirt from his face and clothes and put him to bed. After several weeks he was able to get around a little, but an eighty-three-year-old person does not heal very fast. During the rest of the summer and that winter Evan improved very little, and by spring he was very feeble and bedfast. He asked the Elders of the Ward to come and give him a blessing, which they did. In the blessing he was promised that he would be able to see all of his children before he died. Though he was blind, he was sure that this promise would be fulfilled; it was his heart's desire to be able to see all his children before passing out of this life.

Word was sent to all the children that their father would not be long for this life and, if they wanted to see him, they should come as soon as possible. One night when they were nearly all there in the bedroom with Evan, he raised up in his bed and said, "I can see all of you as plain as can be." He pointed to each one and called him/her by name;

they moved around and he again pointed to them and called them by name. Suddenly he pointed to the door and said, "And there is Henry." Henry had just arrived and walked into the room while his father was calling each one by name the second time.

That night his sister, Elizabeth Jenkins Avery, and his daughter, Ann, sat by the bed during the night hours. In the early morning of 9 June 1901, Evan passed quietly away from this life; he was buried in the Farmington cemetery across the road from his home.

After Evan's passing, Ann seemed to lose all interest in this life. For a while she stayed with her two daughters, Margaret and Ann, who both lived in Farmington. She became irritable and unmanageable, so in the fall of 1904 the older son, John, came from Newton and took his mother home with him. She was no better at his home than she had been at the two daughters' homes. John's third wife, Miria, whom he had chosen to live with, was very good to Ann and did everything possible to make Ann's life better.

That winter on 13 February 1905, John went out to do his chores and take care of his livestock. He did not return as soon as Ann expected, so she slipped out of the house without anyone knowing and went out into the cold night to look for him. She had no coat or head covering; and when the searchers found her, she was standing in a deep ditch of freezing water, and had been unable to get out. Her feet and legs were frozen, and she was

taken to the house where they did everything they could for her. But in the early hours of the next morning, 14 February 1905, she passed from this life; now her spirit was with her beloved husband where she had desired to be ever since he had passed away.

Caroline had followed Henry from Farmington to Canada and back, had lived in tents and wagons, and had lived in the old log home he built on the homestead east of Parker. She had put up with hauling water from the Snake River and later from the canals while living on the homestead without doing much complaining. Henry decided Caroline was entitled to a new home; they talked it over and concluded that they could afford the home, so they bought a lot on the corner just west of Jed Earl's brick store in Parker. His brother-in-law and former freighting and railroading partner, Lem Rice, bought thirty acres across the road west from Henry's lot, and also planned to build a new home.

In 1904, Henry hired Johnny Farnes to build a new two-story brick home on the lot they had bought in Parker. It had no central heating because that was not the method used to heat homes in those days. There were several chimneys throughout the house. Wood and coal heaters were used in most of the rooms, except the kitchen, which was heated by the cook stove. There were five rooms in the downstairs, besides a wash room off the kitchen. There was a long hall from the living room, and a staircase that led to the upstairs. These stairs were without any curves; and the side next to

the hall had a banister that had a large wooden post topped by a big carved ball at the bottom of the stairs. This banister was a great attraction to not only Henry's family, but to all the neighbors' children. Whenever Henry and Caroline left the house, the children would place one or two pillows against the post at the bottom of the stairs. Then they would go to the top of the stairs and slide down the banister. If they did not slow themselves down while sliding, they would hit into the post at the bottom, but the pillows would cushion the shock of the sudden stop. They would lay on their stomachs with their heads toward the top of the stairs; if they would have fallen, they would have landed on the floor in the hallway of the first story.

Under the stairs was a storage area, and here the boys kept their boxing gloves. Henry believed that every boy should be able to defend himself, so he bought several pairs of boxing gloves and taught his sons to box. He figured his sons, with this training, would be able to take care of themselves if they should get into a fight. He always told them they should never hit another person with anything except their fists; because if they hit someone with anything else, they might kill the person. As it turned out, everyone of his boys was a good boxer and they all could defend themselves when they got into fights. The boys were not quarrelsome but, if provoked, they would not back down from a fight. Soon the other boys in the area knew that the Jenkins' boys were not to be taken lightly. Claude did more boxing than the rest of the boys, but he

also got into more fights. He was a tease, and would get others angry; when they tried to give him a licking few, if any, were able to do it.

When young Henry (myself, H.E.) came along, the other boys were all gone from the home and he inherited the boxing gloves. He and his cousin, L.J. Rice, a grandson of Lem Rice, were about the same size and age and spent many days out on the lawn boxing. The older boys in the town would come along and give them a nickle to box; so H.E. and L.J. would box until they were give out, then use the nickle to buy candy at the store. From these experiences and training, both became good boxers and were able to defend themselves in later years.

The upper story of the house also had five rooms used mainly as bedrooms; but when some of the boys and girls got married, they lived in the upstairs rooms until they could find a place of their own. The downstairs had a parlor, dining room, large kitchen, pantry, and bedroom. Most homes did not have built-in kitchen cabinets, but a pantry just off the kitchen where all of the food, cooking utensils, and dishes were kept. Henry later remodeled the pantry into another small bedroom. This home was a showplace of luxury and beauty, although it didn't have the modern conveniences of later years such as running water or indoor bathroom facilities. On the back porch was a hand pump that furnished water for the home, and the outside privy was located approximately two hundred feet from the kitchen.

The cook stove had a reservoir at the end where the firebox was. A pipe went from the

reservoir into the firebox and back into the reservoir, furnishing plenty of hot water except on wash day and when the family took baths. Water was carried from the pump on the back porch to the reservoir. When it was bath night, the old No. 3 round wash tub was brought into the kitchen and set near the cook stove, then they would take turns bathing. Usually two or three children used the same bath water so there would be enough water for the rest of the family. Sometimes it was necessary to heat additional water for the family baths, so a large copper boiler was placed on the stove and filled with water. These copper boilers were used to heat water and to boil the clothes on wash days. The copper boilers held about five gallons of water, and had a lid that fit on the top so the water would heat up faster. These boilers had other purposes, including being used as a hot bath while bottling fruit in the fall of the year.

The family moved into the home in the spring of 1906, and Caroline was happy with the new home; but she found that it was a lot of house to take care of. Henry hired different girls in the town to come in and help Caroline clean and take care of the large family, especially on wash days and in the fall during canning season.

All seemed to be going fine until the late fall of 1905 when Caroline began not feeling well; and by the first of the year, she was quite ill. Henry took her to the doctors in St. Anthony and Rexburg, but they did not seem to be able to help her. The doctor in Rexburg advised Henry to take Caroline to Salt

Lake City to see a specialist. The first part of March, 1906, Henry and Caroline bid the children goodbye, left them in the care of a hired girl, and caught the train for Salt Lake City, Utah. They stopped and visited with relatives in Farmington, then continued on to Salt Lake City. Caroline was admitted to the hospital at once, and tests were begun to determine what was wrong. It was finally decided that an operation would be necessary, as she seemed to have something wrong with her spleen that could not be treated without surgery. She was operated on the morning of 21 March 1906; and after the operation, the doctor told Henry that she had come through the operation fine and should now get better. Later that afternoon, Henry went downtown to get something to eat; and when he returned to her room at the hospital, the room was empty. When he inquired about her at the nurses' desk, he was informed that she had passed away soon after he left the hospital. He immediately wanted to talk to the doctor, who told Henry that Caroline had been doing fine and then all at once she went into shock and died in spite of their efforts to save her.

Henry was in a daze, unable to believe he had lost his wife whom he loved and who had followed him through the many hardships with little complaint. The doctor wanted to know where to ship the body, and added that if there was anything they could do, they would be glad to help. The doctor told Henry not to worry, they would take care of everything and send him a bill later. Henry caught the train to Farmington, where he stopped to see his

and Caroline's families before continuing on to St. Anthony, Idaho. It was a long, frustrating train ride from Salt Lake to St. Anthony; and he reflected on the good and bad times he and Caroline had had together. It seemed that just as they were starting to enjoy life and not having to work so hard, tragedy had struck. He contemplated about what he would tell the children when he arrived home, and how they would accept the news of their mother's passing.

When he arrived in St. Anthony, he went first to the saloon and had several drinks, then hired a horse and buggy from the livery stable to drive the five miles west to Parker. Upon arriving home, the children met him and wanted to know how their mother was. With tears in his eyes, he called the family all together in the parlor of the new home and told them of their mother's death. It was a sad time at the Jenkins' home that evening, but the children seemed to accept it better than Henry had anticipated. The older ones did not have much to say, while Claude and Lester were too young to fully realize what had happened.

Henry asked Emma Johnson Gephart, who had been looking after the children, if she would continue and keep house for him until things became more settled. Since she was divorced from her husband, had one small son who needed a home, and really did not have any place to live, she agreed and stayed for nearly a year.

At the funeral, the people of the Parker area rallied around and helped with everything they

could. Caroline was buried in the Parker Cemetery; and when Henry left the grave, he looked around and felt confident that this is where she would have wanted to be buried. The cemetery, with sagebrush instead of lawn or trees, was on a hill at the north end of the Parker townsite. The cold windy day and snow on the ground made it even more depressing to Henry and the family.

During the next few months, Henry spent a lot of his time playing cards and drinking in the saloon in St. Anthony. One day as he was sitting at the card table, he looked across the table into the crowd of people and spotted his oldest son, Dell, watching him. He looked at his cards, then again at Dell; he finished the hand and announced, "I am though playing cards!" He cashed in the chips he had in front of him, and that was the last time during his life he ever played cards for money; in fact, he never gambled again. When asked later to play cards, he responded, "No, I made a vow the day Dell watched me play cards. I cashed in my chips, because I cannot do things that I do not want my boys to do."

On election night in November 1940, he told me that quitting gambling was the hardest thing he ever did in his life. He also made the same statement while he was living in Idaho Falls, Idaho, the winter of 1938. The Fords Pool Hall wanted him to play cards for the house. Henry answered that he did not know how. A man spoke up and said, "The hell you don't! I have seen you play cards years ago." Henry knew that if he had sat down to the card table at

that time, he would have been there the rest of his life. That was the kind of hold card playing had on him. He would often play solo or hearts at home with the neighbors; and as soon as the first play or two was made, he knew where the rest of the cards were. He was a natural born gambler, and became a very good poker player over the years before he quit gambling altogether. From the day he cashed in his chips at the card table in St. Anthony, he talked to his family about the evils of gambling. Only one in the family, Claude, ever played much cards for money, and that did not last very long. Henry never said, "Don't play cards," but he would always tell about people he knew that let gambling get the best of them.

After Caroline's death, in addition to gambling, Henry also began drinking more than he should. As a result, he began to neglect his cattle and horse operations. It was shortly before he quit gambling that he had been in St. Anthony for two days without going home; he was very depressed and so turned to the bottle. The evening of the second day, he decided he had better return home to see how his family was getting along, even though he knew that the hired woman would take care of them during his absence. When he went to the livery stable to get his mare and buggy, he could not walk straight and knew that he was intoxicated. The attendant at the livery stable hitched up Henry's mare to the buggy, and he started home. As he sat there in the buggy, he became sleepy and passed out from lack of sleep and the amount of liquor he

had consumed. The mare knew the way home, and kept on traveling until she got to the corral gate at Parker, where she stopped. Henry awakened; and as he attempted to climb out of the buggy, he fell and landed at the heels of the mare. He laid there for a second or two, thinking that the mare would kick him; but the mare stood still, so he crawled back under the buggy and got out of her way. This sobered him up, and he began to think about what might have happened. He could have been killed, because this mare had been one of the meanest horses he had ever owned, kicking when anything touched or came close to her heels. When Henry was breaking her to work, she kicked at everything that was behind her; so Henry determined to break her of that fault. He tied an old dry cow hide to her tail, and turned her loose in the corral. As the cow hide hit her heels, she would kick it so hard it would fly up over her back and hit her on the head. She kicked the hide so much that her heels became sore, and finally she stopped kicking. Henry could take hold of the cow hide, throw it over her back, and it would land on her head; she would only shake her head, and the hide would fall back and hit her heels, but she did not kick it anymore. This treatment when she was being broke to work possibly saved Henry from getting seriously hurt.

As Henry stood there thinking about what had happened, he decided he must straighten out his life; his children depended on him and, if anything happened to him, they would be left alone. He vowed that night that his drinking days were

over; and from that day on, he never again became intoxicated. Although occasionally he took a sociable drink with friends, his drinking ended and he started staying home and taking care of his ranching operations. This was typical of Henry's make-up: when he made up his mind to quit doing something, he stopped doing whatever he was doing and never did it again.

He waited and waited for the hospital and doctors in Salt Lake to send him a bill for Caroline's sickness and hospitalization, but none came. He didn't even get a bill for the transportation of Caroline's body from Salt Lake to St. Anthony. He inquired of the railroad in St. Anthony, and they had no record of any charge; in fact, they contacted their office in Salt Lake and were informed that the bill was prepaid by a doctor there. Henry became suspicious as to what might have happened, and suspected that something went wrong while Caroline was in the hospital. Although he never found out any more, he carried that suspicion to his grave.

Approximately thirty years after Caroline died, a man stopped their son, Claude, on the street in Salt Lake and asked him if his mother had been Caroline Rice Jenkins. When Claude answered in the affirmative, the man told Claude he had something to tell him about his mother. It had been on the man's conscience for many years, and he had to get it off his mind. He asked, "Do you remember that your mother died unexpectedly in the hospital?" Claude answered that he did. The man then told Claude that his mother's death was an accident, and

that she did not die from the operation. He said a nurse gave the wrong medicine to Caroline, and she had a fatal reaction. Claude said that his father had suspected something had gone wrong, but had no way of knowing or finding out. This man told Claude that he had carried this guilty feeling for all these years. He had been an orderly at the hospital at the time, and had been sworn to secrecy along with all the other people at the hospital who knew about the incident. He asked Claude if his father was still alive, and Claude said he was, but it would not be a good idea to tell his father because it would only upset him and bring back old memories. Claude thanked the man and never told any of the family until several years after Henry's death.

Henry was a deputy United States Marshal when some people came into the area to camp while deciding where to settle. They had been letting the horses pasture near the river south of Parker, and one morning they could not find their horses anywhere. At first they figured the horses had headed back toward Utah, but finally found the tracks of the horses heading north. They followed the tracks to a point about one mile northwest of Parker, and decided that the horses had been stolen. They heard that Henry Jenkins was a deputy United States Marshal, or at least used to be; so they went to Henry and told him of their plight. Although Henry was busy, he was always willing to help someone in trouble, so he told them he would start out that afternoon and try to recover the horses.

He fixed himself a lunch and saddled up his best saddle horse, a big bay called Sixpence. This horse was a hot blood and weighed about 1100 pounds; he was rangy and could travel all day with a man on his back. Besides being a good traveler, he was well-trained as a roping horse and at night would stay near the place he was hobbled. Henry bid his children goodbye, telling them he was not sure when he would return so not to become worried if he was gone for a few days. Before leaving, he buckled on his six-shooter and put three sets of handcuffs in his saddle bags. He also tied a blanket, coat, and slicker on the back of the saddle. He was not sure what he would run into: it could be one horse rustler or several, so he figured he better be prepared for the worst. One man of the group who had lost the horses volunteered to go with him, but Henry decided he would rather attempt it alone. All his life he had done things without depending on someone else to help him; and since he and Lem Rice had dissolved their partnership, Henry had gone his way alone.

It was near the middle of July and the weather was warm, so Henry decided not to travel too fast during the heat of the day. His horse was grain fed, strong, and ready to travel. As another precaution, he strapped on his scabbard and picked up his rifle; he did not know what he might encounter, and a rifle was extra security. He tied a small bag of oats to the saddle, knowing he would not have very much time to stop for his horse to graze. The thieves had about twelve to sixteen hours

headstart, but he knew they would not be traveling as fast as he could travel.

He picked up the trail northwest of Parker and followed it practically due north until he got to the east end of the Old Junipers, where the trail led northwest. It was an easy trail to follow, because the horses had been driven through the high grass; he could tell that trail from those left by the range horses in the area. Range horses did not travel close together unless they were headed for water, but the trail left by the stolen horses showed they were kept bunched together. Some of the tracks were from shod horses, which was different from the unshod range horses. When he came to the sandhills north of the junipers, he could tell that the horses had been slowed to a walk, because the tracks were of shorter length.

By late afternoon when he arrived at Camas Creek, he could see where the horse thieves had made a fire and brewed some coffee. Upon inspecting the campsite, he determined from the boot tracks that there were two men driving the horses. One of the men wore a boot with a worn sole, which left a characteristic print different from the other boot prints. The other set of boot prints in the dirt was deeper on the outside of each heel, showing that the man walked on the outside of his boot heels.

Henry stopped to give his horse a small feed of grain on a large flat rock near the campsite. Henry had a good drink of water and gave old Sixpence a good drink. His horse was extra thirsty,

so Henry let him have only a portion of the amount of water he wanted. Henry then fed him the oats and watered him again before resuming his journey. From the amount of coals left by the fire, he determined that the rustlers had spent several hours there; this would help him to catch up with them sooner. He was afraid that they would get into Montana, where there was more travel; and it would be harder to track them if they traveled on a road. Henry only spent about thirty minutes at Camas Creek, then crossed the creek and headed northwest.

He was certain the men were headed for Montana where they would re-brand the horses and dispose of them as soon as the brands were healed. The trail led northwest in the direction of the Monida Pass. Because Henry was familiar with the country and knew there were no ranches or corrals where they could stop, he headed straight for the Monida Pass. At sundown he was nearly to where the town of Spencer is now located, and there he saw where the men had stopped on Beaver Creek and had some coffee. Henry watered his horse, but did not stop, and followed the trail on north. By dark he was near the present town of Humphrey and met a rancher who told him that there had been two men headed north driving about thirty head of horses. They told the rancher they had bought the horses in Idaho and were taking them to Montana to work them in the hay fields. This rancher said he thought their story sounded fishy, but he did not want to argue with two men carrying guns. He also thought it unlikely some rancher would be selling

his work horses during this time of year. Henry told the rancher the horses had been stolen from some people who had just come to Idaho from Utah. The rancher cautioned Henry to be careful and not take any chances with the two men. Henry assured him he would not be careless in his efforts to capture them.

By the time it became dark, the high moon in the sky allowed Henry to follow the tracks of the stolen horses late into the night. He had to travel a little slower, however, as the trail was not as easy to follow at night as it had been during the day. Just about daylight after traveling all night, Henry could see where the horses had been driven off to the right of the trail and taken through a wire gate into a field. He waited at the gate for about an hour until daylight came and it was light enough to see into the field. He spotted the horses near the gate, but was afraid to get too close for fear the thieves were camped near them. As the sky became brighter, he could see a ranch house about a mile up a canyon from where he was. He rode over to the horses and could see they were the ones he was looking for, so he rode back through the gate and down the road behind some willows. There he waited for the thieves to make their move. About an hour after the sun came up, he saw the riders leave the ranch house and head for the bunch of horses. One of the riders headed directly toward the gate, while the other one was rounding up the horses. Henry also rode toward the gate and arrived there about the same time as the one rider. Henry asked where a

certain ranch was located, under the pretext that he was headed there to work for the rancher. As he talked to the one man, the other one neared the gate so Henry pulled his gun on the man at the gate. Henry told him to act as though nothing was wrong and, as soon as the other rider arrived, to unbuckle his gun belt and drop it. He informed the man at the gate that he was a United States Marshal and had been following them since the afternoon of the previous day. This man did as he was told; as the other rider arrived with the horses, Henry commanded him to stop and put up his hands then unbuckle his gun belt and let it drop. The man immediately obeyed when he saw Henry with a gun.

Henry ordered both of them to come over near him; he tossed a set of handcuffs to one man and told him to put them on the other man, which he did without any argument. He then ordered the uncuffed man to walk over to him and hold his hands out so Henry could handcuff him. After both men were handcuffed, Henry ordered them to mount up and start gathering up the rest of the horses to head back toward Idaho. While they were gathering the horses, Henry picked up the two guns and gun belts and hung them over his saddle horn. At first the two men were reluctant to go gather the horses; Henry informed them they could either ride and gather their horses, or he would handcuff them together and they could walk while he gathered and drove the horses. He also informed them that, if they tried to escape, he would run them down and

shoot their horses out from under them and then they could walk.

They knew Henry meant business, he acted like a professional lawman. While he was handcuffing them, they noticed that he never took any chances and never allowed them any opportunity to get the drop on him. The two men drove the horses and Henry rode behind them where he could watch them at all times. When they arrived at the ranch in Humphrey where Henry had been earlier, Henry had the men leave the horses and ride over to the ranch. He asked the rancher if he would feed them and also fix a lunch that they could eat later in the day, which the rancher was willing to do.

Henry never removed the handcuffs from his prisoners while they were eating, and the rancher gave each of their saddle horses a feed of grain and hay. The rancher's wife was a good cook and gave them a fine meal; she also fixed them each two beef sandwiches. While they were eating, Henry explained to the rancher how he had captured the two men and that he planned on driving non-stop back to Parker. The rancher told Henry that was a long drive, and asked Henry if he thought the trip could be made without any trouble. Henry assured him that it could, and that he did not want to stop for the night with the two prisoners because he might get too sleepy and they could get away. He bid the rancher goodbye and gave him ten dollars, which the rancher reluctantly accepted; but times

were tough on ranches those days and cash was hard to come by.

The ride from there to Parker was uneventful; the stolen horses were easy to drive because they knew they were headed toward home. They stopped at Camas Creek and ate their beef sandwiches before continuing across the rocks and sagebrush to Parker. It was about 11:00 P.M. after dark when they arrived at Parker, but the moon was up early and one could see almost as well as at sundown. Henry was dog-tired and could hardly keep his eyes open, as he had not had any sleep for about thirty hours. He asked some of the men who had lost the horses to guard the prisoners that night, and Henry went to bed.

The people got their horses back, and the two horse thieves were turned over to the local sheriff who took them to Blackfoot where they were tried in District Court and sentenced to the state prison in Boise.

Chapter Seventeen

Henry and Emma
1907-1945

Henry and Caroline had occasionally had a part-time girl help out. After Caroline passed away, Henry was lonely and started dating a young woman named Emma Bird Williams, who lived not far from Henry's home. She was a girl of nineteen, and Henry was fifty-two. In spite of a thirty-three year age difference, they fell in love and were married 26 June 1907. Emma's folks were not happy with the marriage because of the difference in ages; in fact, Henry was older than Emma's mother, who never ever accepted Henry for what he really was. The first family also objected to the marriage because they figured Emma was only marrying Henry for his money and would outlive him to inherit everything. The only one who really accepted Emma was ten-year-old Lester, who would not be eleven until the following October after Emma and Henry were married. Emma moved in and took over the duties of a mother in the family even though she was younger than Dell, Roy, Edna, and Eva. Eva and Edna were both married, so they were not at home; Dell had just been married on June



Henry and Emma Jenkins

9th of that year. Roy was married on July 24th, so this left Claude, Leonard, and Lester still at home. This did not include others who lived in the home with Henry and Emma: Vigo May, a young man with no folks around these parts, but a friend of the Jenkins' boys; Gale Bishop, another homeless young man that Henry made a home for; and Vernon Secrist, whose folks lived just a few houses from them—Vernon liked the boys and did not get along

with his folks, so he made his home at the Jenkins' house.

Henry and Emma treated these three non-related young men as if they were part of the family. Emma cooked and did their washing; and when dances came around, Henry dished out money to the three as though they were his own sons. The three would help around with the cattle and horses; and Gale Bishop would help Emma with the cooking—he was a good cook, so this chore fell to him. One time Emma claimed she had fifteen white shirts to iron, all with detachable starched collars.

The corner where the home was located seemed to be a lightning-prone spot. One day during a thunder and lightning rain storm, as Vernon Secrist was running from the barn to the house, he was hit by lightning and knocked to the ground. He jumped up and ran into the house exclaiming, "Someone just shot me!" Henry asked where he was hit, and Vernon answered, "I don't know, but it knocked me down." Another time lightning hit the house near the roof peak on the north gable. It knocked the plaster off the ceilings in two rooms and curled the quicksilver on the back of a big standing mirror near the bottom. Another time it hit the barn, which was located about two hundred feet south of the house; it split one of the two-by-six studs in the wall of the barn, and did not hurt the big Percheon stallion that was tied up in the barn. Another time it struck a shade tree in front of the house and set one of the limbs on fire. Why the

lightning struck so many times in that area, no one knows.

On 22 April 1908, a baby girl was born to Henry and Emma whom they named Elizabeth Marie. On 29 January 1910, another girl was born, and she was named Ethelyn Emma. On 27 September 1911, a son was born whom they named Henry Evan, Jr., and he was later called H.E. until he was about twenty-five years of age. On 23 September 1913, another son was born whom they named Woodrow Williams. This baby lived until 19 June 1914, when he died of peritonitis resulting from a ruptured appendix. On 27 July 1914, Claude married Eva Lucy Steed, who was a second cousin. In September of 1914, Lester was out on the range riding for horses and became very thirsty, but there was no water for miles around. He rode up to an old abandoned house that had a rain barrel with water still in it. He was so thirsty he drank some of this water, contracted typhoid fever, and passed away on 2 October 1914—twenty-six days before his eighteenth birthday. Everyone liked Lester, who was good-natured and always pleasant. Emma thought as much of Lester as if he had been her own son.

On 28 October 1915, another girl was born and she was named Gwendolyn. She had red hair, so this made two children in the family with red hair: H.E. and Gwendolyn. On 17 April 1916, Leonard married Lola Ruth Rice, who was his half-second cousin. On 16 July 1917, another baby girl was born and she was named Elda Grace. This child was the

last to be born to Henry and Emma, and they are all still living as of this writing except for the son who died at the end of the year 1914, and the oldest daughter, Marie.

While the family was living in the home at Parker, Henry made a trade of cows with a man named Clarence Daly. After several months, the cow Clarence obtained died, and he came to Henry and wanted another cow. Henry told Clarence he did not think that he should have to give Clarence another cow. Clarence had been drinking and provoked Henry into a fight in which Henry came out on top. Later everytime Clarence got to drinking and Henry was around, he would taunt Henry and try to get him to fight again. One night Clarence came to Henry's home, knocked on the door, and Emma answered. Clarence wanted to know if Henry was home; if he was, Clarence wanted him to come outside and talk. Emma could tell that Clarence was drunk, so she was afraid to have Henry go outside in the dark and talk to Clarence. She finally persuaded Henry not to go outside, which made Clarence angry. Clarence called Henry a coward, but Emma prevailed and Henry did not go outside. Henry and Clarence later became good friends, and several years after Clarence quit drinking, he told Henry that when he came to talk that night he had a knife and intended to kill Henry. If Henry had gone outside, he probably would have been killed.

During the first few years after Henry's marriage to Emma, he became involved in a meat market business partnership with three men in

Parker. They built a slaughter-house south of Parker and set up a meat market just east of the Jed Earl brick store. They also had a feed yard near the slaughter house where they would feed the cattle before slaughtering them and selling them through the market. They also furnished meat to most of the businesses in St. Anthony that sold groceries or food. During the winter they would store ice in an ice house, which was built out of lumber. They would cut ice from the river or canals into fifty-pound blocks. They would put about two feet of sawdust on the ice house floor, then stack the ice blocks on the sawdust and cover the ice with sawdust. This insulated ice would last most of the summer and keep the meat cold to prevent spoiling.

Henry also fed some cattle in a corral adjacent to the meat market's cattle. One winter while he and Emma were in California, he received a letter from one of the boys telling him that the meat market was killing some of his cattle and selling the meat. He was not too upset, as he figured he would settle with his other partners when he returned. In about three months, he went to see the other men about his cattle they had killed. They denied ever killing any of his cattle, and said that his boys were mistaken. Henry immediately talked about this to Leonard, Roy, and Claude, who all claimed that it had been happening, although they were not sure that all the cattle butchered went through the market. They claimed that the other three partners did kill some of the cattle belonging to the partnership, but they also killed some cattle that

belonged to Henry. Henry became real upset, so he went to the Bishop of the Latter-Day Saint ward in Parker and asked him what to do. The Bishop suggested a Bishop's Trial should possibly be held, inasmuch as all four of the partners belonged to the same Church. A trial was held, in which Henry accused the other three men of killing some of his cattle, and the other three men denied it. After hearing the evidence, the members of the Bishop's trial determined that the other three men, because they were good Church members, would not commit such a deed and then lie about it. Although Henry could not believe this verdict, he did accept it as their decision. The meat market business was immediately dissolved, with all four men going their separate ways. Henry never did feel the verdict was right or just, but it did not change his belief in the truthfulness of the Church; however, he lost faith in the Bishop and the council that rendered the verdict, and for many years did not attend Church. Even though he could not support the local leaders, he still supported the leaders in the stake and in Salt Lake. Henry's many experiences throughout his life gave him the assurance that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was true, and that the true Church had been restored by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and that Brigham Young and the subsequent prophets were true prophets of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Over the years on his birthday, February 22, Henry always rented the Eli Lee dancehall in Parker, hired an orchestra, and sponsored a free dance for

children. The children of the town eagerly looked forward to this annual event. One day during the ward Primary, a teacher asked her class what great man's birthday they would be celebrating on February 22. A child confidently responded with, "Henry Jenkins' birthday." That was not the answer the teacher was expecting, but that was the answer she received!

In 1914, there was a rush for dry farms in the Grassy Ridge area and also north of Parker. Any sandy ground not covered with lava rock was homesteaded, mostly by children of the first settlers in the Upper Snake River Valley. The map at the back of the book shows the locations and names of most of the homesteaders. Dry farming looked like it was going to be a prosperous undertaking, and everyone wanted to get in on the opportunity. In 1915, Henry sold his homestead east of Parker and bought a dry farm with a well just north of the old Junipers. When he finished acquiring all the land available for sale in the area, he had a section of ground purchased. His holdings also blocked off several more hundred acres that no one could get to without crossing his land. He figured that a three hundred and five foot deep well that was used for domestic and stock water would help his livestock operations. He was tired of carrying a shovel to water his crops by flood irrigation on the old homestead and, besides, he had the home in Parker as a winter quarters for his family.

Roy, Leonard, and Claude, with their wives, filed on homesteads so they each had three hundred

twenty acres to farm in the Grassy Ridge area. Henry took the well drilling rig he had acquired, and they drilled a six hundred thirty-six foot deep well on Roy's homestead. Although this well was deeper than the one on Henry's dry farm, it had cooler water. They cased down about ten feet, and it was lava from there on; therefore, the well was not too expensive as far as casing was concerned. The well on Roy's homestead became a drinking water source for the settlers in that area; however, some of the dry famers had more time than money and hauled water from Camas Creek, which was about fifteen miles north of the Grassy Ridge area.

Since Dell wanted to raise livestock, rather than grain, he homesteaded just down the Camas Creek from the town site of old Camas. The range was free, and there were no restrictions as to the number of livestock that could be run.

One afternoon when Leonard was riding the range out on the Grassy Ridge area, he saw a man on a roan horse riding south. When Leonard approached, the rider galloped away. About that time, a man named Hugh Whitney had been robbing trains in Idaho and Montana and was last seen heading from Montana for Idaho on a roan saddle horse. Leonard had not known of this at the time, but the next day the Jefferson County Sheriff, Newton Adams, set up a road block at the Menan Bridge. Sheriff Adams spotted Hugh Whitney trying to cross the bridge. During an ensuing gunfight, the Sheriff's thumb was shot off. Hugh Whitney

retreated north, and during the night managed to slip by the Sheriff's men and escape into Mexico.

The first two or three years were profitable for dry farming—the prices of grain and livestock were good and the yields were exceptional because of the new ground being broken out of sagebrush and grass. War was going on in Europe, as Kiser Willhelm had decided to rule Europe and had invaded the countries bordering Germany. Henry's dry farm was a natural for his horse operation—the horses could graze the area near his dry farm, then come to his well for water where it was necessary to separate his horses from stray horses. Some of his horses ranged between his dry farm and Sand Creek—they would water at Sand Creek, graze toward the old Junipers, then come into water at the well. In cooler weather, they could go two or three days without water; and when they decided to go for water, twenty to fifty head would set out on a trot or gallop and their dust could be seen for several miles. Watering his range horses at the well saved a lot of range riding: when the horses came for water, they were corralled so the colts could be branded and the yearling stallions neutered. Also, it made it unnecessary to round up the mares for breeding to the stallions that were kept at the ranch.

Henry sold off most of his cattle because they could not range between Sand Creek and the well. Most of the remaining ones were milked to furnish income during the summer months, and had to be kept at the dry farm. Emma raised turkeys and chickens for extra income; however, the coyotes

created problems by going to the ranch at nights and eating the turkeys that roosted outside of the barns or sheds. When the turkey hens would steal their nests away from the farmstead, they became easy prey for the coyotes.

As the children became older, Emma worked along with Henry in the fields. One morning about eleven o'clock while she was driving six head of horses on a double disc, the disc became plugged with green weeds. Emma dismounted from the disc and was digging the weeds out when the horses moved forward, catching her dress in the disc so she could not untangle it. One of the lead mares was anxious to return to her young colt at the barn. Emma could just barely reach the lines to hold the horses from going forward; but with one hand on the lines, it left only one hand to free her dress from the disc. If the horses moved ahead very far, it would pull the disc forward and Emma could eventually be run over by the disc or dragged and possibly killed. The eldest girl, Marie, had started preparing dinner in accordance with Emma's instructions, and Henry was in another field where he could not see that Emma's outfit was stopped. Marie saw the horses stopped, and waited for Emma to come to finish the dinner. About eleven-thirty, Marie became anxious and rode a saddle horse down in the field to see what was the matter. When she arrived and saw the problem, she didn't know what to do and began to cry. Emma had her stand in front of the horses and hold them from moving, which freed the other hand to dig herself out from in

under the disc. Emma ended up with a torn dress and skinned knee, but was otherwise all right. When Henry came in for dinner, Emma told him about her narrow escape.

That year when the crops had all been planted and growing good, Henry left for a few days to ride the range and look after some of his horses. When he was about two miles northwest of the dry farm, he encountered a bunch of crickets traveling in an easterly direction. Although he was sure that this bunch of crickets would never reach his farm, he became suspicious and decided to check the area west of his farm. He encountered another bunch of crickets as he rode south, and three more bunches before he had reached the west end of the junipers. Two of the three bunches were headed directly toward his grain fields. There were millions of crickets in each bunch; and as they traveled along, they ate everything that was green, leaving behind ground completely bare of any vegetation. He returned to the ranch and told the family of his discovery. He sent his hired man to town for some eight-inch lumber and rolls of metal tin about four inches wide; he also instructed the hired man to try and find another person who would come and work for him for a month. It took the hired man two days to complete the errand. By the time he returned, the first bunch of crickets was within a mile of the grain and was moving at the rate of about one-half mile a day. While the hired man was in town, Henry had been busy stringing tin cans on three-foot-long wires for the children to drag along and rattle in

order to drive the crickets into the trap Henry had planned. The hired man was able to find another man to come and work, so the three men began nailing the tin along one edge of the boards as fast as they could. They then went west of the grain field and made a "V"-shaped runway. At the closed end of the "V", they started digging deep trenches. By this time, the crickets were about three hundred feet from the grain field. The next morning before the sun became very warm, Emma and the children arranged themselves at the outer edge of the lead crickets and started dragging and shaking the tin cans on the wires. The crickets responded to the noise and turned toward the "V"-shaped runway, with very few crickets escaping the trap. Once in the runway, the crickets could not get out because the boards were arranged with the tin along the top of the board. As the crickets tried to crawl over the board, they would encounter the tin and fall back in the runway. At the end of the runway, the two hired men were digging more trenches about three feet wide by ten feet long by four or five feet deep. As the crickets reached the trench and fell in, more crickets fell on them. When a trench became full, the men extended the boards to the next trench—they were kept busy digging trenches. About mid-afternoon, the last of the crickets had been driven into the trenches and Henry poured gasoline on them and set them afire. By the time the trenches had been covered and boards gathered up, it was late afternoon and everyone was exhausted.

Each day Henry scouted around his farm looking for new bunches of crickets; and for the next month, they repeated the process of driving and burying crickets several times. The crickets kept coming so fast that the men could not keep up, so Henry lost about one hundred acres of grain that year to the crickets. Even though the crickets had crossed and devoured some of his grain, he still drove and buried the crickets. The people on the Grassy Ridge were having the same problems with the crickets, which seemed to hatch out everywhere and just keep coming. One day there would be no crickets, and the next day they would seem to be hatching out all over the ground. Because the farmers in the Grassy Ridge area and on the dry farms between the Junipers could not keep up with the crickets, they also lost considerable grain. The next year there was more rain, and the crickets were not so bad; it seemed that the drier the summer, the thicker the crickets.

Henry had neglected his horses the previous summer; so that next winter when the Tyler boys from Parker wanted to rent the dry farm, Henry agreed in order for him to spend more time looking after his horses. He knew that several of his colts had grown to yearlings and had been branded by someone else. It was an unwritten law among the cattle and horse men that, if a colt or calf became older than a year, it was fair game for someone to brand and claim the animal unless the rightful owner could identify it because it still hung close to its mother. Some people would round up as many

yearling colts as they could and keep them separate from their natural mothers for a while, then brand them with their own brands.

The spring that the Tyler boys started running the dry farm, everything looked good. When Henry checked in the spring, he was pleased with the looks of the crops. Later that summer when he visited the ranch, he found that there had been little summer-fallowing done and the fences around the place had not been kept up, so the range horses had gotten into the grain and pastured off and destroyed part of the crop. Upon checking at the house, he learned that one of the boys had been sick and that the other one could not do all the work that needed to be done. By mutual agreement, the lease was cancelled that fall after another year of poor crops.

The next year Henry moved back onto the farm, but it was a dry year. The Tyler boys had accomplished little summer-fallowing, and the crops were not too good. Tractors began to come into existence about this time and, as a result, the demand for horses had decreased; and, from the loss of nearly one year's colts on the range to the brands of others, Henry's income began to diminish. Although there now had been four years with lower yields, farmers were optimistic and Henry always felt that the next year would be better.

The year the Tyler boys ran the farm relieved Henry from having to spend all his time trying to get the work done. When they lived in Parker that summer, Emma wanted Henry to take her to the

Latter-day Saint Temple in Salt Lake City to be sealed for time and eternity, and to have him sealed to his first wife, Caroline, and to his children. At first Henry was reluctant to do this, even though he knew it was something he desired; but he had a problem which kept him from obtaining a recommend from his Bishop so he could go to the Temple. Henry had been smoking since the age of twenty-one and, although he now smoked cigars instead of cigarettes, his use of tobacco prevented him from obtaining a recommend. He thought about this for some time; and Emma did not nag or insist that he quit smoking, but occasionally mentioned her desire to go to the Temple. One day, Henry decided to talk with Bishop Arnold D. Miller about a recommend. Bishop Miller made this statement: "Henry, you know that you cannot go to the Temple while you are smoking." Henry replied, "Bishop, if you will give me a recommend and I can go through the Temple, I promise you that I will never smoke again as long as I live." Bishop Miller answered that "If this is the way you feel and are that sincere about going to the Temple to have your wife and children sealed to you, and make that kind of a promise, I will give you a recommend to go to the Temple."

Henry and Emma received their recommends and that June in 1919 they drove to the Temple in Salt Lake City where they were sealed for time and eternity. In addition, Caroline was sealed and all the children of the second family were sealed to them. They were driving along by Tremonton, Utah, on

their way to Salt Lake when they came to a bunch of cattle being driven along the road. Henry recognized one of the herders, Heber Workman, who used to work for Henry. Heb, as he was called, was so happy to see Henry, Emma, and their family that he broke down and cried. Heb had lived with or near Henry and Emma since they were married, and thought a lot of them and their family. Heb had left the Parker area to live in Utah about two years previously.

When Henry stopped smoking to go to the Temple, he quit all at once and never touched tobacco again. The same night in 1940 when he told me about quitting gambling, he said that whenever he was around a campfire he craved a cigarette because the smell of a campfire reminded him of the times he had smoked around the campfires while freighting.

The year after the Tyler boys had run the dry farm a big sheep outfit, the Austin Brothers, came into the country. They had wintered their sheep in California, then shipped them by train to Parker. Most of the ewes were getting heavy with lamb, and some died upon arrival in Parker; but there were still many ewes that would lamb later in the spring. The Austin Brothers ran their sheep north of Henry's dry farm, so they hauled

Henry and the Kids
 Driver Henry- Elda in Back of Car
 (1918 or 1919 Dodge)
 L to R Front Row
 Eddie Rice, Kermit Rice, Gwen Jenkins
 L to R Back Row
 Oleen Jenkins, L.J. Rice, Henry Jenkins, Jr.,
 Marie Jenkins, Ethelyn Jenkins



water from the well to water their sheep. Many of the ewes died when they started lambing, leaving orphan or "bum" lambs which were given to Henry and the family, who raised these lambs on bottles of cows' milk. Henry fixed four gunny sacks for hauling lambs, making holes for the lambs to stick their heads through, then sent H.E. on a saddle horse out to the herd to get the "bum" lambs. H.E. hauled eight lambs per trip by putting two lambs in each sack, and some days he would make two trips. Although some of the lambs died after being brought home, within two years they acquired about two hundred head of sheep.

The next year the dry farmers were plagued with jack rabbits, which had increased in such numbers from the previous year that they destroyed part of the grain crops. The grain thresher

was late getting there that year, so Henry bound and stacked the grain to protect it from the weather. The thresher crew had been working over between the Junipers and had been delayed because of rainy weather; in fact, they arrived just before Christmas and snow was on the ground. After threshing one day, they stopped to go to St. Anthony for Christmas and promised to finish after the holidays. While the separator man Louis Allen and the engineer Maine Daley were in St. Anthony, the engineer's family came down with smallpox, and he was quarantined for over thirty days. By then, the snow was so deep they could not get out to the dry farm to finish threshing, so Henry lost another crop of grain. The next spring and summer, he fed the stacked grain to his work horses while putting in his crop.

The next year they were plagued with ground squirrels; other years there had been a few squirrels, but not like showed up that year. The government gave the farmers poisoned oats to place near the squirrels' holes, which killed a lot of the squirrels—but it still did not save all the crops.

That same summer, a rivet from one of the lift rods in the well came out and fell down the well, getting under the plunger of the lower valve, and the well would not produce any water. There was only one thing to do: let the lift rods down about three feet, screw onto the lower valve, and pull it to the top. This made it necessary to pull all the wooden lift rods out of the well. When they hooked onto the lower valve and began pulling it to the top, one of the lift rods broke because the lower valve

was stuck in the bottom of the well. They then had to pull up the remaining rods, attach a fisher pipe on the end of the lift rod, then put the lift rods back down the well to try to fish the broken rod with the upper and lower valves attached to it.

Leonard was there helping with the well, and was in a hurry to return home to take care of his farming operations on the Grassy Ridge. There were not enough lift rods to get the fisher pipe down over the next coupling, and it would take a few hours to make another rod out of some extra wooden rods that were on hand. Leonard wanted to give it a try, so they did. As they pulled on the lift rods, the trap held and the lower valve came loose. They were sure everything was okay, so they continued pulling up the rods. Just as they got to the next-to-last rod before the fisher rod, the fisher trap slipped on the wooden rod and dropped both the upper and the lower valves, along with one-half length of rod, to the bottom of the well. The only thing left to do was to send the fisher rod down to the bottom of the well and try to attach it onto the dropped rod with the attached valves. When this was done Henry made an extra rod so that, according to his calculations, the fisher trap was over the next coupling. As they tried to pull the rods again, they pulled another rod in two, which necessitated sending down another fisher trap to fish that broken rod. Again, when they tried to pull up the rods with the valves on, another lift rod broke. Evidently, when the rod and valves had fallen to the bottom of

the well, they lodged so tightly in the bottom of the cylinder that it was impossible to pull them loose.

Discouraged, Henry did not know what to do. In the mean time, Leonard had returned to Grassy Ridge and sent his hired man back with a wagon containing a five hundred gallon steel water tank so Henry could haul water from Sam Rigby's well that was located about four miles east. Finally, Henry decided they could possibly pull the pipe that was attached to the cylinder, so they attached a pipe to the end of the main well pipe. After several attempts resulted in breaking chains and cables, they finally pulled the pipe up about two feet before the pipe pulled in two. After this happened, they abandoned any efforts of ever trying to repair the well.

The rest of the summer, water for domestic and livestock use was hauled from Sam Rigby's well. Hauling water that four-mile distance made them become very conservative with the use of the water. Henry sold most of his cattle and cut down on the number of horses he kept at the dry farm. Along with the squirrels and the dry summer, the crops were not too good that year. He planted his fall wheat and decided to raise one more crop before possibly giving up the dry farm as a bad venture.

Although some days Emma became discouraged when the blowing wind filled the house with dust, she had generally been supportive of the dry farm operations. She tried hard to keep the house clean but, when the wind blew, dust entered through every crack and soon covered the place

with a film of dust. Even the dishes in the cupboard did not escape the determined dust.

Early one morning that same summer Henry arose and partially fainted while walking by the wash stand. As he fell against the wash stand, he regained consciousness. He called to Emma for assistance; she got out of bed, and helped Henry back to the bed where he lay the rest of the day. Henry's theory was that he had had a slight heart attack and when he fell and hit the wash stand, his heart started going again. He was taken to the doctor in St. Anthony and was hospitalized for a week. Since the children had remained at the dry farm Emma left Henry at the hospital and drove the car back to the dry farm. The next weekend Emma and the children all went to town to see how Henry was doing. The doctor said Henry could go home, but would have to take it easy for a few days. The doctor thought ulcers had probably caused the problem, and the loss of blood had resulted in the fainting. They returned to the dry farm that same day because they had cows to milk. For the next week or ten days, Henry did little work while Emma and the three older children milked the cows and cared for the livestock. While Henry was in the hospital one of the early settlers who came to visit him told of a man she knew who had ulcers. For a year the man had swallowed a tablespoon full of the white sand daily and it cured him. Henry was one to try anything, so for the next year he daily took a spoonful of washed white sand and rinsed it down with a glass of water. It is questionable whether or

not it did him any good, but he was never sick again the rest of his life.

The last year on the dry farm, Emma did not go to the dry farm until the fall harvest was ready. Henry and his son, H.E., spent most of the summer on the dry farm looking after the stock and repairing the fences. When the grain was ready that fall, Leonard planned to harvest it with his combine. The fall grain was good, and looked like it could yield fifty bushels to the acre. There was a lot of rain that fall, and Leonard was late getting his own grain harvested. By the time he pulled his combine over to Henry's farm, it was later in the year. The next morning when they started cutting grain, the cloudy sky warned of a coming rain. They had made one round in the hundred-acre field and started on the second round when it began to rain. After raining for three days, it began to snow. That night, the eight inches of new wet snow flattened the grain to the ground. The weather turned off cold and the snow never melted, so Henry lost his entire crop that year. After this experience, he determined to dry farm no longer and tried to sell, but could not find any buyers. Most of the dry farmers in the area and on the Grassy Ridge were also giving up their farms.

This ended Henry's dry farming. During that fall and next spring, he sold some of his horses and all the cattle except for four milch cows. His sheep sold for six dollars a pair, and he lost his dry farm because he could not pay an eighteen hundred dollar mortgage. During the period on the dry farm,

he had lost nearly everything he owned, including the home he had built. This home burned down on 27 September 1919, and there was no fire insurance on it, so Henry had rented homes in the Parker area since that time. All the bad experiences on the dry farm over the past few years seemed to have taken the desire and energy out of Henry. He had at one time been a wealthy man, but now about all he had left as far as worldly goods were four cows, a dozen work horses, and thirty head of range horses. Henry was now sixty-seven years old, and it was hard to start again; but this did not stop him from farming again, and working and accumulating more livestock and a home.

A family living about three houses from Henry and Emma was struggling to make ends meet. Emma and the woman became good friends and used to visit a lot. This woman's husband went to the bank in St. Anthony and tried to borrow three hundred dollars. After talking to the man and looking over his financial circumstances, the banker declined to loan the money. The man wondered if the bank would loan him the money if he could get a co-signer. When the banker inquired as to who the co-signer might be, the man answered that Henry Jenkins would co-sign with him. The man received a note for three hundred dollars and returned the next day with what the banker thought was Henry's signature. The man was given the money, and when the six-month note came due, he had no money to pay it up. One day the banker saw Henry in St. Anthony and informed him that the note he had co-

signed with his neighbor was past due, and asked if Henry would come in and take care of it. At first Henry didn't know what to say, so he replied, "Let's go over to the bank and I'll see about it." Although Henry was surprised when the banker showed the note, he knew he had never signed his name. He didn't tell the banker any different, but paid the note and took it with him back to Parker. When confronted about the note, the neighbor cried and said that in desperation he had borrowed the money from the bank when his family was destitute and was not going to have any Christmas. He agreed to pay Henry back, but never did. Henry figured he had been a Santa Claus to the man's family that previous Christmas.

During the next twelve to fifteen years Henry and his son, H.E., rented ground from J.J. Remington in the Parker area and grew potatoes. They also grew seed potatoes on the old Joe Brown dry farm north of Parker. They would raise the potatoes on the dry farm, rogue them to clear out any diseased potatoes, and then plant the dry farm seed the next year on the irrigated ground they had rented. As a result, they raised very good crops—if they did not produce at least three hundred one-hundred-pound sacks to the acre, they felt they had a poor crop. After quitting the dry farm, Henry built a potato cellar on his land in Parker between his house and corrals. Although he had never built a potato cellar of any size before, he examined one or two cellars in the area then returned home and built one that would house about ten carloads of potatoes. Some of

the logs were hauled from the Island Park area, and he traded a team of horses for the rest. This potato cellar stood until after Henry's death.

1928 was a good year for potato production, and the price was good the first half of the marketing year. Henry sold enough of his potatoes to pay for the year's expenses, and decided to gamble on the rest of the crop. He had about two train car loads of No. 1 potatoes left in his cellar, and agreed to sell them when the price reached three dollars per hundred weight. When that price was reached about the middle of December, the buyer agreed to come get the potatoes the first week in January. Henry went to town and ordered a new 1928 Model A Ford car, with the understanding that he would take delivery when the potatoes were sold. However, between the time the agreement was made and the first week in January, a severe blizzard closed the roads and prevented the buyer from getting to the potato cellar, which was two blocks from the railroad. Although they kept hoping the weather would get better so the roads could be opened up, this did not happen. By the first of February, the price of potatoes started going down; and by spring, they were worthless—the sale was lost.

That spring the potatoes were hauled out on the hill and piled up where they rotted and were used for fertilizer the next fall. Several other men in the area also lost their entire potato crops, and some even lost their farms. The stock market fell the fall of 1929, and the whole country went into a

depression that was to last until the United States entered World War Two in 1941.

During the depression, farmers had difficulty selling their crops and livestock: fat hogs sold for as low as six dollars per head; fat grain-fed steers sold as low as fifteen dollars per head; wheat sold for fifteen cents per bushel; potatoes sold for as low as ten cents per hundred weight for No. 1's, while the No. 2's and culls were given away for cattle feed; loose stack hay sold for six to eight dollars per ton. At these prices, farmers had very little money.

Henry and H.E. worked at different jobs around the area, and would take livestock, hay, and grain for pay when working for farmers. They milked cows and had about three hundred head of laying hens that Emma took care of. Eggs sold for fifteen to twenty cents a dozen, fryers sold for twenty to twenty-five cents each, and a five-gallon can of cream shipped by train to Blackfoot would net about two dollars and thirty cents. With the three older children working, the family managed to get by.

In the summer of 1928, Henry sold his last two milch cows to make the final payment on a home he had bought located west of the Parker school.

Along about 1930, H.E. traded the saddle horse his older brother, Dell, had given him for a wild gray unbroke horse. After this horse was broken to ride, it became Henry's main source of transportation. He rode this horse wherever he went, and became a legend around the town of

Parker. Henry was in his middle eighties when he quit riding the horse and sold it at the Idaho Falls auction yard.

The winter of 1932-1933 was a low-snow year, which created water shortages on the Egin Bench country and other areas of the Upper Snake River Valley. Many farmers lost their farms because of the poor crops and depressed prices. Henry's crop was also very poor—the potatoes were rough and misshapen. Henry did not get enough out of selling the potatoes to pay the twenty dollars per acre cash rent for the ground. All that winter, H.E. sorted potatoes for Remington's at thirty-five cents per hour to pay the balance of the rent on the land.

During the thirties, Henry was out in his front yard fixing some of the boards on the fence that had come loose. A man named Clark Remington was in his car trying to outrun some of his horses. As they came by Henry's home, a neighbor's dog ran out and chased the horses. Henry threw his hammer at the dog and called for it to come back, but it kept right on chasing the horses. The neighbor, a big two hundred thirty pound man, was about thirty years younger than Henry, who was in his eighties at the time. The neighbor called to Henry, telling him not to throw a hammer at his dog, and that he would straighten Henry out. Henry put his hand on the fence, jumped over it, and started across the road after the neighbor. The neighbor climbed onto his wagon and drove away before Henry could get to him. Emma was watching from the front porch, and later told Henry he had better look out for that big

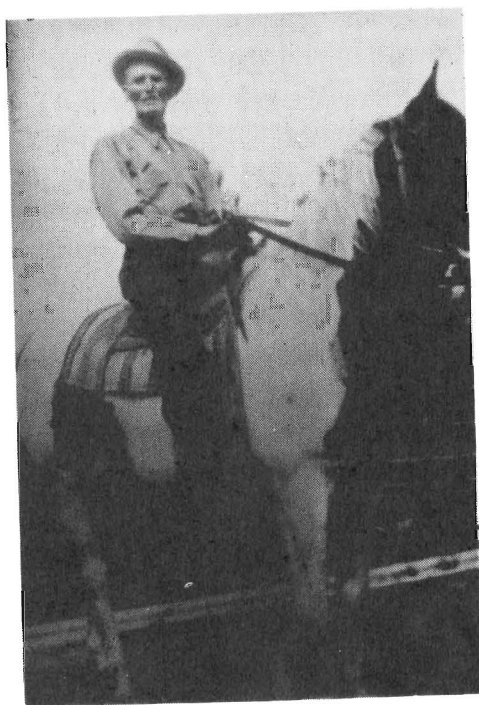
neighbor. Henry reassured her he was not afraid of the neighbor and believed he could whip him if they had gotten into a fight. Henry never seemed to be afraid of anything or anyone—if he ever was, he never let anyone know it.

By the fall of 1937, the family had accumulated about forty head of cattle. H.E. went away to the University of Idaho that fall, and he told the folks to sell the cattle and live on the money until he finished school; then, possibly, he could help them if he got a good job. When he finished in the spring of 1940, the best job he could find was working for the University for one hundred dollars per month—he was one of the lucky graduates to find work.

In the fall of 1938, Emma decided she was going to have to make her own living and enrolled in Groom's Beauty School in Idaho Falls. Although she was then forty-nine years of age, she studied hard and graduated with honors. She and Henry returned to their home at Parker, where Emma set up a beauty shop in her home. She later worked in a St. Anthony beauty shop for Loretta So. Henry was getting along in years and was unable to work by that time, so they moved to St. Anthony in order for Emma to be closer to work. They remained in St. Anthony until the winter of 1944-1945, then moved to Idaho Falls to be nearer H.E., who had recently returned from service with the United States Navy. Henry's health had deteriorated to the point that someone had to look after him most of the time. He wanted to go home, so they moved back to Parker

where, on 1 May 1945, he passed away at ninety years of age.

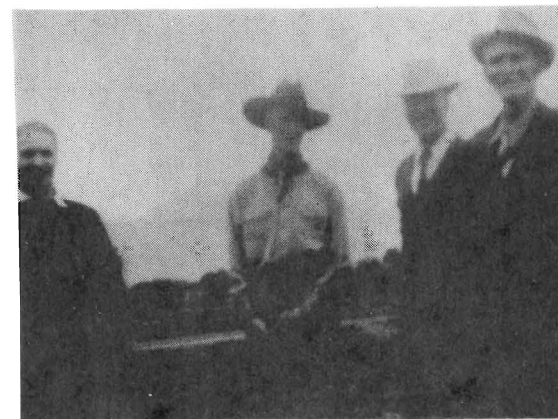
Late in the summer of 1946, Emma went to Oakland, California, to visit her mother. On October 27th, Emma, her mother, and a Mrs. Booth from Salt Lake City were walking to Church together. They approached an intersection and started to cross with the red traffic light in their favor. They were nearly across when a fifteen-year-old teenager drove down the boulevard at a high rate of speed and hit the three women, killing them all. This young man was sentenced to six weeks in the detention home, and his driver's license was taken away



1938, Henry at 83 years old

for one year. LIFE magazine carried the story of this accident.

This ended a long, adventurous, and interesting life. Henry had seen great changes take place in the United States. When he came into this life, people were traveling with oxen. From there they progressed to horse and buggy, automobile, and finally to airplane. During World War Two, the Germans were developing rockets they claimed would travel faster than airplanes. Henry had lived during the time when the United States had been engaged in several wars: Civil War, Nez Perce War, Spanish American War, World War One, and World War Two. He had seen the western states develop from Indians, trappers, sagebrush, and jack rabbits to productive farms and cities. Henry lived a full life, and tried to make things better for those who came after him. He was born into this life with no worldly goods, and left this life with none. It isn't what you have to start with or what you have at the end that counts, but what you do with your life while here on earth.



Home in Parker



Genealogy

Name	Birth Date	Death Date
Evan Jenkins	22 June 1817	9 June 1901
Ann Davies Jenkins	8 February 1823	14 February 1905

Children of Evan and Ann Jenkins

John Jenkins	8 May 1845	19 December 1936
Ann Jenkins	26 January 1847	3 September 1938
Moroni Jenkins	11 April 1849	17 May 1887
William T. Jenkins	15 May 1852	29 December 1932
Sarah E. Jenkins	15 May 1852	30 May 1852
Henry E. Jenkins ¹	22 February 1855	1 May 1945
Juliette Jenkins	12 October 1856	30 January 1909
Mary Estella Jenkins	16 May 1858	4 March 1952
Margaret Qoquella Jenkins	16 May 1858	May 1952
David Hyrum Jenkins	2 May 1861	1934

Children of Henry E.¹ and Caroline Rice² Jenkins

Henry LaDell Jenkins	25 August 1880	16 November 1977
David LeRoy Jenkins	10 July 1882	7 March 1943
Edna A. Jenkins	16 August 1885	10 February 1970
Eva C. Jenkins	9 June 1887	26 August 1907
Leonard Evan Jenkins	7 April 1891	30 May 1970
Claude Rice Jenkins	8 August 1894	12 June 1974
Lester Jerome Jenkins	28 October 1896	2 October 1914

Children of Henry E.¹ and Emma Williams³ Jenkins

E. Marie Jenkins	22 April 1908	7 June 1987
Ethelyn E. Jenkins	29 January 1910	Still living ⁵
Henry E. Jenkins, Jr. ⁴	27 September 1911	Still living ⁵
Woodrow Evan Jenkins	23 September 1913	19 June 1914
Gwendolyn Jenkins	28 October 1915	Still living ⁵
Elda G. Jenkins	16 July 1917	Still living ⁵

¹Henry E. Jenkins, subject of this book.

²Caroline Rice Jenkins, died 21 March 1906

³Emma Williams Jenkins, died 27 October 1946

⁴Henry Evan Jenkins, Jr., author of this book.

⁵Still living as of 19 November 1987

Additional Sources of Information

1. Guie, H.D. and McWhorter, L.V. *Adventures in Geyser Land*. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, LTd., 19??.(Map of the Nez Perce Campaign).

2. Jensen, Andrew *Church Chronology*, Salt Lake City, UT: Deseret News, 1941. (This book is a compilation of chronological events which were printed in the DESERET NEWS over a period of many years.)

3. Genealogical research completed by Marie Jenkins Webster.

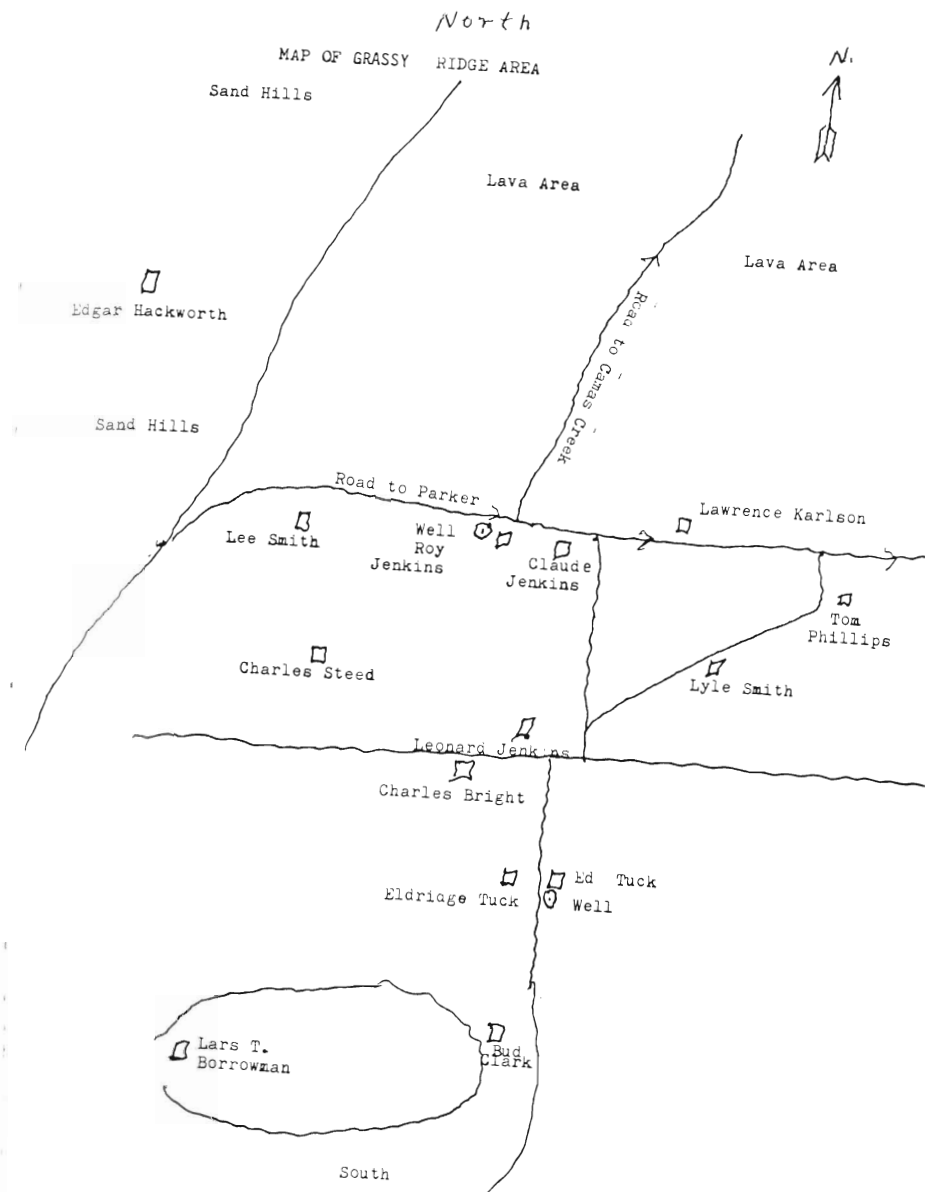
4. Homer Duncan's journal kept during 1861 while traveling across the plains. It was obtained from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints archives through genealogical research.

5. Short Life History of John Jenkins.

6. Agricultural year book, 1940.



Jackson, Wyoming, 1939
L to R Claude, Dell, Roy, Henry



MAP OF NORTH AND EAST JUNIPER AREA

